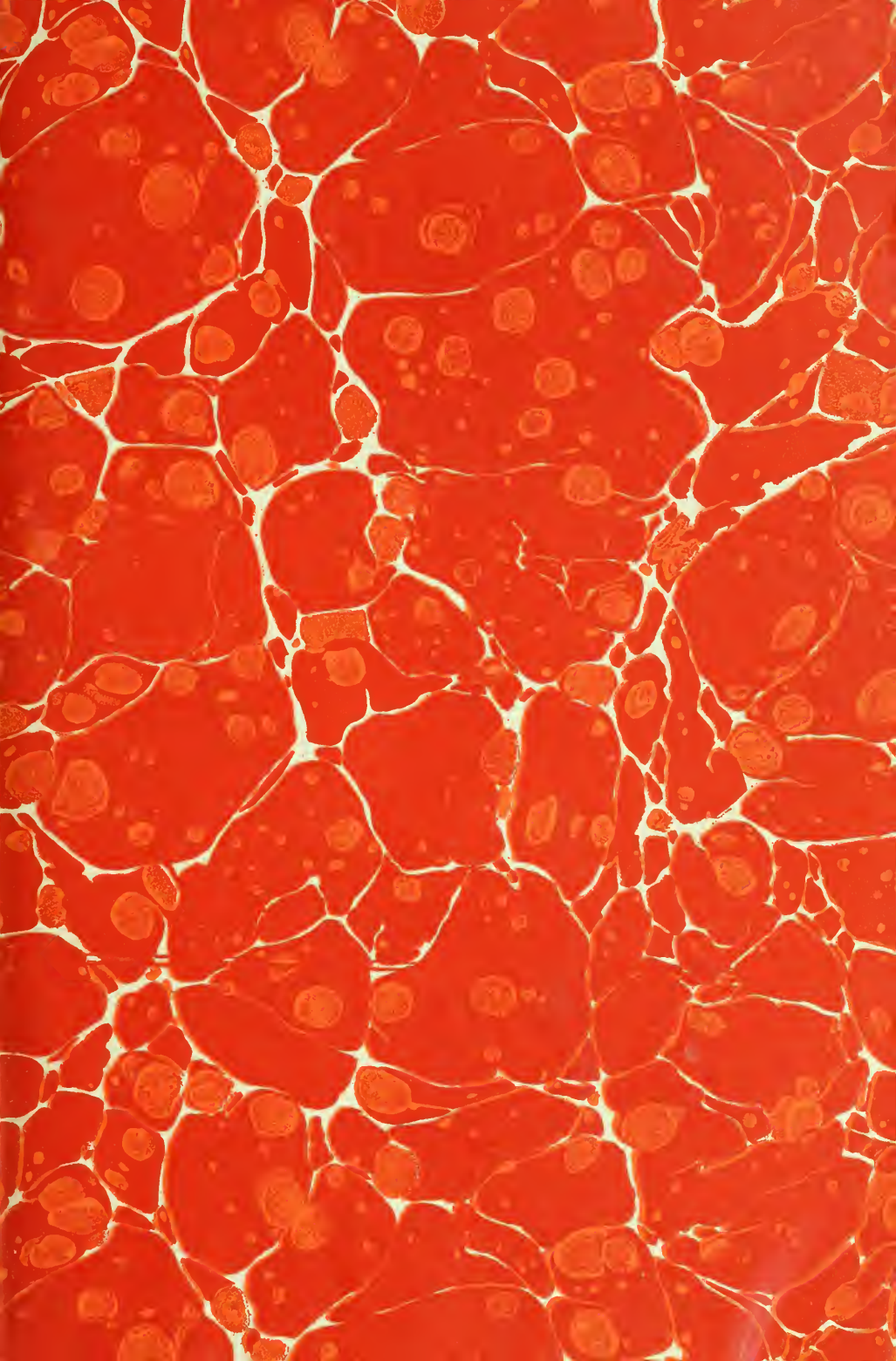




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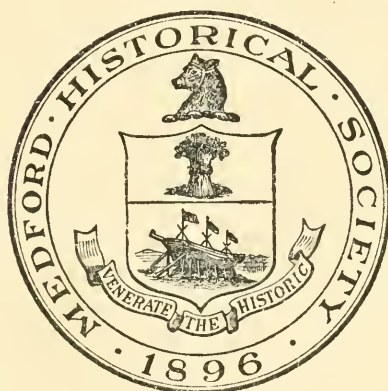


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THE

MEDFORD HISTORICAL REGISTER

VOL. XXI, 1918



PUBLISHED BY THE
MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY
MEDFORD, MASS.

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CONTENTS.

No. 1.

	PAGE
WRECK OF THE "LIVING AGE"	<i>Frontispiece</i>
"OLD SHIPPING DAYS"	1
WHEN A BOY IN MEDFORD	6
HISTORY TOLD BY NAMES OF STREETS. Editor	10
AN INTERESTING INCIDENT. Eliza M. Gill	14
MORE INTERESTING INCIDENTS. H. N. Ackerman	16
AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS	17
THE USHER BRIDGE. J. H. H.	20
THOSE OTHER MEDFORDS	21
WE'LL NOT SOON FORGET IT	21
AN APPRECIATION	22
ORGANIZATION FOR 1918.	23
OUR TWENTIETH VOLUME	24

No. 2.

THE GRAY MANSION	} <i>Frontispiece</i>	
THE BOB-TAIL CAR		
THE GRAYS OF SALEM AND MEDFORD. Eliza M. Gill		25
MEDFORD ON THE MAP. Editor		32
MEDFORD'S TOWN FARM. M. W. M.		37
PLAN IN MASSACHUSETTS ARCHIVES		39
MEDFORD NOT IN IT		46
THE OLD BOB-TAIL CAR		47
OLD GLORY AT THE TOP		48

ADVERTISING SECTION

MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY	
A PLEASURE TRIP. E. R. O.	

No. 3.

ALONG THE MYSTIC	<i>Frontispiece</i>
WHY MYSTIC? M. W. M.	49
BRIDGES OVER MYSTIC RIVER. Illustration .	<i>Facing</i> 56
WHY ABERJONA? Sylvester Baxter	57
E PLURIBUS UNUM. Rev. John Pierpont	59
MYSTIC LAKES. Illustration	<i>Facing</i> 60
MEDFORD CENTENNIAL NOTE. Editor	61
A MEDFORD NOVELTY	62
OUR ILLUSTRATIONS	63
BROOK AND CAMERA CLUB. Illustration .	<i>Facing</i> 64
MEETING-HOUSE BROOK. Editor	66

No. 4.

THE JONATHAN PORTER HOUSE	<i>Frontispiece</i>
A MEDFORD GARDEN AND GARDENER'S NOTES. Eliza	
M. Gill	69
MEDFORD HORTICULTURISTS. E. M. G.	73
AN EARLY TOURIST'S MEDFORD HOME. E. M. G. .	74
AN OLD-TIME MEDFORD GARDENER. E. M. G. . .	77
A REMEMBRANCE OF THE OLD BAKERY. E. M. G. .	79
MEDFORD COMMITTEE OF PUBLIC SAFETY. C. H. L. .	80
CONNECTING LINK IN MEDFORD CHURCH HISTORY.	
M. W. M.	82
ONE SIDE OF MEDFORD SQUARE. Editor	92
THE "REGISTER" OF AGE	94
STILL FORWARD. Editor.	95
SEASON 1917-1918. Editor	96

Vol. XXI.]

[No.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
WRECK OF THE <i>LIVING AGE</i>	<i>Frontispiece</i>
"OLD SHIPPING DAYS"	1
WHEN A BOY IN MEDFORD	6
HISTORY TOLD BY NAMES OF STREETS. <i>Editor</i>	10
AN INTERESTING INCIDENT. <i>Eliza M. Gill</i>	14
MORE INTERESTING INCIDENTS. <i>H. N. Ackerman</i>	16
AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS	17
THE USHER BRIDGE. <i>J. H. H.</i>	20
THOSE OTHER MEDFORDS.	21
WE'LL NOT SOON FORGET IT	21
AN APPRECIATION	22
ORGANIZATION FOR 1918	23
OUR TWENTIETH VOLUME	24

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FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the Medford Historical Society, in the city of Medford, Mass., the sum of _____ Dollars for the general use and purposes of said Society.

(Signed) _____



WRECK OF THE *LIVING AGE*.

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XXI.

JANUARY, 1918.

No. 1.

"OLD SHIPPING DAYS."

IN Vol. XVI, p. 71, the REGISTER has noted the last Medford-built ship, the *Pilgrim*. As none are now afloat it would be interesting to know of their style of build, kind, and time of service, and their final fate. The age of the *Pilgrim* was less than nineteen years. Her cargo, when wrecked, coal. All hands escaped.

We have never seen any account of the fate of any other of the long list (567) of those built along the banks of the Mystic until within a few days of present writing, when there came to us the recent brochure of the State Street Trust Company of Boston, styled *Old Shipping Days*. In this we find the story of the wreck of the *Living Age*, which by the courtesy and permission of said Trust Company we present.

In 1846 the Rev. A. R. Baker (then twelve years pastor of the Second, or First Trinitarian, Congregational Church) preached a sermon on ship-building, and appended a "register of vessels built in Medford," which then numbered 359. Mr. Baker is certainly to be commended for his interest in Medford history and for his contribution to Medford annals. By the publication of the History of Medford, Mr. Brooks preserved this "register" and completed it to date, a total enumeration of 513.

Thirty years later Mr. Usher alluded to the same and said it "is too extensive for admission here," but gave an abstract of the same, which shows the number built in each of the seven decades, 1803 to 1873, and totals 567, 483 in the first five, and 84 in the last two, decades. Thirty of these last were named in detail by Mr. Brooks. All Mr. Usher said relative to the other is,

The last ship built in this town was launched from the ship yard of Mr. Joshua T. Foster in 1873.

He did not even give the name. Thus it appears (except in the above) there were 54 ships built in Medford, of which there is no record of name, owner, builder, style or tonnage, and that, too, in a history paid for liberally by the town, as well as by the purchasers.

Referring to this "register" we find the first in enumeration of 1848, and 399th in order —

Ship, *Living Age*; ship yard, J. Stetson's; builder, J. Stetson; owner, E. D. Peters & Co., Boston; tonnage, 758.

Jotham Stetson's ship yard was just below the location of Winthrop bridge, and the last remains of wharf and piling were removed a few years ago in the dredging and park improvements.

In May, 1855, the *Living Age*, then in other ownership, sailed from New York with a cargo of general merchandise for the Sandwich Islands. It was mid-winter in the Southern hemisphere, when for thirty days, with scant food and scurvy-smitten sailors, she was beating around Cape Horn. "One hundred and fifty-three long, hard days" elapsed ere anchor was cast at Honolulu, where her cargo was discharged. Thence she sailed in ballast for Shanghai, where she took on a cargo of tea and silk valued at \$200,000. On December 25 she started on the homeward stretch of the voyage round the world, one destined not to be completed, but to end in disaster.

The *Living Age* was then under command of Captain Holmes, and in all twenty-three persons were on board. They were captain and wife, three mates, and eighteen men and boys before the mast. This crew were American, English, a few Swedes, and one Italian, and are described as an excellent set of sailors. The cook was French.

The northeast monsoon was a favoring wind, but the weather conditions and dense fog gave no opportunity

for taking observations. Only the heaving of the log at two-hour intervals gave any indication of speed, and the reckoning was necessarily inaccurate. Well realizing the danger, the captain picked his way carefully along, and for a time successfully. After four days second mate Hinckley was on deck in the early morning watch, and at four o'clock found they were still in the treacherous China Sea and near Pratas Shoal, which has been the graveyard of many a noble ship besides the *Living Age*. Here is the story he tells:—

Day by day the *Living Age* nosed her way through the dangerous shoals of the China Sea. At four in the morning of the fifth day out Captain Hinckley, who was the watch on deck, realized that the ship was near Pratas Shoal. The course was changed to avoid it, but owing to the unreliability of the log line reckonings the ship did not pass the shoal as Captain Hinckley, who was keeping a sharp lookout, supposed she had done. He was confident that open sea was ahead. He peered through the fog, and saw ahead what appeared to be a breaker, although as the sea was heavy he was not sure but that it was the crest of a rising wave. A sudden fear of great danger swept over him and he rushed forward to see if the lookout was on the alert. Just as he reached the main hatchway the *Living Age*, sinking in the hollow of a huge wave, struck bottom with a tremendous crash. Rising with the following sea, she floated and pushed on, but only for a brief moment. Then she settled again, crushing her bow against the rocks, and stuck fast. All hands rushed on deck. Instant destruction was looked for every minute, as the ship was being pounded terrifically by the mighty breakers. The crew turned to the boats, but before they could cut the lashings the sea tossed them like egg-shells out of sight, two on top of the forecastle and one on the davits being washed away.

Thinking that he would have to swim for his life, Captain Hinckley rushed to his stateroom to take off the heavy underclothes he wore under his oilskins, with the shrieks of the panic-stricken crew rushing about on deck ringing in his ears. He found Mrs. Holmes, the captain's wife, sitting on his sea-chest, clad in her husband's pants and the mate's coat and vest.

"Have you a ditty box?" she asked Captain Hinckley.

"Yes," said he, and handed her his own box from a shelf above his head.

Mrs. Holmes, as calmly as if she had been in her own sitting-room, selected from the box needles and thread, which she carefully

tucked away in the pockets of her coat. All the while the ship was lurching fearfully and pounding against the coral reef.

"You don't happen to have an extra hat?" asked Mrs. Holmes.

Captain Hinckley handed her a Louis Kossuth hat, which had become famous after Kossuth's visit to this country.

Taking a pair of scissors, she coolly and quickly cut off her hair close to her head, tried on the hat, and secured it under her chin with a tape fastened with safety pins.

"There, don't I look like a boy?" she asked jokingly, and went calmly on deck in the midst of the uproar and confusion.

Mrs. Holmes' manner was never other than brave throughout the fearful days that followed. Where men who had followed the sea for years were frightened, she herself showed no sign of fear, and her example did much towards restoring to order a panic-stricken crew.

The men threw everything unnecessary for safety overboard to lighten the ship. The crew, officers, and Mrs. Holmes gathered in the topgallant forecastle, and a bed was made for Mrs. Holmes by placing boards from the breast-hook to a tar-barrel, and a sail was hung over the break of the forecastle to keep off the spray. The crew slept on the opposite side of the forecastle from the captain and his wife. For thirty-five days they lived in this manner, each morning hoping that the signal of distress which they had hoisted would attract passing vessels, and each night doomed to disappointment. The ship's colors had been washed overboard, but the union jack remained. Captain Hinckley cut up in strips some red and white underflannels, sewed them together for stripes, and attached them to the union jack to form the colors. This hastily improvised banner they kept flying all day, union down. One or two vessels passed within their range, but failed to see their signals.

"While searching the hold for stores," says Captain Hinckley, "a barrel of English ale was found and divided among all hands. One man, however, managed to procure more than his share, and got very drunk. His antics during the day, and his urgency that the colors should be kept flying all night to attract the attention of passing vessels, gave us a hearty fit of laughter. In the search there was also found a music-box belonging to Mrs. Holmes, much injured by salt water, but with some music still left in it. This we kept playing constantly, for the music was superb in our ears, and we all took turns at winding it until its last mutilated and fragmentary tune had died away. In vain we tinkered with it. Its last note had fled, and we gave it a sailor's burial."

It was about the twentieth day on the wreck, that Mr. Baptistea, the French cook, gave notice. It had occurred to Mr. Baptistea that,

by the laws of the sea, since he was wrecked and had received no wages he could not work. The officers said that if he would not cook for them they would build no raft for him, whereupon he set about building a raft of his own. He soon decided, however, that he would resume the cooking.

A roughly constructed flat-bottomed boat was built, and Mr. Campbell, the chief officer, took a few men and started when the sea was smooth to inspect an island lying about ten miles distant. After nearly being driven out to sea by the changing wind the boat's crew succeeded in landing on the island, erected a pole bearing a distress signal, and stationed a lookout near it. One day they sighted a ship. She approached, hove to, and lowered a boat, but to the astonishment of the shipwrecked party the boat after nearing them turned about and returned to the strange ship, which then filled away and disappeared to the south. The men of the *Living Age* did not discover until they were rescued later that the reason for this strange action was that the ship had struck a shoal in approaching them and punched a hole in her bottom, and that, fearing lest the five hundred Chinese coolies on board whom she was carrying to California would in terror at her leaking condition seize the ship if he sent part of his crew away to rescue the shipwrecked party, the ship's captain had decided to make all sail for Manila for repairs and report the discovery of the crew of the *Living Age*.

On the thirty-fifth day after the wreck, a Chinese sampan was sighted by the part of the ship's company which had remained on the *Living Age* and in it were Mr. Campbell and his men. The adventures of the crew were related, and on February 6 all hands left the *Living Age* and set sail for Pratas Island where they made themselves as comfortable as possible.

"At last at dawn of February 25th," adds Captain Hinckley, "I espied on the horizon a column of black smoke; a whaler or steamer it seemed to be. We hoisted all our signals and launched a boat to intercept her. To our unspeakable relief the spars and smokestack of a steamer loomed up, and she shortly after came to anchor near the shore, lowering her largest boat, the officer of which on hearing my story directed our boat to go aboard, while he went ashore for the remainder. The steamer was the *Shanghai* (English) from Manila, Captain Munroe, and in a short time we all stood without effects on a friendly deck." Thence they proceeded to Hong Kong. For the rescue Captain Munroe received from President Fillmore a gold chronometer.

We have had an interesting interview with Captain Hinckley, who though well nigh a nonagenarian, is still actively engaged in the insurance business in Boston,

and who followed the seas for several years after the loss of the *Living Age*. His voyages were to St. John, N. B.; London; Antwerp; Gibraltar; Malaga; and to Batavia, Java, the latter with a cargo of ice for Frederick Tudor. It is somewhat remarkable that these were also made in four Medford-built vessels, the *Cygnets*, *Horsburgh*, *Vancouver*, and *Josiah Quincy*. The *N. B. Palmer*, in which he returned after the wreck of the *Living Age* was not here built.

Captain Hinckley modestly disclaims the title, and says "it was hard to say no to the offer of the ship owners of a captain's position, pay and 'privilege,'" having served thus temporarily in those his youthful days. But the title has clung and effort to shake it off has been unavailing.

He tells us that the owners of the *Living Age* lost two other ships in that same fateful Pratas Shoal, and that remains of one there wrecked *before* the *Living Age* and another just *after* were there during their stay of thirty-five days ere their rescue therefrom.

We deem ourselves fortunate in thus, after the lapse of sixty-three years, gaining this information from, and interview with, one who can truly say "all of which I saw and part of which I was"; also of being able to thus preserve the same, as we have many other incidents, by the REGISTER.

WHEN A BOY IN MEDFORD

There comes to us a bit of information relative to a boy's life in the Medford of nearly a century ago and worth noticing, from the autobiography of William Wilkins Warren, son of Isaac Warren of old Menotomy. By some change in family fortune William was placed in the care of his paternal grandfather, Amos Warren of Medford, at the age of six years, in 1820, and lived with him eight years.

Amos Warren came from old Menotomy (then the west parish of Cambridge), now Arlington, in an early

year of the century, and bought a small farm in the western part of Medford on the side of a hill, with an orchard of fifteen acres, and lived there until his death in 1831.

It was doubtless the old home of the pious deacon John Whitmore on which the later residence of James M. Usher was built. Across the street was the old Bucknam house, in recent years removed, making room for the West Medford post-office, and the cottage of Captain Wyatt, which still remains as a reminder of those early days. The great Whitmore elm was then in its prime, and for sixty years thereafter. Whitmore brook flowed through the Warren farm, but had not then acquired its modern habit of taking a summer vacation. Some rods to the west was the Middlesex canal, but no railroad was dreamed of when this boy came to his grandfather's to live.

He described his grandparents as very pious, and kind and affectionate to him, his grandmother especially so. Because of old associations they worshipped in the old meeting-house at Menotomy, but when his mother (and sister) came to Medford and lived in the old Bucknam house, she was taken into the Medford church and all her children baptized by Dr. Osgood who was a friend and contemporary of her grandfather, Dr. Cummings of Billerica. Thereafter William's Sunday school days were divided between Menotomy and Medford, where such an institution was then something new. Miss Lucy Osgood directed it and Miss Elizabeth Brooks was his teacher. Another innovation in William Warren's boyhood was the first stove in the Medford meeting-house in the winter of 1820. As his mother did not come till two years later, chances are that he went to Menotomy with grand-sire Warren, and so did not witness the novel installation, and just here we are led to make some mental comparisons of that time, less than a century ago, with the present fuel conservation that would close our churches, and the "cold and shivering air," we assume in a winter no more rigorous than in those times.

Mr. Warren in his autobiography written in 1884, attributes to the influence of his grandparents whatever of religious characteristics he possessed. He was "ambitious to study and earn money" and was careful of his earnings made in various ways. "Sticking cards" was one of these. This would be a lost art to the youth of to-day, who know more of playing cards than of those more useful articles used in the textile industries of many New England homes of that time. This was the placing of many crooked bits of wire in a backing of perforated leather by slow process of manual labor, and which a few years later was superseded by machine work in his native town. But this was a winter work.

Like other New England farmers, Amos Warren believed in the gospel of hard work, and so six months of the year William Wilkins became an "enthusiastic young farmer," and in the winter months attended the town school, primary and grammar he styles them. As there was no school then in the West End, he was a "Fag-ender" at the old one near the meeting-house. He says "I never identified myself with the Medford fighting-boys who were hostile to the Charlestown boys on the frozen Middlesex canal, and had many hard fights." The passage of the boats through the lock and the alewife fishing on the river near by were more to his taste.

Mr., afterward Dr., Furness and Luther Angier were his teachers in the town school. The latter recommended him, when twelve years old, to Medford Academy, as he styles Mr. John Angier's school, and for a time he was in Mr. Angier's family. While attending the town school he walked to Charlestown bridge, and alone, to see Lafayette and the great procession to the corner-stone laying at Bunker Hill, which was to him a most notable occasion. While at the academy he paid for his tuition by work in and about the place.

During his stay in Medford, his grandsire Warren had as tenants in his house a Mr. Reed and family. He mentions enjoying much the society of this family and their

three pretty, intelligent daughters. One of these, Rebecca Theresa Reed is remembered by a story given to the press, prior to the disgraceful riot resulting in the destruction of the Ursuline convent at Charlestown. He probably little dreamed that his future wife would be the last survivor of that conventual school.

When fourteen years of age he left Mr. Angier's school to learn the printer's trade. He had read the life of Benjamin Franklin, which "inclined him to that mechanical art." The proprietor of the *New England Farmer* was a relative, and in his family he found kind friends and a happy home. But while attaining some proficiency in the "art preservative" he seems to have relinquished the mechanical part for other activities, and followed his employers into that garden-seed business which still continues in Boston.

Of Mr. Warren's subsequent successful business life in the Danish West India Islands we need not here allude, only to say that he doubtless followed his old sea-captain friend's advice on starting thither, "Willie, my boy, always remember to look out for number one." He early acquired a competence, and retiring from active business, attended to the wise management of his affairs and in many positions of trust which have been noted in a former issue of the REGISTER. It is to his boyhood days and times we refer. In reading his autobiography, one is impressed with the *worthwhileness* of his early education in the Medford schools, both public and private, and the influence of the home of his grandparents that gave him a start in his business career. His interest in the life of Franklin read in his boyhood led him to secure (on opportunity) the old Ramage press, said to have been used by Franklin, for the Bostonian Society, in whose rooms in the Old State House it may be seen. May the many Medford schoolboys that throng our streets and schools with all the modern advantages, have as successful a career.

HISTORY TOLD BY NAMES OF STREETS.

In Volume VII the REGISTER noted the significance of the names of Medford streets. In the thirteen years that have elapsed population has largely increased, vacant land been developed and estates divided. The new streets are so numerous as to require a directory and specific instruction for even an old resident to readily find them.

The nomenclature of these is a matter of some interest, as a glance at the list shows. A little book, the result of recent private enterprise, is a handy *City Guide* to over five hundred streets, avenues, courts, places, roads, squares and terraces. By duplication of the latter the actual number of names is reduced just one hundred. Not all are public or accepted by the city, and thus a few names are duplicated. To a few a former name clings, while the newer or established name is also given.

It would be interesting to know just why we have a "Sayso road" while the more pretentious name of Bowen avenue has official sanction. The title examiner finds difficulties in the many recorded plans and deeds where appear names that of necessity were changed on a street's acceptance.

This *City Guide*, for convenience, refers to Glenwood, Hillside, South Medford, Wellington and West Medford, which lay around the border and partially encircle the old Medford.

In 1829 the selectmen named the ways radiating from the town pump (which seems to have been the *hub* of Medford), but prior to that time they were the "roads to" various places.

The REGISTER has told "how Medford began to grow." She has continued to, and has not yet "got her growth." Some enterprising speculator develops vacant land or divides an ancestral estate, gives it a name, lays out streets and assigns names of his own fancy to them. For instance, at South Medford the old road to Cambridge

and its college was called Harvard street. By and by there was a half-mile race-track beside it, next a brick-yard, and after years of vacancy the place becomes *College field*, with Amherst, Bowdoin, Colby, Dartmouth, Princeton, Radcliffe and Yale, with Andover and Exeter beside. Along comes another, and across Buzzell's lane are the abandoned clay-pits of Buzzell's decadent brick industry, with a piece of upland on Main street extending to College avenue, which name, of course, relates to Tufts college. The ash dumpage of Somerville comes into the clay-pits, Captain Adams' brick house is demolished, and *College acres* appears.

Stanley and Frederick avenues connect Main street with College avenue and Windsor road with Hinsdale street. Of the significance of these names we are unaware, as well as of Rhinecliff, the next in order. The only *dale* we see is the remains of the old clay-pit, and the only *cliff* the edge of the ever-increasing dump, but the slow trickle of Two-penny brook beside it isn't comparable with the great German river.

A lot of the sand of College field has migrated to the acres in the form of the concrete block foundations. Some store-building syndicate has erected its structure on Main street, and the Church Extension Society located on a strategic point the temporary chapel of St. John's Church.

Across the way, where once was Isaac Royall's farmhouse, not many years since was the Mystic trotting park. Blocks of stores, garage and dwellings now line its new streets. These bear the names of former proprietors and turfmen — Wright, Willis, Bonner, Golden and Trott. Hicks avenue leads to the later Combination park and perpetuates its projector's name. Dexter street recalls a former owner, and in the corner of the city are another owner's children's names — Joseph, Lewis, Edward and Henry.

Away back in 1845 Edward Hastings and Samuel Teel laid out the land on either side High street from

the Woburn road to the Lowell railroad. A plan of the same has recently come to the Historical Society on which one reads, "offensive trades prohibited by indenture." The noble elms bordering those streets were also of the proprietors' foresight. The names they gave remain today, save Lowell, which failed to displace the appropriate one of Canal, and there were Canal streets leading to the Middlesex canal in other towns also.

Brooks street then extended from Irving to Woburn streets, but since to High and Winthrop. Doubtless it was named for Hon. Edward Brooks, as was the new schoolhouse erected beside it in 1851. Cottage, probably from the type of houses there erected; Mystic, because of its trend from Mystic mount (now Hastings heights), toward the river. Auburn, Allston, Irving and Prescott are sentimental, reflecting the cultivated and literary taste of Rev. John Pierpont and Charles Brooks.

Woburn street was, of course, the old "Oborne rode" of the early days. Warren street extends through the old farm of Amos Warren, and the newer Wyman street through the old Wyman estate. Gleason street adjoins the Gleason school, both named for Hon. Daniel A. Gleason of the school committee.

Madison street was one of the later streets, and probably suggested by James Madison Usher, a namesake of President Madison. Usher road lies within the limits of his former estate, while Gorham, Clewley, Chardon and Wheelwright are those of relatives of the Brooks family, whose land they traverse. Century road was laid out in the closing year of the nineteenth century. Playstead road is self-evident, as it borders the playground. Chandler road, because of Frank E. Chandler's ownership, and Woods Edge road is on the edge of the wooded hill. Laurel and Vernon are probably fanciful, as also Boylston terrace. Smith's and Hastings' lane and Whitte road were proprietary. Rock hill is also very truly named, and High street reaches its highest point near by.

At the West End one looks in vain for Gorham and

Lake parks as shown on Walling's map of Medford, or some streets of old recorded plans. One of these, Winthrop, became Sharon by the town's acceptance. Medford already had a Winthrop street and several names were suggested for this new one, but that of their old home town, suggested by the Morse brothers, whose new home adjoined it, found most favor. Myrtle could not be duplicated, and E. W. Metcalf, an abutter and petitioner, suggested Jerome, in honor of Jerome Bonaparte Judkins, one of the land developers of 1870. He was the grandfather of the young soldier, Medford's first loss in the present war. Mr. Judkins gave the names of Temple and Tontine, Lincoln and Sherman to those streets. Holton street was laid out by Samuel S. Holton, Sr., to subdivide some large lots and provide a corner location for Trinity Church, and so given his name. As old Ship street had become Riverside avenue, a new name had to be found for the western one, which on acceptance became Arlington street. It is a long street, reaching nearly to Arlington line.

In a subdivision of the older plan in 1870 two new streets were called Linden and Hawthorn, both grafted into Myrtle. As the latter was uprooted or transplanted as Jerome, so Linden got the name of a worthy resident, Fairfield. Only Hawthorn remains, and that only on paper.

Minot street of the old plan was laid out by the county commissioners as Boston avenue, and it had been better had a suggestion of eighty feet wide instead of sixty been heeded.

Whatever suggested Monument is a query. Possibly Bunker Hill monument was *then* visible there over the rise of College hill (not now), as it was from Grove street near by. Mr. Brooks planted a grove in the "Delta" in 1820; from this may have come the name given the old Cambridge road to Woburn, now Grove street. Bower (not Bowers) street was so called by Thomas P. Smith, land owner, for a Bower street where he had formerly

lived, and which similarly got the name from a grove or bower of trees. Harvard *avenue* was the West Medford way to the college, as was Harvard *street* before mentioned from South Medford. Circuit street is a circuitous route from Bower, beside the railroad, and to Bower again.

Within a few years a real estate trust has, on the Francis Brooks estate, opened Jackson, Woodland and Newton roads, Kilgore, Pitcher, Johnson and Tyler avenues (all names of the company), and has preserved the Brooks monument to Sagamore John at Sagamore avenue and place. Ravine road and Lakeview are thus appropriately named.

In this article we have covered mainly the South and West Medford sections, with less than one hundred names. To mention the names, with why and wherefore, is merely to skim the surface of the subject. The reclamation of waste places, construction of passable roads, with their arteries of water and gas, nerves of electricity, and intestinal sewers, has been a work of years of private enterprise and public cost. Still the work goes on, even though the town pump, the original radial center, is gone, unknown to the present and only remembered by the oldest inhabitants.

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

Josiah G. Fuller of West Medford had the following experience during his participation in the 24th National Encampment of the G. A. R. at Boston, 1890:—

“He was one of the little band of Abolitionists who went to Kansas in 1854 for the avowed purpose of freeing that state from the blight of slavery. He passed through many thrilling experiences during the exciting days of ‘Bleeding Kansas,’ and two years later was cast into prison at Lecompton, as a result of refusing to assist in the enforcement of the fugitive slave law at Lawrence. One night, while in confinement at the court house, which served as a prison, six ruffians, who were playing

cards in the room, learned that he was an 'Abolitionist preacher,' and hung him to the rafters. He was left for dead on the floor, but was awakened to consciousness by the kicks of his jailor. As one hanging was considered sufficient, Mr. Fuller was allowed to depart, which he lost no time in doing. But he was heard from again as a Union soldier, and did good service during the war.

"At the Encampment in Boston, Comrade Fuller received an invitation to join in the Grand Army delegates' excursion down the harbor; but he arrived at the wharf just as the steamer had left her moorings. Observing two colored men on the wharf, he approached them, and seeing by the brown button that they wore that they were Grand Army boys, he engaged them in conversation. What was Mr. Fuller's surprise when he learned that one of these comrades was an attendant at his church while preaching at Boonsville, Mo., in 1850, and also that the man was one of the slaves whom he helped to set free in 1862. The scene was a touching one as they indulged in reminiscences of the past, and will never be forgotten by the two veterans. Comrade Fuller is now seventy-three years of age, but notwithstanding his more than three score and ten years, he marched with his Post during the entire parade."

The above account was thought worthy of insertion in the handsome souvenir volume of three hundred pages issued by the Executive Committee having charge of the arrangements for the Twenty-fourth National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, Boston, August 11 to 16, 1890.

Mr. Fuller was born in Newport, N. H., November 28, 1817. He enlisted as a private September 4, 1861, in the 1st Kansas Battery, served three years and ten months, being discharged July 17, 1865. He lived for many years in West Medford, Mass., and married there, September 27, 1865, Sarah Hovey Barnes, who died November, 1895. He died January 1, 1899. He joined Post 66, G. A. R., June 10, 1884. E. M. G.

MORE INTERESTING INCIDENTS.

I remember hearing Mr. Fuller recount his Kansas experiences on several occasions. On one occasion, he was the substitute for the absent entertainers on a rainy evening at the monthly sociable of the First Trinitarian Church. Once when his funds were low, and his wood-pile was reduced to nothing, a load was left at his door, and on several occasions when he had no food, his needs were supplied from sources he could not have named as likely to make such provision, and in his own mind there was no doubt that these gifts were the direct answers to his prayers. Like John G. Paton, he was conscious of being providentially safeguarded. The Bibles and tracts he distributed were "seed corn," and by talking seeds and crops with the farmers, he secured their attention to his main object, and in many cases their co-operation.

In Kansas he was a colporteur, sowing seeds for a spiritual harvest, and suffering with those who opposed the extension of slavery. In the Civil War he was a soldier fighting for freedom and equality. He was taken prisoner and was one of a hundred lined up for execution. Some of the group were able to give a sign of distress which adjourned the shooting, another providential escape for Josiah! After the war he was a distributor of revenue stamps for the commission allowed by the Government. He said his business was "stamping about Boston."

His marriage completed a double knot, as his sister was the wife of Henry S. Barnes, whose sister became Mr. Fuller's wife.

When the First Trinitarian was merged with the Mystic Church he became a member of the West Medford Congregational Church, of whose meeting-house he was janitor for some years. During a severe illness his duties were performed by two members of the Parish Committee, who thus saved to his family his salary for several months. (One of the two was Robert A. Rogers, who passed away a few weeks since).

I think it was in the summer of 1864, on a beautiful, but quite warm sabbath morning that I first saw Mr. Fuller. He was seated in the centre, fourth pew from the front of the meeting-house of the First Trinitarian Church, in the uniform of a Union soldier. He had obtained a furlough, and had arrived in town just in good time for church. He had either omitted to write about it, or had come more quickly than his letter, so his coming was unexpected. His sister was becoming anxious for him, not having received letters for several months. Arriving as the service was about to begin, she stood a full minute in the aisle, perplexed at seeing her soldier brother in the family pew. The surprise was complete, whether intended or not, and this is the most vivid recollection I have of Mr. Josiah G. Fuller.

H. N. A.

AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

The gathering on Jan. 4 ('18) of fourteen members of Medford's first city government, with the auditor and collector who have served continuously, was surely a pleasant and notable occasion. That so many have survived the stress of the years and enjoyed the reunion, is worthy of notice in Medford annals. They were Aldermen William Cushing Wait, Walter F. Cushing, Lewis H. Lovering and J. R. Teel, with Richard Gibson, E. C. Ellis, George T. Sampson, Herman L. Buss, William H. Casey, Allston H. Evans, N. E. Wilber, E. F. Kakas, Charles H. Loomis and E. I. Langell, of the council. As their former clerk Langell called the roll, fitting notice was taken of "Those who answer not, however we may call." Auditor Cummings and Collector Hayes were guests of the evening. After the dinner came the "smoke talk" with "everybody in it" and a final word by chairman Loomis to close the "First Session." Judge Wait presided over the "Second Session" opening court (?) with words of greeting. Councilman Evans paid tribute to Medford by reading original verses:—

MEDFORD.

There's a Medford in Wisconsin,
And there's also one in Maine,
And in Maryland for Medford
We do not look in vain.

Even Oklahoma
Boasts a Medford of her own,
But about one in Arkansas
Nothing here is known.

In Minnesota and New Jersey,
And in Oregon as well,
Still we find the name of Medford,
Still we find its mystic spell.

The famous vintage "Medford"
Is known from shore to shore,
Carried in our Mystic ships
In the good old days of yore.

A city eighteen ninety-three,
We started it on its way.
At the end of a quarter of a century,
We are here to celebrate the day.

But there's only one real Medford,
Which in all ways can surpass
All the many other Medfords,
Here's a health to Medford, Mass.

Alderman Cushing's subject was the "Board of '93", and the survivors have now no excuse for not making a record, as he presented each with an up-to-date fountain pen. Next Councilman Loomis read

THEN AND NOW.

The passing years no halting know,
But onward hold their even way;
No protest or regret from man
Has any power to make them stay.
So we who met in Ninety-Three
With problems deep and hard to strive,
Look back tonight on by-gone years,
And count them, twenty-five.

Those were the days of comrade's cheer,
Of friendship's loyal, helpful aid;
Tonight, all are not gathered here,
We mourn the breaks the years have made,
We span the time with kindly thought,
While memories bright their radiance cast,
And clearly from those distant days,
Shine records of the past.

But since those days what have we gained?
What civic lessons have we learned?
Increased in numbers, and in wealth,
Have we "rewards of merit" earned?
Huge piles of brick and stone we've reared,
Streets, boulevards and parks laid out;
But in the rush of rapid growth,
Have ideals met their rout?

In earlier days good-will prevailed,
Forbearance toward each other;
Perchance we sometimes disagreed,
We hailed each still as brother.
We had no Aldermanic scraps,
Nor mob-like Council Meetings,
When angry members yelled and fumed,
We believed in courteous greetings.

But in these later restless days
A change we note has come about,
Some legislators seem to think
To be impressive they must shout;
And if a man should choose to vote
Upon the side which they oppose,
Make him a target for abuse,
No decency he knows.

In earlier days we had our fights,
To win we did our very best.
Whichever side the victor proved,
With wishes good was promptly blessed.
The winners reaped their earned rewards,
The losers, glum, of course, might feel,
But victors did not loudly boast,
And losers did not "squeal."

No public servant can succeed,
If fiercely fought at every step.
Success, coöperation needs,
With mutual work, and lots of "pep."

We can not always think alike ;
We can at least the game play fair,
And if opponents come half-way,
Let's treat them "on the square."

Harsh judgments often are unjust,
Distorted facts their poison spread,
Much that is heard in politics
Far better had been left unsaid.
For oftentimes the loud-mouthed man
Who leads in sinister attacks,
Himself no public place could fill,
He brains and courage lacks.

So as we scan these later years,
Regretfully we fail to see
Wherein the quarter century passed
Has gained us civic harmony.
And as we ponder on this fact,
With me, my comrades, you'll agree,
No better Council since has sat
Than that of Ninety-Three.

The ever versatile councilman from ward six made some observations upon his bailiwick, as only Wilber can do. Evidently this reunion was a sort of love-feast, and those present had no cause to be ashamed of their record in performing the new duties to which they were called in '93. If some successors did not as well, the lesson should come home to the voters who elect them.

THE USHER BRIDGE.

Usher bridge was named for James M. Usher. He was mainly instrumental in the laying out of the road from High street in Medford to Broadway in Arlington. I signed the petition to the county commissioners for the laying out of the road at Mr. Usher's request. It is that in Medford known as Harvard avenue. The abutments and central pier of the bridge were reinforced with concrete when the river was deepened a few years since by the Metropolitan Commission.

J. H. H.

THOSE OTHER MEDFORDS.

The verses found elsewhere in this issue bring to mind the effort made by the REGISTER a few years since, to furnish some reliable information of the other Medfords of our country (see Vol. XVII, p. 99). We had then secured a portion, but being under prospect of discontinuance, could not well pursue inquiry of the eight then unheard from. There were then fourteen in all. At this later date, former councilman Evans seems to have no better success with Arkansas, than did the REGISTER. Just now we are wondering what the "Nathaniel Medford Club" organized in Pittsburg in 1864 was, and whether Medford enterprise (or spirit) was operative in the smoky city fifty-four years ago. We find the same mentioned in one of our recent exchanges. Who knows anything about it?

WE'LL NOT SOON FORGET IT.

The passing winter has been one to be remembered in various ways, especially the fuel shortage. The sight of numerous children, with some women, and a few men dragging homeward their allotted hundred pounds, is something new in Medford. The inclement days and icy streets made conditions bad enough, but the stuff they got was deficient in heating quality, containing a large per cent of non-burnable refuse. The cost of railway service to haul from the mines, the woman and child power to haul home, and the certain per cent of the energy of the real coal to heat somewhat this refuse in the effort to burn, contribute to waste rather than conservation, of which so much is now being said and written. Even the ash men of the city have found an increase in their labor in carting the waste to the city dumps. It would be well if the political economists would investigate, whether or no the "dear public" haven't paid for a lot of former years' waste in this season's "run of mine coal," in which householders find double the former waste.

The complex weather conditions that first made icy the streets, and later light snow fall, lightened the children's labors a little in the use of their sleds, but when in a day almost everywhere the bare ground appeared, the boys were unprepared with wheels. Their tug and pull was pitiful to see. But the Medford boys (and girls too) are plucky, and inventive as well, as some of their improvised coal carts are witness. Once the coveted coal card secured from the fuel office, the procession moved on.

And then the water troubles. Sunday morning, December 30, the city woke to trouble; mercury eighteen degrees below zero, and henceforward plumbers, water department men, and electric men were in constant demand to thaw and mend, only to thaw and mend again. It was no uncommon sight, that of coal or coke fires across sidewalks over night, that the pick and shovel men might dig down next day to a depth never known to freeze before. In suffering the attendant discomforts we have learned how dependent we have become upon modern improvements, and for a time were worse off than our grandfathers.

AN APPRECIATION.

In the organization of the Society for 1918 the reader will miss the name of Eliza M. Gill, who has faithfully served for several years as Secretary. Because of impaired health, she is obliged to give up her willing service, but not her interest. One of the original corporators, she has ever been in labors abundant, both as an officer and interested active member, keeping in touch with historic interests elsewhere, as well as in Medford. The papers she has read before the Society show careful study of her subjects, and are supplemented by other articles in the REGISTER, and not a little of material has been furnished by her to aid other writers. To the REGISTER she has ever been devoted, and its editor acknowledges her many favors and assistance. We are hoping for her rest and recovery ere long.

ORGANIZATION FOR 1918.

The organization of the Historical Society for the current year is herewith presented. A copy is sent to each member with the notice of the March meeting, and will serve as notice of appointment of committees as a whole and individually, by the Board of Directors.

The first named is expected to see that each committee promptly begins its work for the Society interests.

The Society is now housed in permanent quarters, conveniently located, and after the inconveniences of recent years should take up with interest its important work. Will each member of these committees readily report to its chairman, and each committee have a friendly rivalry with each other, and so boom our Society this year.

Some surprise has been expressed that the Society should assemble for its meeting on the heatless Monday evenings called for by the fuel administrator. Our reply is, that as an *educational* institution, and patriotic withal, we best conserve our resources—fuel and light included—by attending to “business as usual,” and at the regularly appointed times, at no excessive expense.

On three occasions there has been the new and interesting feature of instrumental and vocal music, which will be continued. Light refreshments on two occasions have added to the social interest, and not materially depleted the treasury or caused any non-observance of meatless, wheatless, or eatless days.

It is the desire and intention of the Society, through its Directorate, to fulfill its mission in our good old city of Medford. To this end it asks the co-operation of all its membership, both present and prospective.

OUR ADVERTISERS.

Don't forget to patronize our advertisers of this issue, and as occasion offers, invite them to our meetings, to enjoy their interesting features helpful to Medford interests.

OUR TWENTIETH VOLUME.

The October issue of the REGISTER completed two decades of service in the preservation of Medford annals. It has put into permanent form for reference many of the interesting papers that have been prepared for and read before the Historical Society, which assumes its publication and gathered up very many local incidents and features of interest that otherwise would have been lost. All these can be safely drawn upon by such as shall sometime write an adequate history of our city. Exclusive of title and index, its pages now number 2140 of superior quality.

It has always been a labor of love by its contributors and editors, and no inconsiderable draft on the Society's treasury. Other historical works our town and city have three times assisted financially, but the REGISTER has been maintained by its own and the Historical Society's efforts. The text-book used in our public schools has drawn largely upon it for facts, and was carefully examined by the REGISTER editor before its introduction.

We bespeak for the coming issue a more lively interest and larger circulation, and call attention to the fact that a *limited* number of full sets may yet be procured which contain a wealth of information nowhere else to be found regarding our city.

Few historical societies can show a longer or better record in publication. If as far as possible, members become subscribers, and by individual work add thereto, a better future awaits our effort.

Vol. XXI.]

[No. 2.]

HISTORICAL REGISTER



APRIL, 1918

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MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY
MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

FAIRY

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE GRAY MANSION	25
THE BOB-TAIL CAR	25
} <i>Frontispiece</i>	
THE GRAYS OF SALEM AND MEDFORD. <i>Eliza M. Gill.</i>	25
MEDFORD ON THE MAP. <i>Editor</i>	32
MEDFORD'S TOWN FARM. <i>M. W. M.</i>	37
PLAN IN MASSACHUSETTS ARCHIVES	39
MEDFORD NOT IN IT	46
THE OLD BOB-TAIL CAR	47
OLD GLORY AT THE TOP	48

ADVERTISING SECTION.

MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY	
A PLEASURE TRIP. <i>E. R. O.</i>	

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FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the Medford Historical Society, in the city of Medford, Mass., the sum of _____ Dollars for the general use and purposes of said Society.

(Signed) _____





THE GRAY MANSION, HIGH STREET.



SECCOMB HOUSE AND BOB-TAIL CAR.

Courtesy Halliday Photograph Co., Boston.

The Medford Historical Register.

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WILLIAM GRAY OF SALEM AND SAMUEL GRAY OF MEDFORD.

IF Lynn feels that she was honored by having been the birthplace of William Gray, and Salem and Boston deem themselves favored by having been his places of residence for many years, Medford should be glad to be able to add the name of the famous ship merchant, often called Billy Gray, to her list of distinguished guests and residents, though he was here but a short time. (REGISTER, Vol. XVI, No. 1.)

The papers of this merchant, who owned more ships than any one in the country, were destroyed in the great Boston fire, 1872, but there is a letter written by Mrs. Gray from Medford, in which she mentions being "in the country."

The family is supposed to have been here several summers; is *known* to have been one at a place called "The Chimneys," which our historians have failed to locate.

Horace, the youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. Gray, was born in Medford, August 25, 1800, and baptized six days later. He became a merchant in Boston, and the city is indebted to him primarily for the formation of its fine Public Garden. A son of his, also named Horace, gave honor to the family name as chief justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts and justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

There are several reasons to account for the Grays being here, relationship for one, as Mrs. Gray was the

daughter of John Chipman and Elizabeth (Brown) Chipman of Marblehead, the latter's sister, Abigail Brown, being the wife of Rev. Edward Brooks of Medford.

At that time our town was a small one, with a population of eleven hundred. There were not many houses on the Woburn road (our present High street) between the market place and Meeting-house brook. Most of them had wide spaces of land around and between them, with an open view across the river. Save for a few buildings close to the market place on the east, there were still fewer houses along the Salem road.

Ship building had not begun; there was no local stage; only one long-distance one passed through the place;* there was no town house; but one meeting-house, and one schoolhouse. Sea captains and Boston merchants found it a good residential place for the summer. Several who came for a short time became permanent residents.

Salem was a thriving town, a well-known port with a large East India commerce; a place of many large and beautiful colonial houses, and of such business activity that perhaps the quiet of our town, and its nearness to Boston, drew this merchant and his family here for a few weeks. It was said of Medford as late as 1853, "It was a quiet, restful place, withal, excepting in the ship-yards." Possibly the strongest reason that drew them was to be near their daughter Lucia, twelve years old, who was a pupil at Mrs. Susanna Rowson's celebrated private school.

If class prophecies were then in order, and it had been foretold that Lucia Gray would have a daughter who would live beyond a century's mark, and a granddaughter who would be well known in the world of art and letters, it might have seemed like a wild flight of fancy, but it would have run parallel with the true course of events. A daughter of this little Medford school girl married Francis Alexander, a native of Connecticut. He was an artist, who settled first in Boston, then in Florence, Italy,

* Medford was on the stage line called the upper route to Exeter and Portland.

where the daughter, Francesca, was born. She inherited artistic taste and was endowed with poetic gifts. She became well known as an author and illustrator, and Ruskin, who was a friend of mother and daughter, thought very highly of this talented American girl. Francesca died in February, 1917.

Another granddaughter of Lucia Gray, Mrs. Edward N. Hallowell, for many years a resident of West Medford, visited Mrs. Alexander in Florence on the occasion of the latter's one hundredth anniversary of her birth, and found her aunt "as bright as a woman of fifty."

OTHER FACTS OF INTEREST CONNECT BILLY GRAY WITH MEDFORD.

February 27, 1801, he bought of Rev. Jedidiah Morse of Charlestown the property known to three generations of our townsmen as the Train estate. The dwelling-house has been taken down within two years. When William Gray purchased this estate it contained two acres, more or less, was bounded southerly on the country road, easterly on land of Abigail Tarbett, northerly on land of John Bishop, and westerly on land of David Buckman. An old building on the lot was bought by Samuel Swan and removed.

May 29, 1806, William Gray sold this property to James Gilchrist, who lived here many years. He was a sea captain, sailing from Salem and Boston, engaged in trade with China and the East Indies. As there is no one of that name listed in the Boston Directory of 1810, it is not unsafe to assume that the Captain Gilchrist who was master of Gray's brig, the *Caravan*, that year was the same as Capt. James Gilchrist of this town.

Joseph Swan (1784-1853), our townsman, was educated in William Gray's counting-room, and the church formed by those who withdrew from the First Parish received a gift of a thousand dollars from the philanthropic merchant, with which they purchased the site on High street on which they erected a house of worship.

It was burned in 1860 and a second building was erected on the same spot. After serving both Protestants and Roman Catholics, the steeple was removed, the interior and exterior were altered, and today it is the hardware store of Page & Curtin, for whom the changes were made.

William R. Gray, oldest child of William, must have spent some time here with his family, as our records note the baptism of a daughter, October 10, 1819, and a son, August 5, 1821.

A relative of the writer (whose life, beginning in the last decade of the eighteenth century, extended over more than three-quarters of the nineteenth), a resident of Boston, knew it well, and used to tell of seeing it grow from a town into a city, of cows being pastured south of Summer street, and of Billy Gray's mansion on that street.

Samuel Gray of Salem married first Anna Orne of Marblehead, by whom he had six children. He married a second time, at Medford, April 25, 1799, Mary, daughter of Rev. Edward Brooks and Abigail (Brown) Brooks. There were seven children by this marriage. It was natural, then, that he should finally settle in Medford.

Before the erection of the Angier-Boynton house, about seventy-five years ago, the house next below Dr. Osgood's was that of Isaac Warren, on the site of the one now west of the Public Library. Isaac Warren was made deacon of the church, 1767. His son, also named Isaac, inherited the so-called mansion and lived there. A later tenant was Dr. Luther Stearns, who, when the place was sold to Samuel Gray, moved to the vicinity of what was later the Medford turnpike, and opened his academy. The Warren *house* was moved to a lot on the Woburn road (High street) further west and the Gray family lived in it until the new house was built, 1802 or 1803, on the site of the old one. The house built by Samuel Gray is still standing just west of the Public Library. The old house became the home of the Roach*

* See REGISTER, Vol. XI, p. 47.

family, respectable people, notwithstanding their peculiar name, and the remains of the cellar can be seen east of Grace Church parsonage.

Though information at hand from two sources states the purchase of the land was 1802 and the erection of the house 1802 or 1803, and the church recorded the baptism of a child in 1806 and one in 1811, yet Samuel Gray is not listed as a resident tax payer till 1811. From 1805 (records missing 1803 and 1804) till 1811 he is classed as non-resident, also non-resident in 1813, resident in 1814 and 1815. The diary of Rev. William Bently states Mr. Gray moved to Medford 1811.

Samuel Gray died January 21, 1816, aged fifty-six. His wife, Mary, died January 30, 1842, aged seventy-three. They were buried in the family tomb bearing his name in the old Salem street burying ground. It is in the northwest corner, extending under the passageway which in our youth was called Deadman's alley. On the plan accompanying Dr. Swan's thesis, 1803, it is marked Burying Yard Lane. So distinctive a name as Deadman's alley would, in London, draw hundreds of visitors to it yearly. Its official name is River street.

The new home of the Grays must have been the scene of many festivities, for there were nine daughters in the family, and the marriages of seven are found on our records. Two became brides of men of their home town. Anna married Andrew Hall, April 9, 1815; Catherine (1797-1874) married Jonathan Porter (1791-1859), July 22, 1823. She is represented here today by two great-grandchildren, one a recent war bride.

Sarah Charlotte, born 1808, married, December 23, 1828, Ignatius Sargent of Boston, where she died, 1831. Her sister Henrietta (1811-1891) became the second wife of Mr. Sargent, May 7, 1835. In 1842 the heirs of Samuel Gray sold the homestead to Mr. Sargent and it became the residence of his family for a few years, until he moved to Brookline. The youngest child of three in his family today recalls the pleasure he had picking up

the seeds of the horse-chestnuts and storing them in the attic. "The child is father to the man," and perhaps the lad acquired in this place the love for trees that has made his name known throughout the world as the able professor of horticulture and arboriculture, the director of the Botanic Garden of Harvard University, Charles Sprague Sargent, a man of many honors, one of the latest having been noticed in the *Outlook*, August 22, 1917.

In 1850 Francis A. Gray, youngest child of Samuel and Mary, bought the property of the Sargents. He was born in this house October 5, 1813, and died there, December, 1888. He married Helen Wyckoff Wainwright of New York, 1857, who died September 12, 1895. They had two children, who married and left Medford—Mary, now a widow, living in Paris, France, and Francis A. Gray, with wife and two children, living in Evanston, Wyoming. One of these children was born in Medford.

In 1892 the property passed to strangers, having been owned until then, from the time the house was built, by descendants of Samuel Gray.

In the elder days of Art
Builders wrought with greatest care

and in commonplace things those who erected houses and made furniture did their work with a conscientiousness and thoroughness that shames much that is modern. So today the house of Samuel Gray, having weathered more than a hundred years, stands as a monument to the excellent workmanship of those who constructed it. It is said to be a copy of a colonial house in Salem, constructed by a builder from that town assisted by carpenters from the ship-yards. The rooms are lathed and plastered and boarded up on each side. Some of the beams are so large and hard they could not be cut through when later occupants put in a furnace. The main part has two stories, the ell three, making a curious arrangement of staircases. The roofs are on a level, though the ell is built on land lower than the main part

and you step down two or three steps from the latter to reach the rooms of the ell. There are many rooms, all the old ones having fire-places, for to the original building rooms have been added in the ell on two stories to include modern conveniences.

The plain exterior gives no hint of the charm of the interior. The house faces nearly south, with an entrance of generous proportions in the middle. On each side of the hall are large square rooms on both stories, in each of which are four large shuttered windows. The hall is particularly interesting, wide and high, ending at the second story in a rounded or domed ceiling. At the back it is part of an ellipse, with a door on each story of peculiar construction, being curved. The work was so well done that there has never been any warping and they close perfectly. The staircase is wide, long and curving, of easy ascent. The hand-rail is mahogany, the balusters are simple square uprights, making a light, graceful effect.

On the first floor, back of the northeast room, is a small one once a butler's pantry. From this a passageway leads to a small but wide, high, well-lighted hall, giving an entrance on the west. This is a fine piece of work. At the back of this hall, its east side, the back stairs come down to meet the front hall, which is wholly shut off from the small one. The east part of this small hall is a fine arch, and here, and in other parts of the house, is some fine but simple ornamental woodwork.

Later owners have made minor changes here that have not substantially altered the plan. The integrity of the old-fashioned mansion is maintained, and no evidence is visible to the casual observer of altered construction. The external appearance of the house is the same today as when built. The entrance door of the small hall has side and top lights, the former with long, narrow hinged shutters. The north wall of the butler's pantry and of the little hall was the limit of the main part of the house, and from the pantry a door led outside.

The fire-place of the original kitchen, occupying the western side of the ell, was of the generous proportions of the old days, and the porch door and an inner one here, now enclosed, form a closet.

A high board fence along the front of the estate screened it from view. There was no gate or walk to the front door, the entrance being by the carriage way at the west, and the place had a secluded, quiet air. The stable was removed and the front fence taken down about twenty years ago. The settles on the porch are modern additions. Across the street was an open lot, used as a garden by the Grays, where now stands St. Joseph's Church.

NOTE.—Since writing the above we have learned that "Gilchrist took over a house formerly occupied by W. R. Gray." Captain Gilchrist moved from the house he bought of William Gray to the Parson Turell house, then back to the former house, which his wife preferred. So in one of these houses William R. Gray resided the seasons he spent in Medford.

ELIZA M. GILL.

MEDFORD ON THE MAP.

We often hear the words "on the map" as expressive of publicity or wide-awakeness. Appropriate in its way, for the town or hamlet not shown on some map must be small indeed. Our caption, however, must be taken literally. In the early days of the Medford Historical Society, President Wait prepared and read a valuable paper on Maps of Medford (*REGISTER*, Vol. I, p. 119) in which are reproductions, necessarily small, of six maps showing Medford's area as a whole or in part. The latest Medford map thus alluded to was that of 1855, by H. F. Walling, and to this is a half page devoted in Brooks' history of the same year, which says, "The map is accompanied by eleven other maps or sections, on a scale of two hundred feet to an inch, on sheets of twenty-six to thirty-nine inches, and all bound together in an atlas." Diligent inquiry fails to discover such atlas, or any one that has memory of it.* At the time of the proposed division of

* As both history and map were published at nearly the same time and by separate interest, it is probable that the reference to "eleven sections" was made from some prospectus, rather than actual issue.

the town some printed reproductions ($14\frac{1}{4} \times 15\frac{1}{4}$ inches in size), with six quarter-mile circles around Medford square (showing marshland in yellow, woodland in green, and boundary lines in red) were made for reference at the legislative hearings. Two of these are framed and are in the Society's collection. A later and finer reproduction of this map ($17\frac{1}{2} \times 18\frac{1}{2}$ inches), on fine white paper, shows the new boundary, made by the transfer to Malden of a strip of Medford of about a fifth of a mile on Salem street. This was issued just as Medford became a city, as it shows no ward divisions. Various maps prepared by the city engineers, showing the water and sewer systems, have been included in the printed city reports.

The latest we notice is that of Engineer Charnock, January 1, 1916. This shows the ward and precinct lines, and such streets in Malden, Somerville and Arlington as cross or are near boundaries. Judge Wait alluded to twenty-two plans of various localities in Medford that were recorded in Middlesex (South) Registry between 1827 and 1855. One of these (August, 1850) in *Plan Book 5*, p. 8, he styles very interesting. It is called "Land of Brooks," at West Medford.* It shows the entire tract between High street, the B. & L. R. R. and the river, with the Middlesex canal and its lock, aqueduct and tavern. Practically the same layout is shown on the Walling map of 1855, but without the names of streets, though the names of Gorham and Lake parks are given. This plan was made in the last days of the canal's operation, which had ceased when the Walling map was made. In the records of the canal company is an allusion by its agent to a company of gentlemen who had laid out this adjoining territory into house-lots, which they called *Brooklands*, and a suggestion that the canal's property there might be disposed of to the proprietors of "Brooklands." In the closing of the canal's affairs this strip with a portion beyond the river, was sold to J. M. Usher

* See REGISTER, Vol. I, p. 126.

Of those park names Gorham was a family name (of Brooks), while Lake was appropriate, as a miniature lake or pond was shown therein. Conditions favored the same, as the writer has seen the springy ground there covered with flags and cat-tails.

In *Plan Book 8, Plan 1, 1855*, is the same territory (see REGISTER, Vol. I, p. 126), being the "Fuller Plan of Smith Estate." Here we must "good naturedly" differ a little with His Honor, who styles it "the present laying out."

Fuller's plan was made in early '50s, but little or no use was made of it until 1870, when, on June 21, there was a land sale on the premises. In 1865 the conduit of the Charlestown water works was built across this entire tract. The Fuller plan (which omitted the "parks" and had a somewhat different arrangement of streets) was modified somewhat. Two new plans were later made by Josiah Hovey covering the entire river border, or half the area of "Brooklands," which name had been forgotten. Then the county commissioners came and laid out Boston avenue, as they had previously done with Harvard avenue. Therein lies an explanation of the hopeless tangle of lines intersected by the fifth and sixth circles on the plan formerly alluded to. But the subdivision did not end with these, as conveyancers find sometimes to their dismay, for numerous other smaller plans are duly recorded, but not all in this section.

Who knows where *Emperor* street is? If any one now should make "a laying out with royal names" he might lay himself open to criticism. But in 1855, *Plan Book 7, p. 33*, is "old road now called Emperor street." *Book 8, p. 26*, is a "rough form" of the same by Daniel Ayer, of whom an old resident says, "He had a faculty of developing all sorts of odd places." The old school-master, Aaron K. Hathaway, made the finished and earlier recorded plan. One house was erected on this royal layout; is now, and has been for sixty years, the farthest removed from neighbors of any in Medford.

Emperor street is part of the old lane or wood road leading from Winthrop street by the old railroad cut in Sugar-loaf hill. After crossing the west branch of meeting-house brook it turns sharply to the left at the foot of a hill on which are the other royalties — *King*, *Queen*, and *Prince*. *Emperor* was the equivalent of *Kaiser* sixty-three years ago, but the modern Kaiser will find no place on Medford's modern map.

On the Walling map, midway between the almshouse and Oak Grove Cemetery, is shown the "Meridian Monument, Harvard University," due north from the observatory at Cambridge. This was torn down four years ago (REGISTER, Vol. XVII, p. 23). In the second number of Vol. XVI may be found a view and description of same; also in an earlier issue of the *Medford Mercury*.

In the reports of Metropolitan Park Commission are maps showing its various takings in Medford along the river and in the rocky woodland of the Fells. On the latter, various localities like "*old silver mine*" and others are shown, but we look in vain thereon for the "*Old Man of the Fells*" (REGISTER, Vol. XV, frontispiece).

To the Water Department report (1893) is attached a map of the vicinity of Wright's pond. We thought we saw on this, at the proper location, the words *Indian Profile*, but a reading glass only showed the same to be but topographical shading marks. Later reports contain half-tones, showing the dam and water tower in construction; and on page 200 of *Medford Reports*, 1898, is a fine view of the completed works, which were for a time the high service of Medford's water system, now a thing of the past and partially removed.

The town records show that as long ago as 1738 a map of Medford was suggested, and by vote left to the discretion of a committee, but nothing came of it. Had there been one made then, it would have been of equal interest, and practically contemporary with the Usher plan of the Royall estate across the river, then in Charlestown. The vote of the town (July 19, 1738) was that

the affier of plan of Medford and the land voted to petition for should be left to y^e Discretion of the Committee the Town have Employed in that affaier to act therein as they shall judg most for the Towns interest.

Medford had two years before petitioned for a thousand acres of province land and employed a surveyor to lay out the same. A "plat" and description thereof was required and was returned to the General Court in 1736. The grant of December 29 received the signature of Governor Belcher on January 1, 1736-7 (see *Massachusetts Archives*, also elsewhere in this issue). There being no legislation *requiring* it, that committee probably considered the "plan of Medford" as unnecessary.

In 1898 there was published by G. W. Stadly & Co. an *Atlas of Medford*, consisting of twenty-one double pages. Upon one of these is the Tufts map of 1794 and the reprint of the Walling map we have alluded to. The first plate shows the entire territory of the city in colors, and has Arabic numerals in each shade referring to the succeeding sectional plates, while the various wards are designated by Roman. A peculiar feature is the section above the Fellsway, then called "Osgood Heights," with its winding streets, thus necessary because of the local elevation and contour. These sections indicate all then existing houses.

The Atlas of Boundaries, 1898 (see REGISTER, Vol. XVIII, p. 90), beside the map, is devoted to description of the boundary lines, and contains half-tone cuts of all the thirty monuments that mark the corners of Medford.

Thus far we have mentioned the maps and plans that ordinarily come under observation. A visit to the office of the city engineer reveals Medford on the map in closer detail. Twenty-eight sheets (5 x 8 feet leonine paper mounted upon cloth) are covered with accurate drawing on the scale of forty feet to the inch, showing the shape and location of every building on its lot, and the property divisions of each owner in the inhabited portions of the city. The brooks and natural water courses are shown,

also the stone walls and fences standing at the time of survey, 1893-'99. Besides, there are the water-mains, sewers and curb-stones. In fact, little has escaped notice, and these surveys are revised every year, showing all alterations or additions made. Thus Medford is on the map up to date.

MEDFORD'S TOWN FARM.

This title does not refer to the present "City Home," nor yet to the tract invaded by the pioneer railroad of 1835, but refers to a broader domain of a thousand acres which Medford obtained in province days "when we were under the king." The more recent and present town farms have been for the housing and use of the town's poor, *within* the town limits; this one was gotten for the purpose of enabling the ancient Medfordites to maintain the ministry and school master. Mr. Brooks, in his history, makes brief mention of its grant, and says, "It was not of great value," and "It was sold soon after." He also located it on the Piscataqua river, which stream is one of the principal rivers of New Hampshire, reaching the ocean at Portsmouth.

What is the story of this Medford "Town Farm"? In the "Archives" at the State House may be found a plan of the same, made by a Medford man, with his accompanying description and certificate, as follows:—

By virtue of a Grant made by the Great & General Court to y^e town of Medford I the subscriber have surveyed and Laid out with the assistance of Lt John Goffe and Mr. Ephraim Bushnell Chanemen one Thousand acres of Land in the following manner viz. bounded southerly by a tract of Land Laid out to the grantees of y^e town Whys * called by the name of Oldd Harrys town Westerly by Province Land northerly and Easterly by Pescataquogg River the lines beginning att a pitch pine tree on the bank of Sd River (about two miles west of Merrimack River) markt M F then running due West by y^e needle with a line of markt trees 693 perch then turning No 15 Degrees E to a Maple tree standing on the bank of the aforsd Pescataquogg River markt M F 400 perch then turning and running with sd Pescataquogg River until it come to y^e

* Which is.

pitch pine first mentioned, which plan is Protracted by a scale of
80 poles or perch to one inch

June the 16 1736

By me Caleb Brooks G Surveyr.

In surveying this farm there was Given one Chain in fifty for Broken
Land and Sagg of Chain

Middlesex June 18 1736

Personally appearing be fore me the Subscriber Calap Brooks
Survayor John Goff and Ephra^m Busnall Chanmen mad oath that
in the Survayin and meafuring a thousand acrs of Land Granted by
Gener Cout to the Town of Medford thay did dewe faithfouly and
Impe^rtially

Eleazar Tyng
just Peace

On file with the plan and the above is the following:—

In the House of Representatives, June 22, 1736.

Read and ordered That the plat be accepted and the lands therein
delineated and described be and hereby are confirmed to the town of
Medford, in the County of Middlesex, the better to enable them to
support the ministry and keep a school in the town agreeable to the
prayer of the petition of said town presented to the court in June
last: provided the plat exceeds not the quantity of a thousand
acres and does not interfere with any former grant. Sent up for
concurrence

J. Quincy, Spkr.

In House of Representatives Dec 22 1736

Read again and question put whether the plat shall be accepted,
It passed in the negative

Dec. 29, 1736. Read again and reconsidered and ordered

Sent up for concurrence,

J. Quincy, Spkr.

In Council Dec. 31, 1736.

Read and concurred

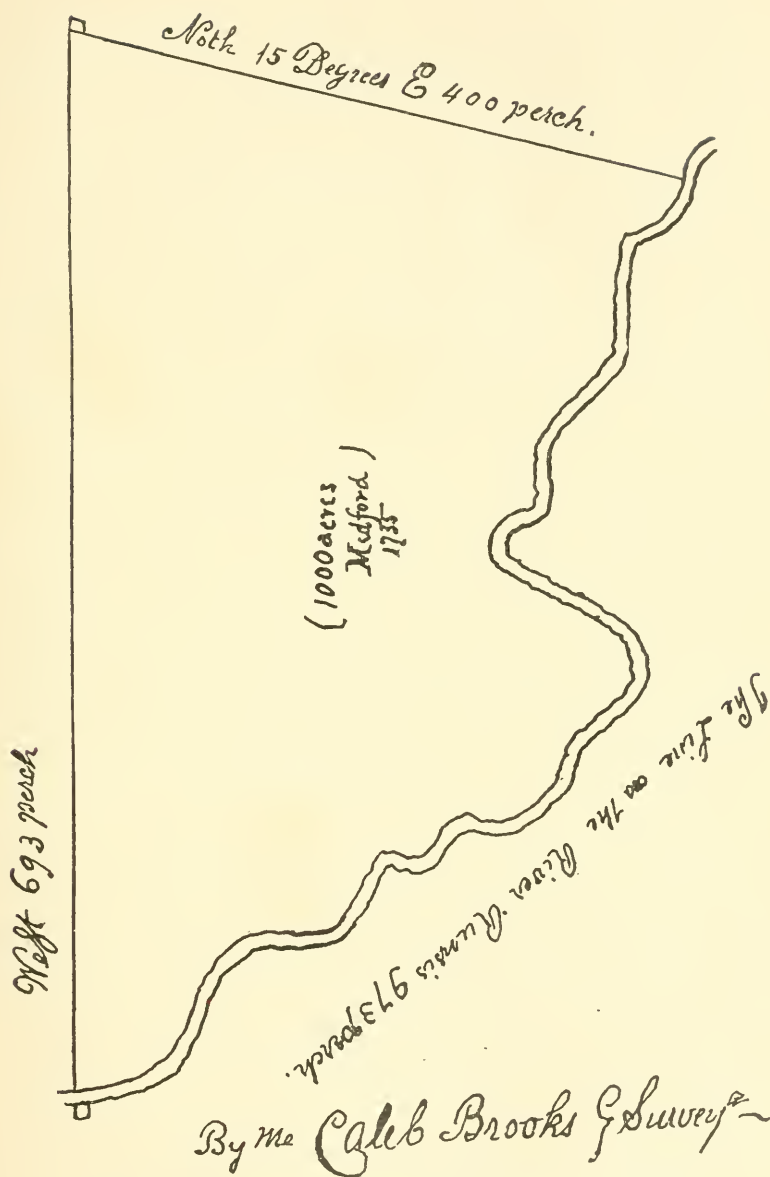
Simon Frost. Dep. Sec.

Jan. 1, 1736,—7. Consented to

J. Belcher —

All the above is self-explanatory, but where was the
Old Harry's Town? The *N. H. Manual*, page 41, under
the head of *Manchester*, says:—

This territory was originally known as Harry town or Old Harry
Town — . . . Granted by Mason Apr. 17, 1735, to Capt W^m
Tyng's "Snow-shoe men" and hence called *Tyngstown* Incor-
porated as Derryfield Sep 3 1751



COPY OF PLAN IN MASSACHUSETTS ARCHIVES.

Att Said meet put to Vote whether y^e Selectmen should Draw an order on the Tresurer for Ten pounds to be pay^d to y^e above S^d Committe for to enable them att present to manage the aforsfd affaires
Voted in the affirmative

As seen in the State Archives, the committee secured the services of Caleb Brooks, who had the assistance of Lieutenant Goffe (who was resident in that vicinity) and another, not a *chairman*, as Brooks' history says, but "chanemen," as is clearly spelled in his certificate.* This Caleb Brooks was doubtless the son of the moderator and an early teacher in Medford.

At the town meeting, July 19, 1738, was discussed

The affier of plan of Medford and the land voted to be petitioned for should be left to y^e Discretion of the Committe

By this it would appear that a map, or plan, of Medford and its distant "farm" had been contemplated. Had the committeemen's (Willis and Hall) "judg meet for the Town's interest" that such should have been made, it would have antedated the Ephraim Jones plan noted by Judge Wait (REGISTER, Vol. I, p. 128), the earliest plan of Medford, by sixteen years. But the plan of the distant farm had been made and filed with the province authorities two years before, and perhaps the committee deemed that enough. An interesting entry in the Medford record is this: —

We the Subscribers being appointed July 14 1740 a committee to perfect the lines of the farm granted by the Gen^l Court 1735 which Lyeth on Pescatequogg River according to the Plan of the Same accordingly we Repaired to said farm on the 19th of Aug^t 1740 and on the 21 and 22^d Dayes of Said month with the assistance of Mr John Goff and Mr. John Lovell

We dislike to criticise harshly the worthy committeemen of so long ago, but do wish that they, or Clerk Willis, had finished the statement so well begun on the thirtieth page of *Vol. III, Medford Records*. About two

* The word chairman in Brooks' history is doubtless a misprint that escaped detection, as Rev. Mr. Brooks must have known that the surveyor's assistant was called a chainman.

inches at the bottom of that page and nearly as much at top of the next is still blank, and is mute testimony that a complete report was intended, but by some means neglected or omitted.

On the 29th of June, 1740, the committee were Impowered to Do what they may Judg will be most for the Towns Advantage in building a small Houfe on the Farm or by other ways Desposing by Leting out the said farm for a Term or other ways as may be for the towns interest

At this time fifteen pounds were appropriated.

On March 15, 1741-2, the same committee were given further power as to the "Town Farm," "inasmuch as it has now fallen into the province of Hamp shier." Ten pounds were appropriated, and Benjamin Parker and Benjamin Willis added to the committee.

There is an indication of the boundary controversy, based on the "three miles north of the Merrimack," in the charter given by King Charles. Massachusetts had claimed and had placed a boundary stone in the bed of Winnepesaukee river as the three-mile north limit from which the "westward to the South Sea" line was to extend. The stone, with the initials of governor and commissioners, is there today under a granite canopy recently erected by the state of New Hampshire. But the boundary controversy was accompanied by the Mason grant and Gorges patent difficulties, as we may later notice. On July 11, 1743, the town voted

150 pounds old tenor money to be paid Benja Parker, Town Treasurer on the 14 September next to sattisfye the debts and charges and what may yet arise in the affairs of the said Towns farm

And on the 14th of May, 1744, 250 pounds more were voted to pay debts about the town farm. At that time there seems to have been a change of administration, as Capt. Samuel Brooks, Joseph Tufts and Ebenezer Cutter were chosen "Committe to Take care of the Towns farm lying at a place called Pascattequag."

On November 1, 1744, the town meeting's attention was diverted somewhat from the farm matters to paying

for the past ringing of the newly acquired bell on the meeting-house and providing for its future service, and adjournment was had to the 15th, to receive account of audit of accounts of town farm, when the same was allowed and accepted.

At the meeting of March 4, 1744-5 the same committee was continued. On May 6, 1745, the freeholders in land of forty pounds or other estate of fifty at least were warned to meet on May 20. Thomas Seccomb had become the town clerk, and his entry of record is today as clear-cut and legible as print. The business was election of deputy, defraying necessary charges, report of committees, "to find the mind of the town as to charge of ringing bell; if swine to go at large till first Monday in March next and to take measures to prevent their Dogs from coming into the Public assembly on Sabbath." The farm matters are not in evidence till October 25, 1748, when a warrant called a meeting on the 28th.

Inasmuch as we have been informed by sundry persons that there is danger of some Peoples getting Possession of it . . . Put to vote whether the Committee be impowered to agree with some suitable persons to Dwell in said Farm and also to take care that said Farm be Fenced with a Possession Fence as soon as may be at the charge of the town Voted in the affirmative

It would be very interesting to know just what conditions then existed as the committee found them. Evidently the town was not finding its thousand-acre farm a bonanza for ministry or school support, and was ready to sell out and do business nearer home, as witness the following, a month later:—

Nov 28. 1748 Put to vote whether the Town Farm shall be sold at Public Vendue to the highest bidder on Monday the fifth day of December next at the house of Mrs. Sarah Floyd Inholder to begin at three o'clock in y^e afternoon and be put up at two thousand pounds Old Tenor. Voted in the affirmative

Andrew Hall Esq^r

Dea Benja Willis

Mr W^m Willis

Lieut Stephen Hale Jun^r

Mr Francis Whitmore Jun^r

The condition of Sale is as follows viz The said Committe to take good Security for the Money at Interest at £ 6 p cent for two years and . . . give a Quitclaim of said Farm according to the Grant of the General Court with the House and Fences with all the Improvements and Utensils thereon and said Purchasers are to pay down the sum of Fifty Pounds Old Tenor to be deducted out of said Sum sold for and none to bid less than £5 Old Tenor at a time.

Voted in the affirmative.

We are unable to find any record of any vendue at Mrs. Floyd's tavern in the old Medford market-place a week later, and have grave doubt thereof: because on January 23, 1748-9, a warrant was issued, calling a town meeting at *6 o'clock in the afternoon of that day*, at the house of Mrs. Sarah Floyd,

inasmuch as we find that it may be of great service to y^e town as to their Farm at Piscataquogge (so called) that some person or persons should be forthwith sent to Portsmouth in the Province of New Hampshire in order to discourse with the Gentlemen that have purchased Mason's Right or Patent and to determine what will be best for the Town to do with Respect to said Farm.

And here again we are left with our curiosity unsatisfied. But on May 1 the town voted to sell, and immediately after voted "to sell their Farm at Piscataquogge within twelve months." As to what the result of the discourse *forthwith* with the "Gentlemen" at Portsmouth was, and whether a sale was made or not, we are not informed, but the town's vote a year later

July 31 1750 Selectmen sell the utensils of the Town Farm certainly has an ominous look.

Historian Brooks says the vote to sell at auction was reconsidered, and that May 15, 1749, "Andrew Hall, Capt. Sam^l Brooks, and Richard Sprague were chosen to manage the affairs for selling the Town's farm," and adds his own statement, "It was sold soon after." Our own opinion is, that as the grant of the provincial legislature was, "provided that it does not interfere with any former grant," the Mason grant was valid, and the "discourse" at Portsmouth convinced the Medford commit-

tee that the house and fencing were a dead loss to Medford, and that the "utensils" only remained for the town to realize anything from.

Just what the "Possession Fence" was, that Medford erected on the two land boundaries, which were something over a half mile in length, we do not know, probably not of barbed wire, though the pitch pine and maple trees on the river bank would have made good terminal posts for such.

In 1746 the last surviving heir of Mason had sold his rights to twelve gentlemen of Portsmouth, who, to conciliate, recorded quit claims to towns where settlement had been made, but we have found no indication of Medford being thus favored. It might be interesting to know how the old tenor basal price named for the vendue compared with the standard hard money of the time.

By careful comparison of the foregoing plat and its bounds and courses with the map of the New Hampshire county of Hillsborough, it is evident that the town farm was within the territory incorporated by Gov. Benning Wentworth on June 16, 1761, as Goffstown, in honor of Col. John Goffe, a resident of the adjoining town of Bedford, and one of the chainmen named in the certificate of Caleb Brooks.

The Masonian proprietors had made a grant in 1748 to Rev. Thomas Parker of Dracut, and to others. These last were probably the "some Peoples" and the Portsmouth gentlemen referred to in Medford records, and by or under them the first settling thought to have been begun in 1742.

The decision of the crown as to boundary was in 1740, and gave to New Hampshire territory fourteen miles further south than she had ever claimed. Piscataquogg meant "great deer place." The usual reservation of "masts for our royal navy" was in the charter of all the scores of towns chartered by Wentworth, and perhaps *after* province days some of the timber of that region found its way to Medford ship yards.

"Squog" village, within the two miles west of the Merrimack, has been annexed to, and is now a part of, Manchester.

In 1812 there was built, perhaps on quite this old Medford town farm, a canal boat called the *Experiment*. It was hauled by forty yoke of oxen to the Merrimack, launched on the river, loaded, and made the trip down stream under the charge of Captain Isaac Riddle. It left the river at Chelmsford and came through the Middlesex canal, thus voyaging through Medford to Boston, where its arrival was hailed with cannon salute.

It is recorded that the enterprise boomed Bedford, the "Hamp shier" town, but we find no record of any material boom coming to Medford by the grant of the General Court and the town's outlay thereon, or any help in the support of minister or schoolmaster from the "town's farm" in "Old Harry's town."

M. W. M.

MEDFORD NOT IN IT.

There has recently come to our city clerk, from a college professor of New York, an inquiry as to what action Medford instructed her deputy in an early General Court to take. Limitations of office quarters, and safe keeping of records elsewhere, prohibits an immediate official and conclusive answer to the inquirer, who supposes the subject in question to be a matter of record here. The problem has been referred to the President of the Historical Society for solution, and who has replied in a way to the various queries. As Medford's earliest records are of 1674, and the earliest deputy or representative, 1685, it is evident that Medford's chances of being historically connected with the famous "stray sowe" case in Boston, 1636 to '42, are none whatever. Those who may be curious as to this matter are referred to page 271, Vol. 2, *Life and Letters of John Winthrop*, where is told the story of the "great sowe case" of Goody Sherman *vs.* Captain Keayne in 1642. The office of hogreeve in those early days, at

least in the case of founder of the "Ancients," incurred much responsibility, as it was taken under consideration by the Church and next by the General Court, and the third party that meddled in the strife found Solomon's proverb true, as the colony records show that

George Story undertook for Rich'd Sherman that if he shal bee cast [assessed] what cost he shalbee ceased [assessed] he will beare it.

As the matter was threshed out in the court, it resolved itself into this, in which some towns instructed their representatives how to vote.

Whether the defend^t bee found to have been possest of the plaintiffs sowe & converted her to his own use or not; it was voted by 2 ma^{trats} & 15 deputies for the plaintiff, & 7 ma^{trats} & 8 deputies for the defend^t & 7 deputies were neuters

Like some modern lawsuits, the case "dragged its slow length along," and a year later the record reads,

Wee conceive that hee [Story] can blame none but himself . . . and that hee must stay till the Co't come again unless Capt Keayne & hee come to an agreem^t betwixt themselves, wc^h wee much desire.

The fact that Medford was a *peculiar*, and not yet a full-fledged town (only "Governor Cradock's farm"), accounts for the absence of town records, and kept Medford out of the famous controversy of those early days.

Incidentally we note, in this occurrence was the beginning of our dual legislature, the Senate and House—and that because of a stray pig.

THE OLD BOB-TAIL CAR.

By the immediate courtesy of the *Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities* our frontispiece presents two Medford antiquities, the older of which is fresh in our memory—the Thomas Seccomb house. But to many the so-called bob-tail car, by courtesy or modern *camouflage* styled TRANSFER, is a real antique.

In 1885 the Middlesex Street Railway (or its successor), by the \$8,500 aid of the town, rebuilt its track from the top of Winter hill, and later up High Street to West Medford. At the latter place there was much disappointment and not a little resentment, that in view of the heavy outlay no better car or service was furnished. One of the indignant speakers at the meeting for town division voiced the same, saying, "Why! yes, they *have* given us the *bob-tail car*." It was but little larger than the old omnibus first put on the road by N. B. Cunningham, and later run by Duncklee and Grimes, till in its decrepitude it gave way to the new-comer in 1885. We regret that the photo of that which its proprietor once had taken has vanished, but are hoping it may yet be found, to be reproduced as of local interest.

But the bob-tail, unlike some of its contemporaries in other towns, boasted of *two* horses and conductor, as well as the needful driver. With patience and long-suffering the dear public endured the noisy rattle of its loose-fitting windows and its general run-downness, until the line extended to Everett and, electrified, became the Crosstown.

Mr. Haddock was the conductor of this pioneer car, leaving the same for his present position as city employee.

OLD GLORY AT THE TOP.

During the past month a flag-staff has been placed at the top of "Medford's Sky-scraper," the wireless tower at Tufts College (REGISTER, Vol. XVIII, p. 75). We have not its measure, nor yet that of the Stars and Stripes that fly from its peak (probably twelve feet or more), but we venture to say that as the tower is a little way up the hill-slope and is three hundred feet high, the added length of the staff flies the colors at the highest altitude in the vicinity of Boston, for as yet the five-hundred-foot tower of the Custom House does not thus display either the national colors or the customs flag.

[ol. XXI.]

[No. 3.]

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F.H.S.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ALONG THE MYSTIC	<i>Frontispiece</i>
WHY MYSTIC? <i>M. W. M.</i>	49
BRIDGES OVER MYSTIC RIVER. Illustration	<i>Facing</i> 56
WHY ABERJONA? <i>Sylvester Baxter</i>	57
E PLURIBUS UNUM. <i>Rev. John Pierpont</i>	59
MYSTIC LAKES. Illustration	<i>Facing</i> 60
MEDFORD CENTENNIAL NOTE. <i>Editor</i>	61
A MEDFORD NOVELTY	62
OUR ILLUSTRATIONS	63
BROOK, AND CAMERA CLUB. Illustration	<i>Facing</i> 64
MEETING-HOUSE BROOK. <i>Editor</i>	66

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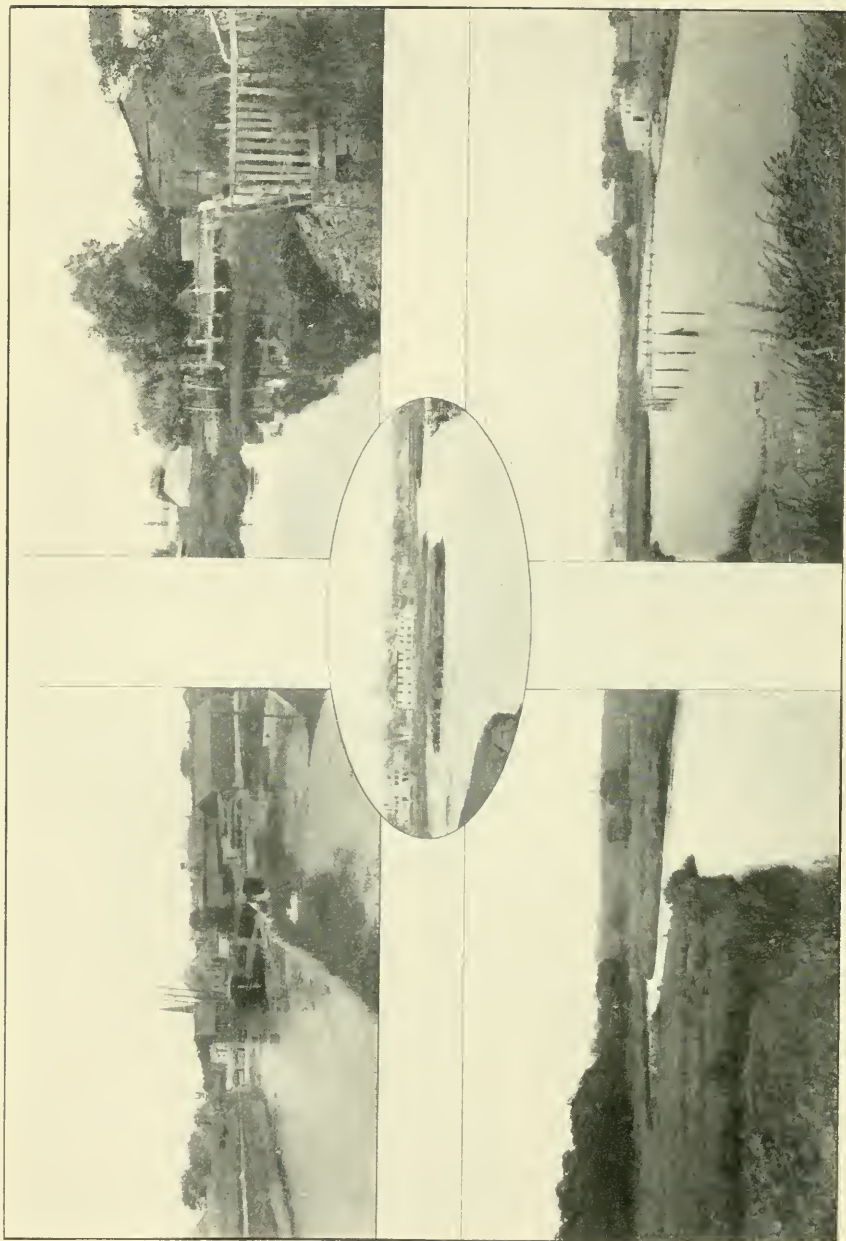
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FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the Medford Historical Society, in the city of Medford, Mass., the sum of _____ Dollars for the general use and purposes of said Society.

(Signed) _____



ALONG THE MYSTIC RIVER.

NEAR WEST MEDFORD.

FISH WEIRS, AT WEST MEDFORD.

BELOW CRADOCK BRIDGE.

FROM (OLD) AUBURN-STREET BRIDGE,
ROCK HILL, EXTREME LEFT.

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XXI.

JULY, 1918.

No. 3.

WHY MYSTIC?

THE earliest mention of our river is said to have been made by some of the Plymouth Pilgrims in September, 1621, who said,

Within this bay the salvages say there are two rivers: one whereof we saw having a fair entrance but we had no time to discover it.

Later comes Johnson, who in his *Wonder-Working Providence* in describing Charlestown, tells of "the pleasant and navigable river of Mistick," using the name that Governor Winthrop wrote in his diary under date of June 17, 1630,

We went up Mystick River about six miles.

Dudley, in his letter to the Countess of Lincoln on March 28, 1631, tells of settlers at Watertown, on the Charles river, and

some of us upon Mistick, which we called Meadford.

And again Winthrop tells —

The Governor and others went over Mistic River at Medford two or three miles among the rocks to a very great pond which they called Spot Pond.

In these three instances, the earliest known, the river is called by name, the name the aboriginal dwellers gave it, Missi-tuk, abbreviated and modified a little to suit the English lips. The Indian name of the Charles river was *Quinobequin*, the adjective *quin* meaning long, and certainly appropriate.

Trumbull gives the origin of *Mistick* thus —

TUK in Indian denotes a river whose waters are driven in *waves* by the tides or winds. With the adjective *missi*, great, it forms Missi-tuk, the name of the great river of Boston Bay.

Even a cursory glance at the early maps, and especially at one of latest survey on which the ancient lines are drawn,* will show the fitness of the aboriginal names, for of the two rivers the "salvages" told the Pilgrim scouts of, one was the long river and the other the *great wave-* and *wind-driven* river of Boston bay.

But perhaps someone asks, "Why *Mystic* river?" We reply, The river has nothing mystical or mysterious, and the name as spelled, *Mystic*, is a misnomer. It has come to be thus commonly spelled because of the identical sound of the letters i and y, and the dropping of the k, which in time was superfluous to the c which the English had introduced. (Note also Merrimack—Merrimac.)

The ancient maps show it as Mistick and Medford river, but as late as 1885 Mr. Usher felt called upon to state, on page 18, History of Medford,

More probably the fact that the current in this stream flows sometimes in one direction, and sometimes in the opposite, may have seemed, to those who first witnessed the phenomena, something mysterious, and have suggested the name.

We venture the query, Was the Missi-tuk or Mistick any different from any other tidal stream? and add the above to our list of "Medford myths."

Incidentally we may add another recently told us—

Some of the early settlers intending to go up the Charles to Cambridge came up this river by *mistake*, and so the river got its name.

Another myth—or else a mystic mistake.

Where did Winthrop's six-mile journey begin? Naturally, we reply, at the mouth of the river, the "fair entrance" of the Pilgrim narrative, where is now the Chelsea bridge. There has been a lot said and written about Winthrop being the founder of Medford—well enough in a way, as he was the colonial governor—but the earliest Medford was Cradock's farm, and lay entirely on the opposite side of the river from Winthrop's. It has been written that "The first exploration of the river

* Cambridge Historical Society Publication VII.

carried probably as far as Medford lines," and that "the English eyes in that boat were the first eyes of settlers that looked upon the fields on which we now live." Naturally we ask, What was the scene they beheld? Mr. Brooks answered that in 1855 by saying, "We apprehend it is very much today what it was two hundred years ago." In *some* respects correct. The marshes would of *themselves* change but little. But the *earliest* Medford had comparatively little marshland. What it had, began nearly two miles up-stream and practically ended below Gravelly brook, as there was but little beyond the "Ford at Mistick."

We know not how those "six miles" were computed, and doubt whether Winthrop's company reached the farther Medford lines, or even Mistick pond or the Indian "weare." The sinuous course of the river (that doubled up at Labor-in-vain, and thrice again alongside Winthrop's farm), and his failure to mention the ponds, makes it improbable. But six miles would take the voyagers by the Ten-hills farm, the ford and to the scarred promontory of Rock hill. From the ford onward, the sylvan scene must have been enchanting, as the Medford Pasture hill with its wooded slopes rose abruptly from the plain beside Gravelly brook, but more gently from the river. Then came the brooks before and beyond Rock Hill, those later to be known as Meeting-house and Whitmore, and then the long encircling reach of the river to the Indian weare and fording place.

Surely the Cradock farm was beautiful for situation, "four miles along the river and a mile back in all places."

Winthrop's farm was in Charlestown (he was not a Medfordite at all), and extended from just below the ford down stream below the slope of Winter hill. There was a lot of marsh land even in the Ten-hills farm. But it was on the lower end of this farm that the *Blessing of the Bay* was built.

The governor seems to have liked the old Indian name of Missi-tuk or Mistuck, or Mistick, Misticke or Mys-

tycke, as he tells of his house and farm at Mistick in a perfectly natural way, and with no mysticism or mystery at all. But in 1754 the little four-mile town of Medford needed more room, and ancient Charlestown was too encircling, so the portion of Winthrop's farm and some more of Charlestown from the top of Winter hill following some pasture lines over Walnut-tree hill to the river, a triangular plat next Woburn, and the Charlestown wood lots next Malden, were annexed to Medford.

While this placed the entire width of the river, with two tributaries,* in Medford for over two miles, yet Charlestown still had another mile, with its cow pastures and the "line field," through which flowed the Menotomy river, below the Indian weare and fording place. Fifty years later she surrendered the line field to the new town of West Cambridge, and a century later all her remaining territory outside the peninsula became the town of Somerville.

Winthrop and his companions saw the red man's Missituk in its primitive solitude, fordable at the Indian trails, its broad marshes where is now Chelsea and Everett, its upper reaches bordered with wooded hills and level plains. He knew nothing of its tributary streams, nor yet of the territory through which they flowed, but his contemporaries soon learned something of it.

Johnson, whom we have already quoted, describes Woburn (Charlestown village) thus, as

the highest of the yet peopled land neere upon the head springs of many considerable rivers or their branches, as the first rise of *Ipf-witch* river, and the rise of *Shafhin* river, one of the considerable branches of the Merrimeck, as also the first rise of Miftick river and ponds.

Evidently this ancient historian, settler and man of affairs, considered the Aberjona the main stream, and its head waters away up in Wilmington the "first rise of the Miftick." But another has its source away on the hills in Woburn near Lexington line, and coming down

* Winter and Two-penny brooks.

through the picturesque Shaker glen, receives the tributaries, lingers a while in Horn pond (Lake Innitou) and Wedge Pond (Echo Lake), and joins the Aberjona in Winchester. Still another in Stoneham reaches the main stream two miles farther up in Montvale.

On the Aberjona, Edward Converse built one of the earliest grist mills in the colony, and only recently has the power ceased to be used. Still, the fall remains, but as an ornamental feature. There were as many as fourteen mill privileges on this Aberjona and its tributaries.

Two other brooks contribute to the flow of the Mistick pond, the Squa Sachem and Sucker brook. The latter rises in Lexington, and in its course turned the wheels of nine mills, the lowest of which is still in use.

On the Mistick itself there have been six water mills at various times, two undisputably within the most ancient Medford bounds and the other four on the opposite bank. The earliest was the Broughton mill in "Minnottomies field" in 1656,* and over its dam the road from Cambridge led to Woburn via present Grove street. Another, at a later date, was just above present Harvard avenue, and remains of the same came to light but a few years ago.† The old tide-mill at the lumber yard on Ship street, discontinued twenty-five years ago, the Cutter mill on the turnpike, and the Woods mill near Wear bridge have all been mentioned in the REGISTER. The sixth was the Tufts mill in Charlestown, a tide-mill just below Sullivan square.

But with the coming of the white man the Missi-tuk solitude and quiet was broken. The woodman's axe rang among the locust trees of the Ten-hills farm, and ere long the *Blessing of the Bay* took her initial plunge into the Mistick, the forerunner of the hundreds that were later to follow. But this was not in Medford, as has been so often said, but rather in ancient Charlestown.

Along with and following the governor in those early

* See REGISTER, Vol. XIII, p. 7.

† See REGISTER, Vol. XVII, p. 15.

years came some eighteen hundred settlers, some of whom found homes across the river where now is Wellington, and at Mystic-side or Malden. To accommodate these a ferry was established, and the Missi-tuk began to be a highway, and later began to be utilized for power when mills were erected. Next came the bridge built near the ford, which, during the ship-building period, was reconstructed with a draw, and finally succeeded by the present double-arched granite structure. Next was built the Wear bridge, and these two continued to be the only bridges until the Malden bridge was built at the Penny-ferry in Charlestown.

The colony and province days had been a quarter century gone ere the Mistick was bridged again, this time by a more massive structure, strong enough to carry, not a highway, but a *waterway*, with its superincumbent weight, the aqueduct of the Middlesex canal. This in 1802. Thirty-two years more and the canal was to have a rival, and Lowell railroad bridge was built nearby, the Winthrop bridge in 1855, and the Usher bridge in 1857. In 1863 the Charlestown Water-works bridge, and in 1873 the Canal bridge on the old aqueduct piers, connected West Medford with Somerville territory, and another at Auburn street the same year. Meanwhile the Middlesex-avenue bridge, with a draw, had been erected, and in earlier years (down stream, and not in Medford bounds) Chelsea bridge and those of the Eastern, and Boston and Maine railroads. In recent years the Canal, Armory, Auburn street-Parkway, and Metropolitan pipe bridge, and just now the Boston Elevated to Everett, complete the list of fourteen now in use and two discontinued and removed.

It had been our purpose to present views of all these, but conditions forbid. We can only refer our readers to the engineer's report (September 21, 1904) on the "Improvement of Upper Mystic River" for the twelve then existing, and also to various reports of the Metropolitan Park Commission, for subsequent improvements.

From the hill slopes of forty-five square miles the rains and melting snows reach our river and swell its current above the ancient ford. The ever-recurring tides ebbed and flowed therein until, in 1908, in the interest of public welfare, engineering skill erected a barrier which says, "Thus far but no farther." Cradock bridge, its extension, the lock with its electrically operated gates, the dam with its automatic tidal valves, and the four hundred feet of over-fall, is in marked contrast with the earliest structure, the bone of contention of those early days. Without these the beautiful parkway would have been impossible.

Along the river's banks have been scenes of activity in days now long gone, for

Here rested the noble ships,
Keel, frame and towering spar,
And where the horizon dips,
They sailed and vanished afar.

and of the final fate of five hundred and sixty-seven of them little is known. Up stream

The rent wharf wasted away

until the steam dredge removed islands, deepened the channel, eliminated some of the serpentine courses and bordered the stream with the valley parkway. Beneath the river cross water-mains and sewers, while on its surface numerous pleasure craft make their way or find moorings. We have heard of no Mystic submarines in the waters, but winged ships of the air have flown up its course and over its tributary, Menotomy.

After the Civil War the project was broached of dredging and widening our river and making a storage basin of the lower lake for the monitors of the navy. But a few years before there had been built the dam at the "Partings," and the upper lake had become the Charlestown water supply. Seven additional drawbridges would have added nothing to the beauty of the scene, and as the monitors soon became obsolete, it was well the project

was abandoned and the lower lake did not become a floating junk-yard.

Another project that failed was, in 1876, the Mystic Valley railroad that began to fill an embankment requiring a bridge across the old course of the Aberjona at the upper end of the lake. This, the upper reach of the Mystic (and sometimes called Symmes' river) had been crossed by the long wooden aqueduct of the canal in 1802, replaced by the substantial stone structure of 1827, removed in 1865, as was also the Symmes dam and water-power the same year.

If we trace the stream farther up we go beyond old Medford bounds and out of Upper Medford, as it used to be called. We will find that our neighboring town of Winchester has improved its flow through her territory, making it permanently ornamental, adding much to its attractiveness.

And now we come back to our caption query, Why Mystic? and answer, *Mystic* it is not, except by common usage. Missi-tuk, the Indians called it. The early settlers adopted the Indian name, spelling it various ways, and later, almost discarding it, called it often Medford river and Medford pond or ponds, and latterly Mystic, which, we repeat, is a misnomer.

Since the preparation of this article there came to us in an exchange an interesting article concerning the name of the upper river that the earliest historian, Johnson, called "the first rise of the Mistick," which we reproduce as pertinent to this subject. We do not, however, think that the Indians of this valley or locality, the *ab-originis* or aborigines, were acquainted with the Latin language, and as yet are unaware of the meaning of the word Aberginians, if indeed it was an Indian (or aboriginal) word, as was Missi-tuk.

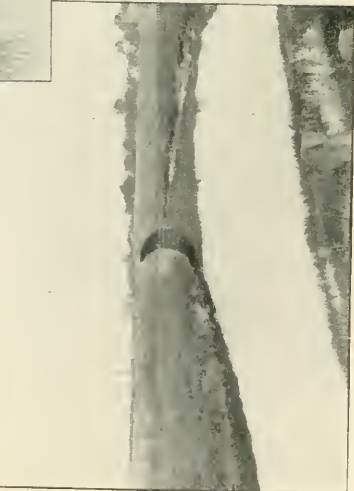
M. W. M.



WEAR BRIDGE.



FIRST BRIDGE,
Drawing from records



RAILROAD ARCH BRIDGE.



BOSTON AVENUE BRIDGE.
On the Canal Foundations.



BRIDGES OVER MYSTIC RIVER.

WHY ABERJONA?

By Sylvester Baxter, a member of, and by permission of, the Malden Historical Society.

In looking up some data in early local history I have just come across something that seems to throw a light upon one of our old geographical names whose origin has always puzzled me and which, so far as I know, appears to be unknown. The Mystic river—which geologically has a peculiar interest as having in the preglacial period actually been the Merrimac, carrying the greater stream by a short cut from near Lowell to Massachusetts Bay—has, since the first settlements, borne two names in different parts of its course, although the entire valley has been known as that of the Mystic. From its confluence with the Charles, near the Navy Yard, up through its tidal reaches, or what were tidal until the building of the dam and locks at Medford, up to the Mystic Lakes, it has been called the Mystic. Above the lakes, from Wilmington down through Woburn and Winchester, it appears to have been always known as the Aberjona, a name that is found in the early records of Woburn. Since most of our names of rivers, ponds, hills, etc., are of Indian origin, it has usually been assumed to be an aboriginal designation. To many, however, the name, with its “jona,” has suggested a Scriptural derivation. And since many place-names have come from those of persons living in the neighborhood, it has also been somewhat fantastically suggested that perhaps the name is a corruption of “Abbie Jones’ river,” just as the Greater New York borough of the Bronx derives its picturesque name from an old-timer named Broncks. But there is no evidence in behalf of either of these assumptions.

Just now, however, having had occasion to look up some facts in relation to the famous expedition of the three Sprague brothers, Ralph, Richard and William, pioneers in the settlement of Charlestown, across country through the woods from Salem, I find that in the Charlestown records it is related that this party “lighted

of a place situate and lying on the north side of Charles river, full of Indians, called Aberginians." Often as I had read that account, I had never before attached any particular significance to the name of those Indians other than that it seemed so different from Algonquin nomenclature in general, except that it was somewhat suggestive of "Virginians" and might possibly have come from the circumstance that New England was originally regarded as a part of Virginia.

Now a place name is often derived from the name of the people who live there, or the name of the people may come from that of the place. We are here informed that the Indians of that neighborhood were called "Aberginians." And is there not a striking resemblance between that name and "Aberjona"? And in face of this extraordinary resemblance is it not reasonable to infer that the name of those Indians came either from that of the river on whose banks they lived, or that the river took its name from the Indians? It would require only a transition from a single vowel to make "Aberginians" identical with "Aberjonians." Hence it seems quite natural to assume that Aberjona was originally the name of the entire river, from its source down to the sea, instead of being limited to the section above the lakes as at present—the lakes, or ponds, being simply slack-water and a tidal basin, respectively, in the river.

In the same Charlestown records occurs the following passage describing Charlestown or Mishawum, peninsular as the first settlers found it: "Upon surveying, they found it was a neck of land, generally full of stately timber, as was the main, and the land lying on the east side of the river called Mistick river (from the farm Mr. Cradock's servants had planted, called Mistick, which this river led up unto) and indeed generally all the country round about was an uncouth wilderness, full of timber."

The name "Mystic," as applied to this river, has been derived by some students of history not from the English word, but has been held to be of Indian origin, coming

from the Algonquin "Mistuck," signifying "great tidal river," or estuary. But according to this early record the name of the river came from that of the Cradock farm in Medford. In that event it might naturally have been limited to the lower reaches of the stream, taking the place of the original name, the Aberjona, which was retained for the upper portion. Altogether, the remarkable likeness of Aberjona and Aberginian seems to afford the most rational solution for the origin of the name of one of the most beautiful of our little rivers. And would it be altogether fantastic to suggest a possible relationship between the word "Aberginians" and "aborigines"?

E PLURIBUS UNUM—A CIVIL WAR POEM.

Between the leaves of an old and rare book recently donated the Historical Society we find the following poem by Rev. John Pierpont, who was minister of Medford's First Parish, 1849-1858. We remember it in our war song book of 1861, and the impression it made on our youthful mind. With music and astronomy furnishing similes, the author certainly "did his bit" in contributing this poem to our literature and to the national cause in those troublous and stirring times. Though in his seventy-sixth year he was chaplain of the Twenty-second Massachusetts Regiment, and doubtless wrote this after the battle of Bull Run, when the Southern forces were "with victory flushed."

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

The harp of the minstrel with melody rings

When the Muses have taught him to touch and to tune it;
And although it may have a full octave of strings,

To both maker and minstrel the harp is a unit.

So the power that creates

Our Republic of States

To harmony tunes them at different dates;

And many or few, when the Union is done,

Be they thirteen or thirty, the nation is one.

The science that measures and numbers the spheres,
 And has done so since first the Chaldean began it,
 Now and then, as she counts them and measures their years,
 Brings into our system and names a new planet.

Yet the old and new stars,
 Venus, Neptune and Mars,
 As they drive round the sun their invisible cars,
 Whether faster or slower their races are run,
 Are "E Pluribus Unum" — of many made one.

Of those federate spheres, should but one fly the track,
 Or with others conspire for a general dispersion,
 By the great central orb they would all be brought back,
 And each held in place by a wholesome "coercion."

Were one daughter of light
 Indulged in her flight,
 They might all be engulfed by old Chaos and Night.
 So must none of our sisters be suffered to run,
 For "E Pluribus Unum" — we all go, if one.

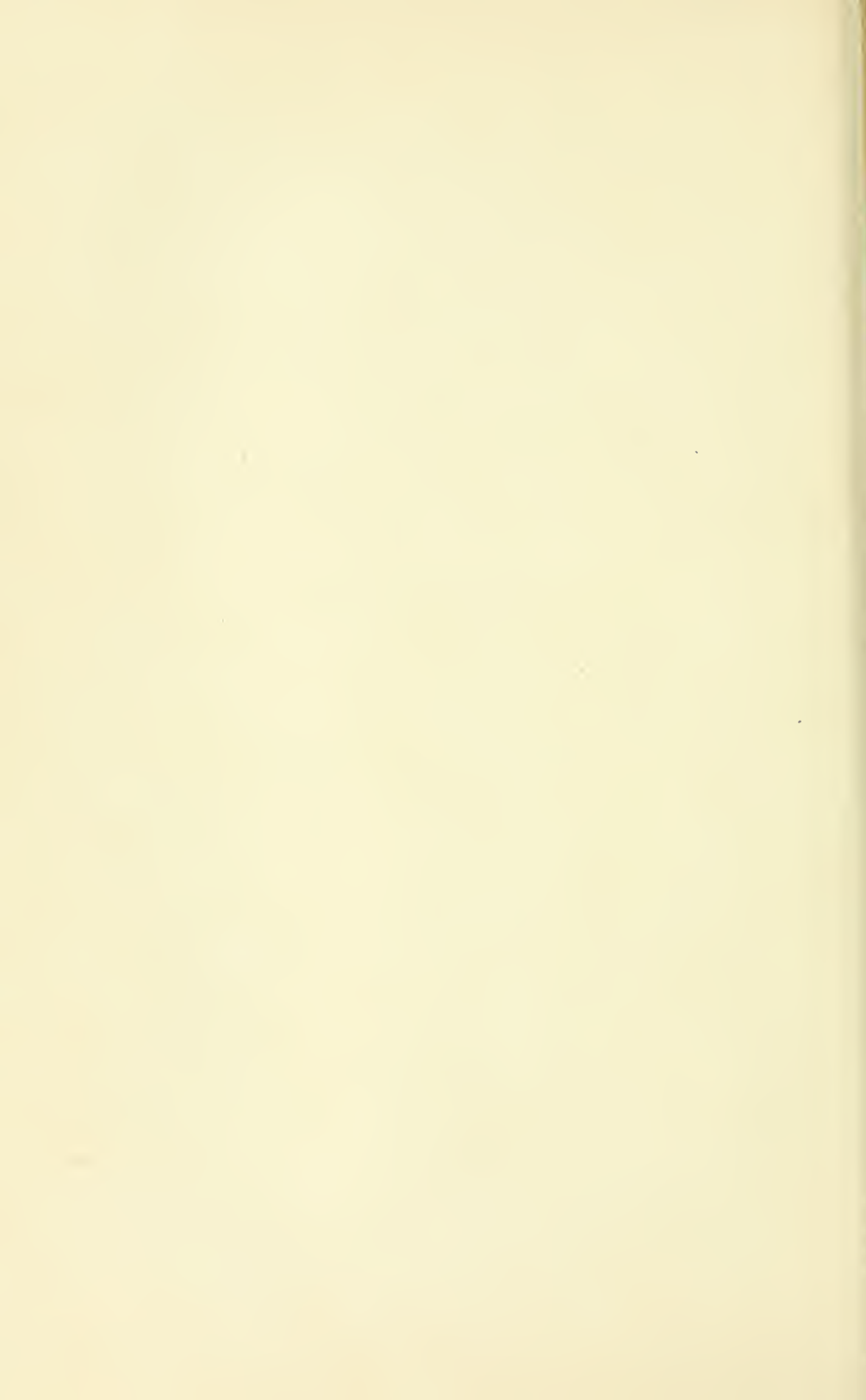
Let the Demon of Discord our melody mar,
 Or Treason's red hand rend our system asunder,
 Break one string from our harp or extinguish one star,
 The whole system's ablaze with its lightning and thunder.

Let that discord be hushed!
 Let the traitors be crushed,
 Though Legion their name, all with victory flushed,
 For aye must our motto stand, fronting the sun:
 "E Pluribus Unum" — the many are one. —*John Pierpont.*

By poetic license, he gives the states as thirty (really thirty-one then), though some were badly out of tune. The planet Neptune had been known as such by astronomers only fifteen years. The "coercion" he quoted had been a political bugaboo, held impossible by many who held "state rights" doctrines; and certainly everything was ablaze with the lightning and thunder of civil war. It was given him to see that great strife closed and the reconstruction begun that demonstrates to all the world that "the nation is one," and on the last Sabbath of his life, the day before his passing, to worship where he had preached, and from thence be borne to his rest. We fancy that had he been living in 1898, his rejoicing



MYSTIC LAKES.
BELOW THE DAM,
MYSTIC WATER WORKS DAM,
ALONG UPPER LAKE.



that the "many are one" would have found expression in verse. How much more so today. The thirty-one, grown to forty-eight, are united as never before, and wherever the music to which his verses were sung in 1861 is heard, the people, because of that unity, give visibly respectful attention.

A MEDFORD CENTENNIAL NOTE.

A Boston daily recently noted the centenary of the launching in New York of the first steam vessel, that crossed the Atlantic the following year. This is timely, in these new ship-building days.

The *Savannah* was a sailing vessel, and steam was used as auxiliary power but eighty hours of the passage, which took twenty-seven days. Incidentally we note that Medford was the scene of some steam navigation that same year, from which great things were expected, but was, like the *Savannah*, "commercially a failure," though from different causes. The REGISTER has told the story before (Vol. XVII, p. 92) in some detail, and now, because of its centennial, notices it again. Accustomed as we have become to the swiftly moving motor boats on our river, we would look with some curiosity on the nondescript that ploughed its way through the old town — not on the river, but where is now no vestige of water, nor has there been since 1852, when the Middlesex canal gave up its unequal struggle with the rival railroad.

In a town of less than fifteen hundred people, with the canal's course in a sparsely settled portion, probably but few saw it. One of the employees, however, was specific enough, in writing his bill, to note the various services performed. His name was William Phipps, and the item, "Aug. 11. 1 day to Medford with steamboat, \$1.50," is a part of the amount receipted for by him, and fixes the time of at least *one* occurrence.

We may wonder what the few that did see it thought of it. It is said that the *Clermont* alarmed some dwellers by the Hudson. One of them declared "he had seen the devil going to Albany in a saw-mill." But New Yorkers became accustomed to it, while Medfordites did not, and with the passing of the few witnesses the fact that such an occurrence had been was lost sight of for many years. It seems like a fairy tale when Summer street and Boston avenue, Sagamore avenue and the Mystic Valley parkway are pointed out as being the course of a steamboat voyage a hundred years ago, but such is the case.

A MEDFORD NOVELTY.

From "Tracks of a Traveler," published in (November, 1850) *Ladies' Repository*, we take the following extract:—

Behind that thicket, away yonder, lies the delightful little town of Medford. There I have spent a day. There Capt. Sylvanus Rich inducted me into the art of ship-building. The whole time of the visit was devoted exclusively to this object. I came away quite a Robinson Crusoe, and could, I think, scoop out a canoe, at least, and rig it in true nautical fashion, should ever an occasion call for it.

At this place, too, I beheld a wonder. With my own eyes I saw the buds of three large roses growing on the limb of an apple-tree! That beats the knockers all to pieces.

The traveler who thus wrote was Rev. B. F. Tefft, D.D., the editor whose "Tracks" covered a journey from Cincinnati, O., to Bangor, Me., and return.

In this section quoted from, he described Boston and suburbs as seen from the State House cupola, and in another place we find that Captain Rich was of Brookline. He visited Bath, Me., and mentions its ship-building, but as inferior to that of Medford in amount.

His publication at New York and Cincinnati, 1840-1877, was that "devoted to literature and religion" issued by the "Book Concern" of the Methodist Episcopal

Church, and held the esteem of the people as the "queen of the monthlies." It would seem that such a one as he would not be imposed on by any "fake," and now, after sixty-eight years, we "wonder" (to use his word) if Medford had then a Luther Burbank, as we later knew, to our sorrow and cost, of "Professor" Leopold Trouvelot, of gypsy-moth fame. Who of our horticultural friends can throw any light on this long-ago incident?

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Reference is made in this issue to various reports of the Park Commission which contain full-page views of improvements and bridges over our river. We are presenting a series of smaller ones secured ere these began, and a comparison of them with present conditions will be of interest and show the changes that have occurred.

In our frontispiece, and in upper left, we look up stream toward Main street. The tower of St. Joseph's Church, and two houses (now "The Fewtrell") are seen beyond the arches of Cradock bridge. The spire of the old Trinitarian Church (later St. Joseph's, now Page & Curtin's store), had not been removed. Foster's wharf shows the decadence of the lumber business, but a three-masted vessel lies at the farther wharf. There is no sign of the lock on the other bank.

The central view shows the island that was above the "ford at Mystick."

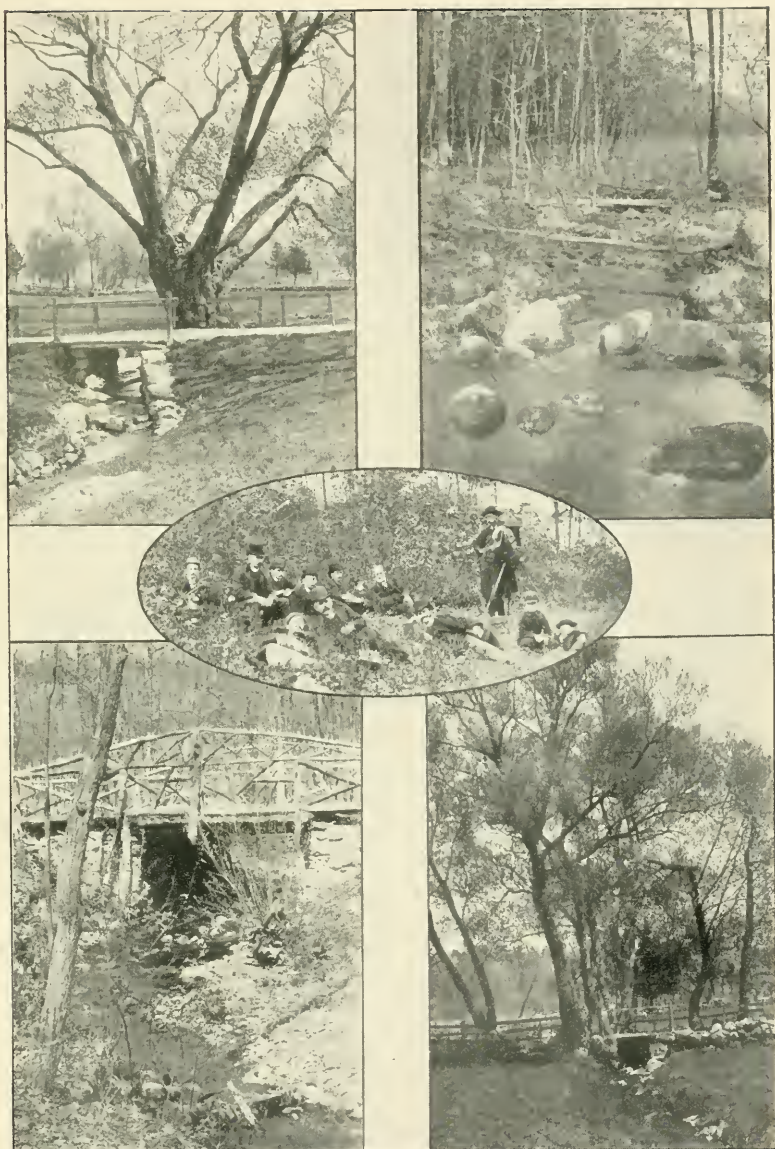
The lower left shows the river, looking down stream from the old bridge at Auburn street. At present it flows through the marshes seen on either side, and the water foreground has been filled. So great has been the change that the salt marsh has this year been a war garden. The storied steeple of the old Unitarian Church is also seen in this view.

In the upper right, the view is up stream, also from Auburn street. The spire of the West Medford Con-

gregational Church (burned 1903) and Ober's coal sheds and storehouse, appear beyond the mouth of Whitmore brook. Crowding into the foreground are back-yard sheds and fences, where is now the new river channel and parkway. This, with Auburn street, crosses like shears on the new concrete bridge, which was built in a big excavation and the river turned thither at its completion.

In the lower right is the expanse of the river, looking up stream from the old Water-works bridge at Jerome street. The indentation at the left is the mouth of the Menotomy. It is now nearer in the foreground. The smaller one above was the site of the Broughton mill of 1656. The stakes and nets bending toward the fish-house on the Medford side were the last of the alewife fishing industry in Medford. The Hall house, seen beyond, was removed, but the Medford branch of the parkway begun, remains incomplete.

Facing page 56 is a group of "Bridges over Mystic River." Its central view is that of "First bridge," built by Cradock's men. We approach the description of this with caution, but are encouraged by the legend, "drawing from records." In Vol. II, No. 1, REGISTER, is the able article on "Bridges of Medford" by J. H. Hooper, which describes its earliest construction and gives the length of the bridge, which was approached by a causeway. But we have grave doubts of the structure, described as "rude and weak in construction," being as smoothly angular and straightly railed as this seems to be. The sedge grass in the foreground is realistic, but the trees on the opposite bank are too luxuriant for their proximity to the salt Mistick, and we also fear the artist exceeded the probabilities in inserting the Unitarian Church steeple, and dwellings on Pasture hill in his picture. Still, the conception of this primitive bridge will of itself hold good for Medford's first two centuries. By contrast, note the lower right-hand view, in which there is little change at present. The dam will



MEETING HOUSE BROOK.
(Marrabell's or Marble.)

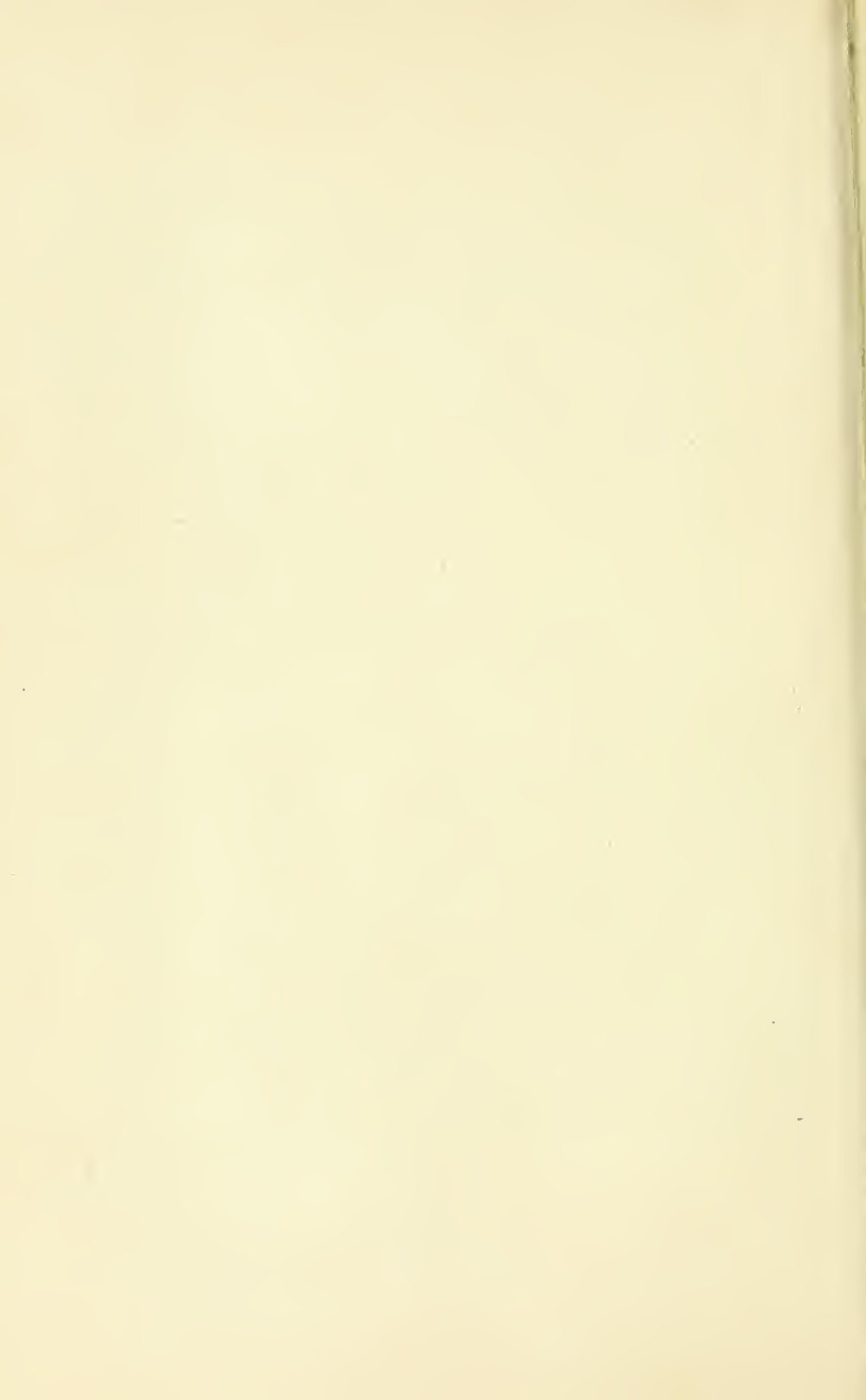
WILLOWS AND BRIDGE.

BROOK AT WADE MILL-SITE.

CAMERA CLUB AT TURKEY SWAMP, 1889.

BRIDGE, BORDER ROAD.

WILLOWS, LAWRENCE ESTATE.



not admit reflection of "The Fewtrell" through the arch, the lock has since been built, and the Carlton house, seen over the other arch, is but recently removed.

In the upper left is the old Wear bridge, at the farther end of High street. The overhanging willows and shallop are at the site of the "Woods dam" and tide-mill, at one time famous in Medford boating annals. Beneath this bridge the tides surged swiftly to and fro.

The lower left view shows the Lowell railroad embankment, built in 1834, across the marshland of Charlestown (now Somerville) on the right, looking down stream. The lines of the river bank are here much changed, but the stone arch remains, embedded in the newer one of concrete, built in 1906.

The upper right-hand view is "Canal bridge," over which Boston avenue was built in 1873. There were four spans, in all one hundred and thirty-four feet, the length of the first canal aqueduct, which was here built in 1802. Renewed in 1827, on the old abutments and on three new granite piers, it remained disused from 1852 to 1873, gradually becoming a picturesque ruin, until utilized as here seen. The name was given it by the city government, at the request of the Historical Society, in 1903. The iron cover in the foreground is of the Metropolitan sewer siphon, and the daisies were in full bloom when the photographer looked up stream here.

The earliest portion of the parkway to be built in Medford was from High street along the lakes to Winchester. Facing page 60 is a view of the same through the Brooks estate, another with the Symmes house and mouth of the Aberjona in the distance. The water is the farther end of the upper Mystic lake, once the meadow of Rev. Zachariah Symmes, that was flowed by the Broughton dam two miles down the river. The present flowage is by the Mystic dam of 1863, seen in the central view. Across the water is "Inter-laken," and higher is "Morningside," as the recent building sections of that

part of Arlington are styled. No more beautiful view can be had of the Aberjona-Mystic valley than from the latter, unless it be from Grove street.

MEETING-HOUSE BROOK.

A few years ago we received a request from an elderly man, long absent from, but Medford born, that some one write for the REGISTER "the story of the Frenchman's mill." He passed away soon after, and we know not where the mill he named was, unless it was that mentioned in Vol. IV, p. 51, of the REGISTER, and again by Mr. Woolley in his story of "*the* brook of Medford," beside which was the Second Meeting-house. His description revived an interest awakened by reading of the "Bower" in Brooks' History, and led to

A MIDWINTER RAMBLE.

The glorious sunshine of a recent winter morning was an allure-ment that decided the writer to take a woodland ramble that had been long deferred, and nine o'clock found him at High street, looking into the waters of Meeting-house brook. So he said, "Well, old brook, I've seen you many times before in your straight-jacket at High street, and in your serpentine wriggling ere you lost yourself in the river; but I'll make your acquaintance today in your sylvan home, see what your wanderings are and from whence you come."

After passing the fences each side the lane to the Hall farm, a vision of beauty appeared in the miniature falls, as the brook descends in an even sheet over the granite cope beneath, and between the higher wall on either side. Below the lowest fall an iron-railed bridge spans the stream, and above each the brook widens, as if to linger awhile, while further up the stones that lie in its course hold it a little and give the waters a musical voice in their plunge.

Great willows have their roots by its side, and one has fourteen distinct trunks growing from one common base. Two of these, a few feet up, have so crowded each other as to grow together as one, but they separate again. The brook was altogether silent as to the thirteen superstition.

Another bridge is here, with a larger willow that has felt the effects of storm and time. Great branches have been torn from it, the rents and scars have been filled up with masonry, thus saving the life of that remaining, much as some old veteran of many bat-

tles has been patched and mended, and enabled to continue in service.

Beneath its shade one can rest on the benches there provided, or drink from the cool spring that boils up from the ground at the brook's edge and overflows the stony basin about it. Some kindly hand has placed an iron post and drinking cup beside it for thirsty ramblers — cold water ramblers.

Across a mown field flows the brook with even course; then the Rambler climbed a stone wall and entered the woodland, known as the Fells.

The ramble was attended with little difficulty, the frozen ground affording a firm footing, though the "record" Sunday and Monday that followed must have told upon the frost, and only a few patches among the shady nooks gave evidence of the snow that had been.

Here and there the brook divides, and uniting again, forms miniature islands, while across the slowly moving waters were quaint bridges of Jack Frost's architecture.

Beautiful to look at, but too frail for use, except for the brownies or elves of the forest, the Rambler sought the help of some convenient boulder or fallen tree for the few crossings he made, unless, indeed, the brook narrowed enough to admit of a step across.

Soon he entered a narrow valley where the hills arose on either side and between them lay a level ridge before his view. Through this is an opening where flowed the brook, and through this pass, in the distance, the still rising and surrounding hills are seen. To the right is another opening some rods nearer, which is lined with stone walls on either side.

Yes, this is the "Bower" (so called fifty years ago), the site of the ancient mill, where the early dwellers of "Meadford" came with their corn for grinding; and here, possibly, the first lumber was sawed in the old town by power.

It is more than probable that boards for some of Medford's old houses were here sawed, for there is record of a saw-mill at this spot two hundred and forty years ago.

Yes, there was power here and lots of it, too, in those old days, colony days "when we were under the King." And possibly some of the trees had the king's broad arrow on them, too, but they are long gone now.

The walled enclosure is the old raceway, and below, at the open end, is the wheel-pit. That great pile of rocks is the foundation of the mill that was elevated almost twenty feet from the brook below. Great trees have grown, and the culvert through the dam is closed by the accumulated debris, but a climb to the top reveals the extent of the old mill pond, and the course of the brook as it slowly meanders through it.

All about in the hills the ledges crop out, and on these are great boulders, left by the retreating glacier, ages ago. Grim and dark, they stand like sentinels on guard; some broken by frost, moss-grown and hoary-headed, they were old when the first settlers came.

Just here the Rambler's vision of the ancient time and the early dwellers, that was accompanied by the music of the rippling brook, was interrupted by the calls and appearance of the moth brigade, and the sawing, scraping and creosote daubing reminded him of the presence of the modern pests and the alarming proportions they assume.

Farther up, the brook is crossed by the road leading from Forest street to Ram's Head hill. Here is a rustic bridge, and for some distance the declivity is but slight, and the stream broadens and lingers in the shady groves.

Again a cart-path into the woods crosses it, and here is a ruined bridge, the stone abutments still good, however. A little further a diminutive grove of white birches gleams in the sunlight and overshadows the stream, and just beyond looms up the lofty dam of the Winchester South reservoir.

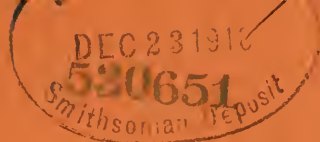
This forms a barrier across the valley and cuts off further search for the source of Meeting-house brook, once called Marrabel's or Marble. Its original source was over half a mile farther on in Turkey swamp, but the Rambler found no swamp or turkeys there, as the reservoir occupies its place.

With the exception of the woodsmen, he met no one to converse with during his tramp, but found constant pleasure in the sylvan solitude by exploring the shady nooks and peering into the sparkling waters of the stream, catching a glimpse ever and anon of its shy denizens, as they darted quickly under sheltering rocks. The shadows of the trees were long, even at noon, and the handy camera secured him some views as souvenirs of a pleasant ramble on an equally pleasant midwinter day.

Meeting-house is but one of the direct tributaries of the Mystic, and the views facing page 64 were secured seventeen years prior to those of the Rambler, whose visit was twelve years ago. It was a source of satisfaction to him that others found enjoyment over the same route, and that the Rambler's story we now present gave pleasure to that old Medford boy, whose latest thoughts reverted to his boyhood home.

To members of the Mystic Camera Club we are indebted for the preservation of many interesting views in Medford, among which are our present illustrations.

Vol. XXI.]



[No. 4.]

HISTORICAL REGISTER



OCTOBER, 1918

PUBLISHED BY THE
MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY
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FALCH

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE JONATHAN PORTER HOUSE	<i>Frontispiece</i>
A MEDFORD GARDEN AND GARDENER'S NOTES. <i>Eliza</i>	
<i>M. Gill</i>	69
MEDFORD HORTICULTURISTS. <i>E. M. G.</i>	73
AN EARLY TOURIST'S MEDFORD HOME. <i>E. M. G.</i>	74
AN OLD-TIME MEDFORD GARDENER. <i>E. M. G.</i>	77
A REMEMBRANCE OF THE OLD BAKERY. <i>E. M. G.</i>	79
MEDFORD COMMITTEE OF PUBLIC SAFETY. <i>C. H. L.</i>	80
CONNECTING LINK IN MEDFORD CHURCH HISTORY.	
<i>M. W. M.</i>	82
ONE SIDE OF MEDFORD SQUARE. <i>Editor</i>	92
THE "REGISTER" OF AGE	94
STILL FORWARD. <i>Editor</i>	95
SEASON 1917-1918. <i>Editor</i>	96

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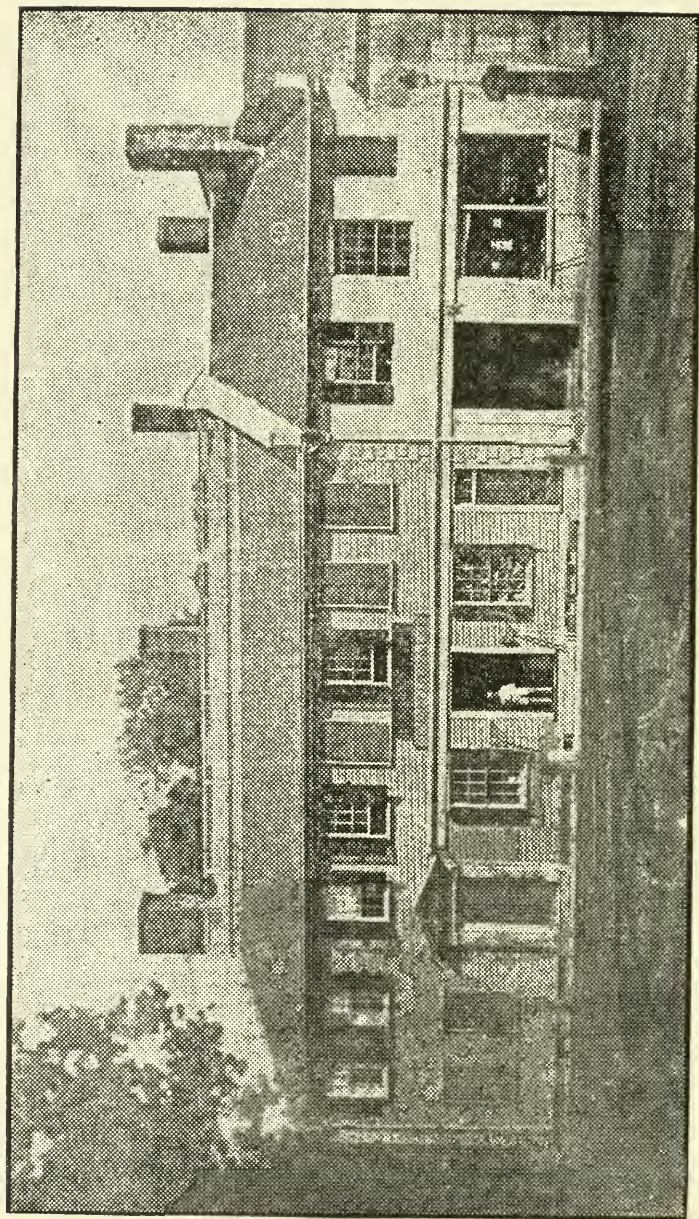
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FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the Medford Historical Society, in the city of Medford, Mass., the sum of _____ Dollars for the general use and purposes of said Society.

(Signed) _____



THE JONATHAN PORTER HOUSE, MEDFORD SQUARE.
BUILT ON SITE OF ROYAL OAK TAVERN AT CLOSE OF REVOLUTION.

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The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XXI.

OCTOBER, 1918.

No. 4.

A MEDFORD GARDEN AND THE GARDENER'S NOTES.

BY ELIZA M. GILL.

NOT a war garden of 1918, but one in peace times ninety years ago and more. This garden was on the estate, on the banks of the Mystic, owned by Timothy Bigelow. Martin Burrige was the gardener, in the employ of the Bigelow family many years.

The writer has at hand two note-books measuring three and three-quarters inches by six and one-quarter inches, with limp covers of marbled paper, one marked "Garden Book, 1827," kept by this old-time gardener. With these in lieu of "Open Sesame," the gate will swing back and give the readers of the REGISTER a glimpse of this old garden, let them see the fruits that were grown, the crops harvested. These books were neatly kept; the writing is plain, sometimes done with ink, again with pencil. They show Mr. Burrige as being careful, systematic, thorough, and interested in his work.

The entries of the garden book extend successively through the years to 1838, being necessarily few each year, but confined to such basic facts and information as would enable him to intelligently care for the greenhouse and garden in his charge. He noted the first and latest frosts, the temperature, time when seeds were sown and crops harvested, thus being able to compare the seasons, particularly those of sowing and harvesting, one year with another.

The following entries stand as they are in the original, for in these days of phonetic and simplified spelling there is no need of apology, and to make any change would take from the charm these pages written so many years

ago disclose to us, and surely one can but agree with the famous Southern statesman who declared a man was a fool who couldn't spell a word more than one way.

We shall find these fruits growing either under glass or in open culture — strawberries, peaches, lemons, oranges, nectarines, pears, quinces. The blossoming of the quinces was regularly noted each year without fail. The vegetables from his garden supplied Mr. Bigelow's table; his house was called "the seat of hospitality," and he himself was termed a hospitable neighbor.

January th 18 1827 at 7 o'clock A. M. Glass was down six degrees below zero.

Next morning the same

March 26 Saw the first swallow

March 27 Apricot & peach in blossom

April 11 Wall trees in full Blossom

April 12 planted the first Corn & potatoes & Summer Squashes

April 17 Took up the boards in the front yard & White washed the trees

May th 10 Planted the first Corn & Potatoes

May 15 Soed the Beets, Carrots, Parsnips & Onions. 15 Planted my Corn & potatoes

May 17 Quince tree in blossom

17 Peas in Blossom

June th 4 pickd the first Strawburrys

July the 1 had the first new potatoes

August th 4 Picked the first peach

August 23 Cactus Triangularis Blossom

October th 16 Got the plants into the Green House

October 17 had the first frost.

December 17 1827 Pickd. 18. Lemons witch weighed 18 lbs. 2 oz. Large weighed, 22. oz. Measured 17 inches one way 13, the other.

1828 Jan. th 16. pickd the first Jappan Rose

Jan. 22 Glass down to Zero at Sunrise

March th 9, Soed the first Peas & Reddishes

March th 17 Nobless Peach in Blossom

April th 1 Soed the Peas in the upper garden

April the 1 Soed the Seeds in the Hotbead

April th 7 The Multifloer Rose in Blossom

April the 20 the Cluster Rose in full blossom

May th 13 first pashion flower in blossom

May th 16 Sot out the annual Flower plants

June^{the} 8 had the first pees
 June^{the} 8 had the first strawberries
 June^{the} 16 Got the plants out of the Green House
 Juneth 30 Cut my Grass at the fountain house
 August. 15 had the first Earley Ann Peach
 October^{the} 17 Sot out for Washington
 Januaryth 31, 1829 Japan Rose in blossom
 Aprilth 27 planted the Dwarf Imperial Pea
 Mayth 22 first Passion flower in blossom
 October, 22, Soed the field of Rye Soed one bushel of rye one
 peck of Red top & $\frac{1}{2}$ a peck of herds grass.
 Marchth 26, 1830 highest tide that ever knoun
 1831 March 28 Wall Peach in blossom
 April 15 Grafted Some Cherry Stocks
 Decemberth 7 Picked Rose in blossom out a doors
 October 27 1831 the Carpenters Finished the shingled of the
 buildings &c

1832

August 20 Soed turnips in the field
 Sept 14 1832 first frost Glass 32
 Augustth 4 1834 Soed the buckwheat
 Sept 29 1834 had the first frost in the Garden very heavy
 May 21st 1836 Quince tree in Blossom
 June 27 Planted Some Sweet Corn
 May 31 1837 Quince tree in Blossom
 List of Crisanithum for 1838
 No I White
 No II Yallow
 No III Buff

These two are from the second book —

November 28, 1826 Mr. Bigelow Sot Sail for Giberalter
 Nov. 5 1831 began to take care of Mrs. Grays horses in the
 morning.

In this book were kept private accounts, money received for his labor, generally paid by Andrew Bigelow, and the sum paid for household expenses. One sees what he paid for Andrew's hat, Henry's shoes, that he paid Miss Wier for school for Eliza, \$3.67; for a testament, 50 cents; for pew rent to Mr. Floyd, the sexton, and who appears to have followed many callings, \$2.00; for a pair of mittens, 63 cents; a bible man, 87 cents. The prices of staple goods are a surprise to us who know

at this time the high cost of living: tea, 58 cents per lb.; loam, 50 cents a load; molasses, 37 cents per gallon; cider, \$2.00 a barrell; apples, \$1.67 and \$1.25; corn, 55 cents per bushel; butter, 15 and 16 cents; chips, \$1.25 per load; goose, 33 cents; shoes, \$1.25; hats, \$1.00 and \$2.00; shad, 53 cents; pork, 8 and 10 cents; broom, 28 cents.

One learns who some of the townspeople were and the occupations they engaged in: Mr. Gleason sold hats, shoes; Mr. Cutter sold meat; Mr. Lock sold meat; Mr. Emerson sold meat; Mr. Symmes did iron work; Mr. Barker did papering; Mr. Stow did painting, glazing; Mr. Clough did hooping; Mr. Floyd carted chips and sold pigs; Captain Burridge sold hay, for which he received \$13.00, to Mr. F. Bigelow, for whom he often bought cider; he sold plants, Mrs. Gray, Miss Train and Mrs. P. Swan being among his customers.

How it did fret the soul of Margaret Tufts, who married Samuel Swan, that she was always called Mrs. Peggy Swan when her sisters-in-law were punctiliously called by their husbands' names. Mrs. Peggy had the name, however, of being a very handsome woman.

The gardener is said to have lived in a house on the Bigelow grounds. His expense account shows payments for rent quarterly, \$12.50 and \$10.00 respectively, to Captain Ward and Mr. Bucknam. He may, sometime, have lived in the Fountain house, for he owned the east half, and two and one-half acres of land on the Salem road extending to Fulton street that he cultivated as a farm. His second note-book frequently notes the planting of his own land and the pasturing of his cows. This opens up to us the rural aspect of Medford. Many residents enjoyed the luxury of keeping a cow. Mr. Burridge attended to the pasturing of Mr. Bigelow's, Mr. Stetson's (the minister), and Mr. Train's cows, having them sometimes in the Hall pasture, again in the Roach pasture, and on his own land. Captain Adams' man often worked for the gardener, who supplied him with

dinners and lunches, for which the captain was duly charged.

Mr. Burrigge joined the Massachusetts Horticultural Society on December 17, 1831, and he exhibited for his employer many fine fruits and vegetables, as the records of the society attest.

Sept. 19-21, 1838. "From Mrs. T. Bigelow of Medford. Apples—Monstrous Pippin, and beautiful specimens of Red apples from France. Peaches—Some fine specimens. Grapes—Fine Chasselas, and Black Hamburgh, Shaddocks, very large, from her greenhouse, (a variety of Citrus or Orange tree)."

Sept. 28, 1838 (?) "Seven years Pumpkin, from Mrs. Timothy Bigelow, Medford. (The above, the growth of last year, and shown at the annual exhibition of 1837.) Weight 46 lbs. in perfect condition, and it is said will remain sound for seven years."

Shaddocks were named for the sea captain who introduced them into this country and were formerly rare. Today they are the grape-fruit so commonly used at our tables.

This fact throws some light on the entry made December 17, 1827, for the size of the lemon seemed to be enormous, a tale worthy of Baron Munchausen. The citrus genus includes the orange, lemon, lime, and grape-fruit.

MEDFORD HORTICULTURISTS.

Medford has been in the vanguard many a time, and it is pleasant to know that when the Massachusetts Horticultural Society was formed, among the original (one hundred and thirty-eight) members who subscribed before the organization of the society, March 17, 1829, that the name of Samuel Train of this town is found. During the first fifty years of the society's life the following citizens enrolled in the membership:—

1829	Dr. Samuel Swan.	1830	John King.
1829	George Thompson.	1831	Capt. Martin Burrigge.
1830	Dudley Hall.	1834	Nathaniel H. Bishop.

1845	Edmund T. Hastings, Jr.	1865	William B. Whitcomb.
1845	Nathaniel Whiting.	1865	Ellen M. Gill (Mrs.)
1847	John H. Bacon.	1866	Mrs. Samuel Joyce.
1847	Robert Bacon.	1866	Edward Kakas.
1850	George E. Adams.	1866	Francis Thieler.
1851	Charles Hall.	1867	S. R. Roberts.
1855	S. B. Perry.	1868	Dr. H. H. Pillsbury.
1859	George L. Stearns.	1869	William C. Child.
1860	James Bean.	1869	James W. Tufts.
1863	Peter C. Hall.	1870	Japhet Sherman.
1864	Caroline B. Chase (Mrs.)	1871	George S. Buss.
1864	David W. Lothrop.	1872	Benj. F. Morrison.
1865	Francis Brooks.	1873	William H. Northey.
1865	Joshua T. Foster.	1873	Alonzo E. Tainter.
1865	J. Q. A. Griffin.	1873	Charles Garfield.

In 1841 Mrs. Lucy Bigelow, widow of Timothy, was made an honorary member, an honor shared, up to 1879, with five other women. Of the above only Mrs. Ellen M. Gill is now living (August 22, 1918). Enfeebled by age, her active work in the society has ceased. E. M. G.

AN EARLY TOURIST'S MEDFORD HOME.*

In 1805 Timothy Bigelow, with a party of gentlemen, made a tour by stage to Niagara Falls. Starting from Boston, they passed over the usual routes of travel, returning by way of Montreal and Lake Champlain, thus enjoying the pleasure of travel by water. Mr. Bigelow left the party at Groton, where he then resided, and the others went on to Boston by stage. The trip took six weeks, and they traveled over thirteen hundred miles.

Mr. Bigelow kept a journal, noting each day's progress, the inns at which they stayed, the kind of accommodations offered guests, the conditions of the country, business situations, and the people met. Of scenery and the great natural curiosity which prompted the trip he wrote minutely. His manuscript, lost for many years, was found and compiled for publication by a grandson

* For brief accounts of his distinguished family and fine place the reader is referred to articles in the REGISTER as follows: Vol. V, p. 49; Vol. VII, p. 29; Vol. VII, p. 65; Vol. XIII, p. 73 and p. 83.

in 1876. A copy of a "Journal of a Tour to Niagara Falls in the Year 1805 by Timothy Bigelow," is in our public library, but the one the writer was privileged to use bore the following inscription, in a free, manly handwriting: —

MARTIN BURRIDGE ESQ
WITH THE KIND REGARDS OF
ABBOTT LAWRENCE
APRIL 17TH 1877

The following, from the introduction, adds a little more to our knowledge of the man, and shows the taste, energy and genius that enabled him to create the most elegant estate, though not the largest, that has been in the center of Medford: —

He had strong rural tastes, and was active in establishing and conducting the Association of the Middlesex Husbandmen. He took great delight in horticulture, and may claim with others the merit of stimulating a taste which is associated no less with science than with pleasure. His grounds on the banks of the Mystic were famous for their beauty at that day, and long continued to be a conspicuous ornament of the town of Medford. While reading law in Worcester, in early manhood, the garden plot around the family homestead was embellished by him with such flowers and plants as could be obtained at that period. The same passion he naturally carried with him to Groton, and there, on taking possession of his house and farm, a well-chosen spot of ground was tastefully laid out, both for family uses and for pleasing and ornamental effects. His orchard, in connection with the garden, contained not only the common, but the rare varieties of fruit trees, making it altogether the best of the village and neighborhood. After his removal to Medford, in procuring trees he was fortunate in having the assistance of his friend and old-time client, the elder Theodore Lyman, whose tastes were similar to his own, and who often sent from his Waltham nurseries standard stock trees, with a man to plant them, and furnished him with the first espalier which covered his fruit wall.

Today the garden, now owned by Mrs. Mary Tufts, has something of the aspect the garden had years ago. The terraces are the same, the foundations of the greenhouse are the old ones used by Timothy Bigelow, the frames only being new, and the brick wall between the

Magoun estate on the east and the wall on the west by the land of Grace church are the same. This was the upper garden. The lot of Mrs. Prescott was an orchard, and for many years after her father purchased it a large greening apple tree yielded fine fruit. The garden of today, although a pleasant spot, does not show the elegance of the one a hundred years ago, for that was a wealth of shrubbery, plants and trees, and the greenhouse was filled with rare plants, and trees were trained on the brick walls.

The fame Timothy Bigelow had as an expert in raising fine fruits and vegetables was in part due to his able and faithful gardener, Martin Burrige.

Some of the following facts and dates have been stated in papers mentioned in previous REGISTERS. Timothy Bigelow died in 1821, his wife in 1852. A son and daughter, both unmarried, from that time lived hermit lives in the old home. They were eccentric, and lived in a wretched way, shutting themselves away from both stranger and friend. The place had a gloomy aspect, for the house was nearly surrounded by pine trees, and they filled the space from the street to house and had grown so large that the street was dark and so muddy that the neighbors rejoiced when they were cut down and sunlight flooded the space.

Miss Bigelow died in 1865, and her brother sought a home elsewhere. The story is current that among her effects were found seventeen bandboxes, each containing a bonnet and a veil. To clear the house of the accumulation of years was a great piece of work. A fine dress is said to have served some misses of the town many times for a fancy dress costume.

The townspeople were accustomed to speak of Mr. Bigelow as "Speaker Bigelow." The house was a two-story, broad wooden structure. A broad walk led from the front door to the street, meeting it in a deep curve.

In 1865 the estate was advertised for sale. It was divided into three lots. The middle one was purchased

in 1867 by Ellen Shepherd Brooks, who, on the site of the Bigelow house, erected Grace Church. The east lot was bought by the late James W. Tufts, who built his residence there. This comprised the upper and lower garden. The lower one extended in terraces to the river and was separated from the upper by a brick retaining wall ten feet or more high, on which fruit trees were trained. Later, Mr. Tufts bought the west lot and erected the house occupied by his daughter, Mrs. Prescott.

When that wonderfully odd plant, the night-blooming cereus, on the place, unfolded its sweet flowers, the Bigelows were accustomed to invite their friends to witness the sight.

Our Medford Pepys,* comparing the town's first two lawyers, left this record: "Mr. Bigelow wished to have credit for wit and brilliant repartee, and in company sought to encounter Mr. Bartlett, but Mr. Bartlett's mind was more brilliant, and Mr. Bigelow generally came off second best."

E. M. G.

AN OLD-TIME MEDFORD GARDENER.

The family of Martin Burridge was descended from English stock found in Seething, Norfolk county. Robert, the first ancestor of whom there is any record, was there early in the sixteenth century. John, a great-grandson, became the emigrant ancestor, coming to Charlestown about 1637. One of his sons took Burrige, and another Burrage, as the form for the family name, and their descendants respectively have followed the standard set for them. This line is successively traced from Charlestown to Newton, Concord, Lunenburg, where John of the ninth generation married Lois Barthrick of that town in 1781. His brother Jonathan married Lois' sister Sally. Hannah (sister of John and Jonathan of Lunenburg) married Samuel Buel of Medford, August 22, 1799. John was a soldier in the war

* Caleb Swan.

of the Revolution. About 1800 he came to Medford, where he died, July 20, 1822.

Mr. Francis Converse of Medford, meeting someone by the name of Burrige in Boston, where he traded, asked if he was related to the late John Burrige of Medford, saying, "It would be an honor to be, for he was a very worthy man, greatly respected in Medford by all who knew him."

While here, John Burrige followed the occupation of gardener. His family consisted of six sons and one daughter. Only such will be considered here as were connected with Medford. At the time he moved here his oldest child was eighteen, the youngest an infant.

John, the second son, married Rebecca Greenleaf of this town, February 13, 1812. His branch is extinct.

Betsey, or Elizabeth, married, May 11, 1814, David Bucknam of Medford. Mrs. Bucknam kept a private school, and among family papers is a reward of merit given by her to her niece Eliza, daughter of Martin. Many teachers of that time gave home-made merits, but this is a printed one, as a line at the bottom attests, "Sold by N. S. Simpkins & Co. Court street Boston." It is in black and white, at the top a picture of a big dog and a small boy, below two verses (rather serious for a child) on the "Improvement of Time." It is not a work of art, nor has it much to charm a child.

Martin, the fifth child, born July 27, 1793, married Eliza Withington, September 8, 1816. She was an aunt of Assessor Henry Withington, who died January 21, 1918. There were five children by this marriage. Notice their names, for they indicate hero worship or esteem for the employer's family and the good doctor of the town: Andrew Bigelow, John Brooks, Katharine Lawrence. Did this little girl, who bore the name of a distinguished family, ever dream she would become possessed of great wealth? Let us thank her for the gift she, in womanhood, gave her native town for four-footed friends — the stone drinking fountain on Salem street, near its junction with Spring, inscribed,

THE GIFT OF MRS. K. L. S. TEELE
1892

Mrs. Burridge died December 7, 1839.

Mr. Burridge married for his second wife Hannah Pratt, May 7, 1840, who died December 12, 1876. He died at his home in Malden, October 27, 1879. To the last he loved flowers, and his whole life was spent in the occupation of gardening. A granddaughter and two great-grandchildren are living in Medford, and two other great-grandchildren, with their children, have moved toward the West to found homes, one to the far-away Pacific.

E. M. G.

A REMEMBRANCE OF THE OLD BAKERY.

Martin Burridge's brother-in-law, Henry Withington (the second of the name in this town, and father of the late assessor), enjoyed telling, so the latter informed the writer, that he was once a scullion in Timothy Bigelow's kitchen. Whatever his service or position there, without doubt he had an experience that enabled him, when he entered into the bakery business, to supply his townsmen with superior products.

Who does not love to recall that little old shop, than which nothing in story or reality was quainter nor more alluring. Small, low studded, with beamed ceiling, it looked antique in every particular, with the tiny desk on the wall where one stood or perched on a high stool to cast up his accounts. You might enter sometime and find no one to attend to your wants, but a bell on the door as you opened it had given notice of your entering, and very soon someone opened a glass door of a living-room at the west, stepped down two steps, and waited upon you; or perhaps he came in from some old room or odd corner at the north.

Little children used to wonder where the yeast came from as they handed up a pail or bottle for a penny's worth, and they spent their pennies for the few sweet

things the shop carried, Giblartars, and a large, white, flat cocoanut cake with a pink piece in the middle that seemed to them the *ne plus ultra* of toothsome-ness. Their elders enjoyed the good brownbread, buns, and brick loaves, and when they went to spend a day in the country, carried a supply to their friends, who, living far from a bakery, esteemed Medford bread and buns a luxury.

Grown men, once pupils at the Hathaway school, came to the town with their young sons to buy cocoanut cakes for them such as they bought in school-boy days. The smell of fresh baked crackers was enough to revive a fainting man, and Medfordites went thronging to the shop, the days they were baked, with big baskets and little baskets, and thought there was no better lunch than crackers right from the oven with plenty of good sweet butter.

In the earlier days this shop was smaller and more alluring than it was when torn down, for the portion east of the entrance door was an unfinished room where barrels and barrels of crackers were packed. The house, a close companion of the shop, was very antique, especially in the rooms at the back, and we really know but little about its age and history, as but little has been said of the interior of the old house, but much of the story of the business of the firm has been printed.

E. M. G.

MEDFORD COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC SAFETY.

When the United States finally declared war against Germany in April, 1917, the entire country sprang into activity, and entered eagerly into ways and means for "preparedness." The nation went into one vast committee of the whole, subdivided into national, state, city, town, village, and hamlet branches. These organizations bore the expressive and comprehensive title of Committee on Public Safety.

Medford's committee was organized in April, 1917.

The general committee was composed of three hundred and twenty-five members, with an executive committee of nine. Mr. Irwin O. Wright was elected chairman and much of the successful work of the committee has been due to his wise patience and tactful judgment.

The following sub-committees were created: finance, co-ordination of aid societies, food production and conservation, publicity, hygiene and medicine, transportation, home guard, recruiting.

All work is done under the following declaration: "The declared purpose is to serve the people of Medford in all matters incident to the war that do not come within the scope of the regularly constituted national, state or city government."

The expenses of the work for the first months was defrayed by voluntary contributions of the public. This was the plan followed by most of the cities and towns, many places giving thousands of dollars for the purpose. The second year Medford's city government made an appropriation to carry on the work of the committee, having a regular office, with a paid secretary and assistant, the purpose of the executive committee being to make the office a clearing house for the varied war activities. Mr. James A. Cotting was elected secretary, and Miss Alice Bearse assistant. In the absence of actual hostile emergencies, which as yet have not been thrust upon us, the Committee on Public Safety has taken up the more immediate local needs of the community: food, fuel, public health, liberty loans, information regarding Medford soldiers, etc.

The winter of 1917-18 will long be remembered as one of intense severity. Coupled with the cold weather was a scarcity of coal, and the local fuel committee was obliged to issue coal cards for one hundred pounds each, in order to secure an equitable distribution. Towards twenty thousand of these cards were issued. During the past summer the State assumed control of sugar. For preserving purposes, cards for twenty-five pounds or less

were given on application at the public safety office. More than five thousand cards were issued.

It is the purpose of the office to keep in touch with all matters of public interest and welfare. It works under the authority of the State and is the medium through which the wishes and commands of the State commissions are promulgated.

Mr. Cotting severed his connection with the committee in July last, to enter Y. M. C. A. work over seas. The present secretary is Charles H. Loomis.

C. H. L.

CONNECTING LINK IN MEDFORD CHURCH HISTORY.

At various meetings of the Historical Society, papers have been read relative to the church history of Medford, and all such have been preserved in pages of the REGISTER. They tell the story of the various religious societies, seven in number, that were first of their order in the old town. These have been succeeded by four others of the same order, later organized. There are still others, perhaps a dozen, whose history should be a matter of printed record, that as yet have not been thus presented. As a matter of record, we take occasion here to mention, ere facts are lost sight of, the

WEST MEDFORD CHRISTIAN UNION.

Mr. Hooper, in his brief "History of Medford," is the only author that mentions it as a society under this caption, giving its meeting place, and names of four ministers.

Mr. Usher (on page 276) in treating of the West Medford Congregational church, said, the "Union was formed for the support of public religious worship; and preaching services were held Sunday morning and evening in Mystic Hall."

Mr. David H. Brown (in Vol. XI, p. 24, REGISTER) said, "December 1, 1907, was the fortieth anniversary of public religious services in West Medford," named Mystic hall as the place, but did not give the name of the

preacher. This makes the date specific — December 1, 1867 — agreeing as to the year with Mr. Hooper, but placing it earlier than Mr. Usher, who is correct in his statement that “there was no church organization.”

As this “Christian Union” formed a connecting link between the earlier and later organized churches of various orders in Medford, it is of interest that its brief history be preserved.

In 1865 Medford had a population of 4,839; in 1870, 5,717; it is safe to assume that in December, 1867, a little rising 5,000. Its outlying villages were East Medford (now called Glenwood) and West Medford, the latter the larger, more residential, with possibly 500 people, and with the advantage of a hall where public gatherings could be held.

For some two years there had been a neighborhood Sunday school, and from this effort for the children grew that of a public service for their elders. It is a matter of doubt if there are still any *residents* living who attended that first gathering in 1867. Mr. Brown must have had some data from which to make his statement, but he was not a resident in 1867.

The present writer first attended its services on July 9, 1870, and thereafter was conversant with facts and writes from personal knowledge. He has already (some years since) given in our pages an account of that occasion in a paper on “West Medford in 1870.” The Union was a neighborhood affair which was expected in time to grow into a Protestant church of some order, or possibly a “Union church,” hence the appropriate name in some way adopted. It may be that sometime records that must have been kept may be found, and give more accurate information. We have been told that such were deposited in the office of the town clerk, but recent research among the city records therefor has been fruitless.

Up to April, 1870, Rev. Melville B. Chapman, a student in Boston University, supplied its pulpit. He was of the Methodist Episcopal order, was much liked by

the people, and at the above date was, by his bishop, appointed minister of his church in Wakefield, Mass. He in later years achieved success and prominence in the Christian ministry, making a good beginning with the "Union" in West Medford. He was succeeded by Rev. Louis E. Charpiot, a French gentleman of much ability and many excellent qualities, who had been pastor of a Congregational church in Stratfield, Conn., but was just then engaged in journalism upon the *Nation*, published in Boston by James M. Usher. The latter, recognizing his ability, was instrumental in bringing him to West Medford.

Mr. Usher, in the history above quoted, says truly of the "Union," "As there was no church organization the arrangement was not wholly satisfactory." Mr. Charpiot preached twice on Sunday, attended and conducted a class in the independent Sunday school in the afternoon, and for some time tried the experiment of a mid-week prayer service on Thursday evening. This latter was but slightly attended, as the more zealous church members attended the like gatherings in the Medford churches with which they were connected. The Sabbath gatherings made a good showing (for the capacity of the hall) and were a convenience for the older people and those not actively engaged in church work.

In 1870 some building operations commenced and new comers were in evidence. A weekly paper in Medford began publication in December, and the following, clipped from its issue of February 11, 1871, shows that interest was being taken in the matter of a village meeting-house:—

GOOD!

We announced, two weeks since, that if the ground could be secured and the material furnished, Mr. John H. Norton would do all the work for the erection of a meeting-house, to be located in West Medford, without charge—all as a free gift.

This week we are happy to be able to inform our readers that the gentlemen who have recently purchased the Smith estate, and who are making many improvements which all rejoice to see, have

authorized us to say that they will give the land for a meeting-house. That's noble! Messrs. Story, Judkins and Holton never were behind hand in good deeds. Three cheers for the friends that make this generous offer! Now who will have the honor of giving the stock? Who? We shall be glad to announce the name next week. Three cheers and a tiger for the man, whoever he may be!

The following month there appeared in the same *Medford Journal* a communication that was both history and appeal, under date of March 18:—

EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL:— Will you allow me to say a few words in relation to the West Medford Christian Union Society:

That organization has now been in existence for about three years, and from the start it has done well, the last year, especially, being of unusual interest. Mystic Hall has been filled every Sunday with attentive audiences, and the Sunday school embraces nearly all the children in the place. In fact the Hall has become altogether too small for the purposes of the Society, and for some time past the question of building a suitable house of worship has been seriously agitated by the people in West Medford.

The annual meeting of the Society is to be held next Monday evening in Mystic Hall, and my object in sending you this communication is, through your valuable paper, to remind the people in the neighborhood of that fact. There should be a full attendance at that meeting, and decided measures should be taken about erecting a suitable place in which to hold religious services. Now is the time to act. West Medford is growing, the people are a church-going people, and this part of the town would be greatly helped by having a meeting-house. Aside from the influence which it would have upon the people themselves, every property-holder knows that the value of his property would be thereby enhanced, and a good church would help much towards attracting, in the neighborhood, the right kind of people that would truly build up the place.

Let me say again that never was there a time more propitious than the present for such an undertaking. Besides the fact that the land and the labor of the builder have been offered free of expense, the Society never was in a better situation than now. Both the Sunday services and the Sunday school are full, and the pastor, Rev. Louis E. Charpiot, has been very faithful and remarkably successful.

Will not the people turn out on Monday evening next, and let the Society's business be promptly done? UNION.

This was immediately followed by an editorial notice:

AN IMPORTANT MEETING IN WEST MEDFORD.

We gladly publish the above communication about the West Medford Christian Union, to which we call the earnest attention of our readers in that growing part of our town.

The people in West Medford have done remarkably well in establishing and keeping up religious services in their neighborhood, and they deserve much credit for it. By that means many have attended church who would not have done so otherwise, and the foundation has been laid for a large and prosperous society. The time is come, however, in which they should do the next thing, that is, build a church, and we shall be much mistaken in the enterprise and earnestness of the West Medford people if they do not take measures for the accomplishment of that project at their meeting next Monday evening. We understand that all in West Medford who are interested in the matter are entitled to take part in the meeting and earnestly urged to attend it. A church in West Medford would be just the thing for that part of the town, and we hope to see its spire and hear its bell before long.

The writer attended the annual meeting thus alluded to, and can witness that the *Journal* man's report of the same, which followed on March 25, is correct:—

WEST MEDFORD CHRISTIAN UNION.

The annual meeting of the West Medford Christian Union was held in Mystic Hall last Monday evening. Mr. A. B. Morss was elected Chairman, and S. S. Leavitt served as Secretary. The report of the Clerk and Treasurer was presented, showing the society to be in a sound condition financially. The report was unanimously accepted. Messrs. Farwell, Stevens, McLean, Mann and Ritchie were elected to serve as an Executive Committee for the ensuing year.

It was voted that the thanks of the society be presented to the Pastor, Rev. Mr. Charpiot, for the able and faithful manner in which he has discharged the duties of his office, and that he be invited to remain with us another year.

The Executive Committee were instructed to confer with the proprietors of the "Smith Estate" in regard to the land which they had kindly offered to donate to the society to build upon, and to report at the adjourned meeting. Mr. John H. Norton repeated his munificent offer to build a church provided the materials were furnished, and there seem to be good grounds for believing that this much needed enterprise will now go forward to completion.

Messrs. J. W. Wilson, E. W. Cross, and S. S. Leavitt were

selected as a committee to solicit subscriptions to maintain preaching during the coming year. Mr. Leavitt was re-elected Treasurer. The meeting was adjourned to next Monday evening.

We recall that Mr. Leavitt began his duty at once by asking each one present, "How much will you do for the cause of the Lord this year?" and made note of their replies.

There was considerable interest manifested at first in the project. Several meetings were held, and the executive committee went to view newly erected church buildings in Everett and Stoneham as models for the one proposed. The land owners put no condition of denomination upon their proposed gift, neither did Mr. Norton upon his. The land owners selected and offered the site of present Trinity church, but there were those that wanted a location "on the other side of the railroad," regardless of the fact that the village was to grow in the other direction.

Just at this time the Baptists and Methodists at Medford began new church building plans, and as the modern summer vacation had just come in vogue, the project was laid over till autumn. The executive committee found that in the raising of funds people were not ready to accept the idea of a "Union church" with no recognized denomination to sustain it. Mr. Usher, in the history already quoted from, said, "several plans for a church (meaning organization) were considered and given up, when a few citizens thought a Congregational church could be supported if an organization was effected." Some others, of the Baptist order, went so far as to issue a warrant calling "a meeting of the First Baptist church in West Medford," but nothing came of it.

During the summer Mr. Charpiot became the victim of some unscrupulous persons who took advantage of his inherited tendencies and brought him to West Medford in a helpless and pitiable condition. Feeling this disgrace deeply, he resigned his ministry and left town. It should be said here that he later rallied from the evil

effects of the same, went into work for others thus afflicted, achieved success therein, married again, and until his death, some years later, was much respected and beloved.

Directly there was a "sociable" held in Mystic Hall to forward the enterprise. It was largely attended, and probably the first gathering of the kind in that part of the town. Refreshments were lavishly provided, and the following afternoon a similar gathering was held for the children.

With Mr. Charpiot's removal several families withdrew both attendance and support, and the congregation gradually decreased. The committee supplied the pulpit by clergymen of various denominations — Unitarian, Universalist, Methodist, Baptist — but there was the feeling that the continuous service of some one preacher was desirable. With this in view, in November, the Rev. William Edwards Huntington was secured by the committee which, by the resignation of Mr. Ritchie and election of Mr. C. E. Hippisley, consisted of one Unitarian, one Baptist and three Methodists.

With the prevailing feeling that a "Union church" would be impracticable, and that an active church of some denomination should take up the work, this action was a logical and natural sequence.

Mr. Huntington was about to graduate from Boston University, of which he was in after years the honored president. He served as his predecessors had done, by preaching twice each Sabbath, but as the so-called Christian Union was not a *church*, did not enter into pastoral work. Though the Methodists began in October to hold class meetings, organized by the pastor of the First M. E. Church of Medford, Mr. Huntington was in no way connected with them.

Thus the year continued until the time of an annual meeting, which was held in the evening of April 1, 1872, twenty-two persons being present. By this time the class meeting of the Methodists had resulted in the or-

ganization of a church of that order, and steps had been taken in the same direction by the Congregational people, both expecting to begin their services in Mystic hall. It is somewhat significant of existing conditions that at this meeting, after the former committee had been re-elected but declined to serve, a new executive committee was chosen for six months. The use of Mystic hall had at first been *given* the Union, and on change of ownership the same condition continued, the new owners saying, "You can have it as long as you wish it."*

The minority voters in that last annual meeting ceased regular attendance under the new management, and on June 12 the West Medford Congregational church was, by a "Council," recognized.

The election of committee for six months may be readily understood when we read a subsequent statement — "The organization was continued till October, 1872, when the West Medford Congregational Society was ready to do business." (Vol. XIII, p. 28, REGISTER.) That there was some feeling over said action is indicated, as we read, "Years have passed away. . . . Any difference or unpleasantness that may have been then are outgrown." (REGISTER, Vol. XIV, p. 33.)

A few words concerning the Union's meeting place may be of interest. Mystic hall was also the rallying place of the Lyceum and Library Association, and had been the home of Mrs. Smith's somewhat famous seminary (1854-1858). For public use its furnishings were simple. The platform (two steps high), said to be enclosed by the panel-work of the seminary organ, was laid with a red carpet, and had upon it a haircloth sofa and a chestnut pulpit with walnut mouldings, the work of some village carpenter. There were two large cases of

* That the land owners, who also owned Mystic hall, made their offer in good faith is shown by the fact that in the following years, when the two resultant churches were erected, the company, in the persons of the two latter named, assisted in the purchase of land to the extent of \$2,860.00. Mr. Norton was the largest contributor to the erection of the Congregational church edifice, and later the donor of its parsonage and land.

similar construction at the rear of the room, filled with books of the association's library. In the other corner was a cylinder stove of the 1850 style. About six feet high, it was famous for its heating qualities, and now, after forty-eight years more, for its longevity, as it is still in commission "at the old stand." Wooden settees, some painted, perhaps relics of the seminary, with others of later introduction, stained with the umber of human contact, seated the attendants. An ornamental chandelier, originally with glass prism pendants, held four kerosene lamps. There was also a shaded lamp for the pulpit. As there were no collections (this was before the days of "weekly offerings") there were no "contribution boxes," as the term used to be. A cabinet organ, loaned by some interested one, completed the furnishings of the room, which was well finished and lighted by six large unshaded windows.

It would be interesting to trace the fate of such of these articles as are not there still in use. Suffice it to say, that the "pulpit" was in later years in evidence as a desk or counter in a West Medford paint shop.

Four West Medford churches, Congregational, Universalist, Baptist and Shiloh, have been served by these and similar in this same Mystic hall.

Reference has been made to records of the Christian Union. Could such be found, more accurate statement of its final dissolution might be written. Till then, Mr. Hooper's statement is fitting: —

This Society retained its organization until 1872, when its leading members took measures to form themselves into separate organizations.

The records of such show Trinity (Methodist Episcopal), April 1, 1872; West Medford Congregational, June 12, 1872. These are the first of the new order. Their half century mark is nearing. The West Medford Christian Union prepared the way.

M. W. M.

A RILL OF WATER-TROUGHS.

As a matter of history, be it noted that Medford has "gone dry" (this in 1914) in the matter of public watering places for horses. Within the memory of our oldest people the principal highways passed *through* Meeting-house, Gravelly and Whitmore brooks, as well as *over* their various bridges. There horses and cattle could drink or the family carriage be washed. Mr. Woolley has preserved a view of the first-named in his picture of the second meeting-house.

Time was when the town-pump was indispensable and its condition carefully noted by the fire engineers. To such, a necessary adjunct was the old-time watering-trough, kept full by the laborious effort of each comer, though some thoughtless ones did not fill it. After Spot pond water was introduced, the old troughs disappeared and "drinking fountains" of various patterns were installed. In the square, and at West Medford, a big iron vase with a lamp-post rising from its center made an ornamental feature, but was too frail to withstand the shock of the heavy pole of a two-horse truck. The former gave place to a circular and substantial structure of granite, and the latter to a section of heavy water-main set upright in the ground and partially filled with concrete. At Winthrop square and at corner of Salem and Spring streets were triangular granite blocks nearly four feet high, which saved the need of alighting to uncheck the horse. The latter is referred to on another page, and in verifying its date a visit was made to the Water Department's "graveyard." It still remains intact, but inverted among the remains of various others. In reply to inquiry, the courteous registrar said, "Oh! Medford wasn't up-to-date," and explained that in 1914 the Bureau of Animal Industries requested the closing of all such watering places because of the prevalence of glanders, and consequent dangers to horses.

This was done, and after a time, for various reasons,

all were removed and faucets provided at accessible places where teamsters can procure water in their own pails. Thus, now even the horse has his individual drinking cup, the watering-trough is a thing of the past, and Medford, in this at least, is "up-to-date."

ON ONE SIDE OF MEDFORD SQUARE.

The REGISTER has in previous issues alluded to the modernizing of Medford square. There is, however, one side that changes but little. It still has the substantial dwelling and store quarters erected at the close of the Revolution by Jonathan Porter, first occupied by him, next by his son George Washington Porter, and is still owned by one of his descendants. By courtesy of the present occupant, the Medford Publishing Company, a view of it is given in our frontispiece. This view is reproduced from a daguerreotype taken about midway in its history, (*i.e.*, in the early fifties), by Wilkinson, the Medford artist who was sometime housed therein. The building stands upon the site of the "Royal Oak Tavern" of colonial days, which stood on or very near the site of the "ferme-house" erected by Cradock's men in 1630. At the time of taking this view but few changes had been made in the building, those made needful by the erection of the brick structure which had been built against its southern end. The roof was extended against the higher brick wall and an entrance and staircase made beneath, at present 6 Main street. The grade of Main street had been raised about two feet, the big willow tree removed, and the stone pillar (called Howe's folly) across the street by the town hall shows in the view. Now, after about a hundred and thirty years, this substantial old house, one of the best in the Medford of its time, takes on a new lease of life by its housing of the "art preservative." Its first owner was the tavern keeper in the years that preceded and during the Revolution. The old sign with the emblems of royalty and the royal motto *Dieu et mon droit*, suffered at the hands of the

minute-men as they came back from Lexington, and was taken down. That the tavern ceased to be the "Royal Oak" is shown by a letter, still preserved, written by Rogers, the New Hampshire "Ranger" in 1775 from "Porter's tavern in Medford." Within a few weeks one of his descendants has been here in Medford to see the location and also the Royall house, and to tread over the route taken by her ancestor.

After the war, which seems to have left Porter in better circumstances than it did others, as shown by the erection of this house, he engaged in a general merchandise business which included the necessities of life, "West India Goods and Groceries." So did his son, and the long line of their successors down to date. It is also noticeable that in the newer building adjoining, the present occupant also succeeds several others in the same line as his own. Inspection of the view will show that at the other end, about a dozen feet have been removed in the widening of old Ship street. At that time the artistic front door, the big chimney and capacious fireplaces of the Porter residence were removed, and the living rooms devoted to business,—drugstore, apothecary-shop, pharmacy—such was the evolution, but of this some other can speak or write with certainty.

On the second floor were offices of various Medford lawyers, and for many years the daguerrean rooms of Wilkinsons and later Treadwell. Amos B. Morss had there his printing office and ventured on the publication of the *Chronicle*, and there also George W. Stetson of the *Leader* had his editorial sanctum. Fraternal organizations have found quarters there, and for a year and a half the Historical Society a temporary dwelling place. Real estate and intelligence offices, and lastly the modern invention of a vacuum cleaner seems to have been the last word in the long line of uses to which this part of the Porter house has been put. Then after a vacuum (or vacancy rather) for about a year with adverse conditons—war or otherwise—below, the Medford Publishing Company has taken the old

house and in its first issue of the *Mercury*, there printed, gave an account of its history. Its existence covers the period of constitutional government of our country. All our presidential campaigns, our wars and our politics have there been discussed. Past its old walls the Medford men of '61, of '98 and '18 have marched away, the latter to help do away with the royal motto that so recently was "Meinself und Gott." It was fitting that from out these old walls the following issue of the *Mercury* should send out the story of how Medford received the news of their success and of the retirement of the *senior partner* on November 11th, and how it celebrated Victory Day.

Excepting the removal of the front door and the introduction of plate glass, the general appearance of the old Porter house has changed but little. Its builders did their work well, as time has proved. They had none of the modern appliances with which to work; a steam saw or planing mill was then unknown. All its timbers were hewn and its nails hand-made. It was forty-three years old when the stately town hall, that for eighty years worthily served municipal and social interests, was built. Other and more pretentious buildings have arisen nearby, some of them now gone, others in decadence. With its present use the old Porter house bids fair to remain for years to come, an unchanging landmark on one side of Medford square.

THE "REGISTER" OF AGE.

The present issue completes the REGISTER's twenty-first volume. Delayed in attaining its majority by war conditions, and bearing date of October, its earlier pages went to press on the eve of *Victory Day*. It will fall within its scope, in future issues, to make note of Medford's participation in the great struggle, not only over seas, but of the home workers, and of the newer work which citizens of Medford may do.

It has been said "the nineteenth century made the

world a *neighborhood*; the twentieth must make it a *brotherhood*." The neighborhood of "over there" was never so apparent as on the morning of November 11th. Thanksgiving Day takes on new meaning, and the brotherhood of the future will be realized yet more as we adapt ourselves to the new conditions.

Since the REGISTER's first issue Medford has well nigh trebled in population. Even a cursory glance at the names in the so-called Ward Book will show an almost cosmopolitan make-up. Much is said of the "melting-pot" of our democracy in these later days, but unless wise counsels prevail this increase is a menace, and Medford democracy neither safe nor sane. Some particular phases of this growth have not, as yet, been considered in the REGISTER's pages. As a matter of history they should be, by some careful, unprejudiced writer. Who will do it?

STILL FORWARD.

The REGISTER has noted under *Sale and Removal, Forward Movement, and Moving Forward* (two years since), something of the home conditions of the Historical Society. With this page at disposal is timely reference to a few facts. The Society conserved its original investment in the old home (given therefor) by the purchase of its present site, the balance remaining going to the new structure. *Contrary* to current report, the City of Medford *did not give this land*. It was *bought and paid for*. Only fifty-six people, all but eight of whom are in the membership list, have contributed to the building fund. One of the eight, unknown by name, a non-resident, was the first to contribute. So the fact remains, that outside the Society's membership but *seven* of old historic Medford's people have substantially aided the effort, and that to the amount of less than one hundred dollars. Economic administration of the Society's affairs made the occupancy of the new home needful ere completion.

Much has since been done, yet it is still incomplete. Two thousand dollars are needed to finish, of which three-fourths is required to pay the outstanding bills long overdue to indulgent creditors, and deferred by war conditions. It is now proposed to raise this sum in four hundred shares of five dollars each, to be entirely paid in by April 1, 1919. This will leave the Society free of debt. There has never been any construction (which means *destruction*) loan, and the work has been done at absolute cost, but held up by war conditions. Despite these, the management of current expense has been economical, and the year will close with little or no deficit.

In the corner-stone (laid September 30, 1916) is a print of a prospective city hall. Mailed to the President, it bore this legend in script, "Building going up. Suppose you will beat this."

With an expenditure to date of three thousand, three hundred dollars, with two thousand paid by April next, with a *completed* home free from debt for our successors to pay, who will have won?

Will old historic Medford assist by sending pledge for shares to our Treasurer?

SEASON 1917-1918.

OCTOBER 15. Forecast and Social Hour. Light Refreshments.

NOVEMBER 19. Early Presidential Politics. Sherwin L. Cook, Esq., Roxbury.

DECEMBER 18. Development of Old Boston. Illustrated. Mr. Walter Kendall Watkins, Malden.

JANUARY 21. Annual Meeting. Reports, Election of Officers. Music by Trinity Church Orchestra. Light Refreshments.

FEBRUARY 18. Leather-stocking Tales. Rev. Anson Titus, Somerville. Vocal Solos, Mrs. Annie Redding Moulton, West Medford.

MARCH 18. William Penn (with side lines). Mr. George H. Remele, West Medford.

APRIL 15. The Federal Constitution. Hon. George W. Fall, Malden.

MAY 27. Wellington, Ancient and Modern. Illustrated. Mr. Abner Barker, Medford. Soloist, Mrs. G. J. Slosser, West Medford. Pianist, Mrs. Gertrude Brierly, West Medford. Light refreshments served on this and previous occasions by the Hospitality Committee, Miss Atherton and Mesdames Googins and Mann. Mr. Brayton, of the high school, threw some (electric) light on both speakers' subjects, thus renewing a pleasing feature of former occasions.

THE
MEDFORD HISTORICAL
REGISTER

VOL. XXII, 1919



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MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY
MEDFORD, MASS.

MEDFORD

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CONTENTS.

No. 1.

	PAGE
MEDFORD LIBRARY { The Mansion House of Thatcher Magoun, Sr. }	<i>Frontispiece</i>
THE MEDFORD LIBRARY BUILDING. M. W. M.	1
AN OLD-TIME PICNIC. C. H. L.	7
EDITORIAL NOTE	10
A COMMUNICATION. J. H. Hooper	12
HISTORICAL INACCURACIES. Editor	14
MYSTIC No. 4. Jennie S. Brigham	16
REMINISCENCES. J. S. B.	17
EDITOR'S COMMENT	18
MRS. ELLEN M. GILL	19
ANOTHER YEAR	20

No. 2.

CHEMICAL WORKS AND SUPERINTENDENT'S HOUSE, TOW-PATH AND CANAL BED, LOOKING EAST, IN 1890.	} <i>Frontispiece</i>
OLD TOW-PATH, LOOKING WEST TOWARD BOSTON AVENUE, 1890	
NEW STOREHOUSE OF AMERICAN WOOLEN CO., LOOKING SOUTH	
FACTORY OF STONE, TIMLOW CO., LOOKING NORTH	
HOW DID MEDFORD GET IT'S NAME? M. W. M.	21
IN ANOTHER CORNER OF MEDFORD. M. W. M.	25
FIRST AQUEDUCT, AND STEAMBOAT, 1818	<i>Facing</i> 29
FIRST ENGINE AND CARS ON BOSTON & LOWELL RAILROAD	} <i>Facing</i> 32
GRANITE ARCH OVER MYSTIC RIVER	

	PAGE
A NEW MEDFORD INDUSTRY. George M. Wallace . . .	37
RUINS OF SECOND AQUEDUCT, 1865 . . . <i>Facing</i>	37
ABIJAH THOMPSON'S "GLEANINGS." M. W. M. . . .	39
GLEANINGS. Abijah Thompson	41
A LEAGUE OF NATIONS. Edith Rojean Orne	43
LETTER TO EDITOR OF <i>MERCURY</i>	43
OFFICERS FOR YEAR 1919	44

No. 3.

FOREST STREET	<i>Frontispiece</i>
SCRAPS OF PAPER	45
WRIT OF ATTACHMENT	<i>Facing</i> 51
MEMORIAL DAY. L. B. A.	53
MEDFORD CAMP FIRE GIRLS. Editor	57
THE GIRL'S STORY. Mabel C. Lowry	58
IN EARLIER DAYS	59
SHIP YARD ECHOES	62
A CORRECTION	64
ANNOUNCEMENT	64

No. 4.

HOUSE OF SIMON AND TURELL TUFTS	<i>Frontispiece</i>
MEDFORD A CENTURY AGO	65
MEDFORD SYREN	76
ROMANCE OF OLD MEDFORD	77
THEN AND NOW	78
THE SOCIETY'S BUILDING ENTERPRISE	80
THE REGISTER'S TWENTY-SECOND VOLUME	83
SEASON OF 1918-1919	84
TERCENTENARY YEARS	84

Vol. XXII.]

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
MEDFORD LIBRARY. { THE MANSION HOUSE OF } { THATCHER MAGOUN, SR. } .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
THE MEDFORD LIBRARY BUILDING. <i>M. W. M.</i>	1
AN OLD-TIME PICNIC. <i>C. H. L.</i>	7
EDITORIAL NOTE	10
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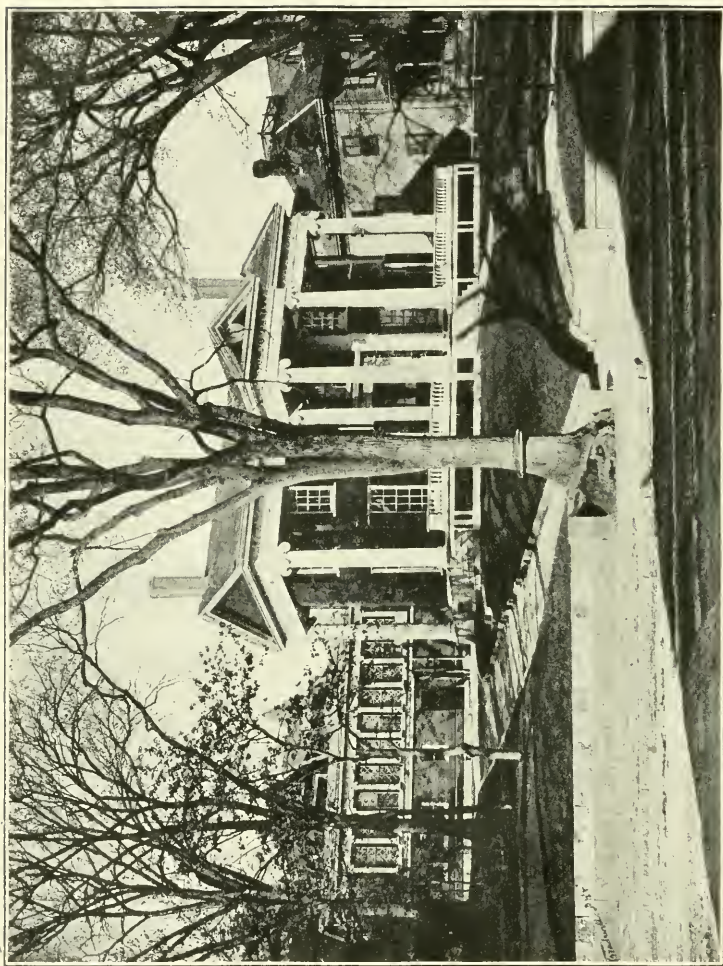
Advertising Manager, Miss E. R. ORNE.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the Medford Historical Society, in the city of Medford, Mass., the sum of _____ Dollars for the general use and purposes of said Society.

(Signed) _____





MEDFORD LIBRARY

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XXII.

JANUARY, 1919.

No. 1.

THE MEDFORD LIBRARY BUILDING.

EIGHTY-FIVE years ago Medford had a population of about two thousand. Allowing an average of five to a dwelling would give four hundred structures for human habitation. But the average family of those days was larger, and three hundred is the more likely number. These varied in type from the few survivors of the earliest days, the low-studded, two-storied, four-room house, to which a lean-to may have been added, if not originally thus built, or the one- and two-story gambrel roofs with roomy attics, to those more modern and pretentious, erected after ship-building began. The exceptions were the Royall, Peter Tufts, Major Wade and Hastings houses, with the country seat of Peter C. Brooks, the finest and newest of all.

But at that time there was erected one that was, and still is, unique in design, substantial in construction, on an eligible and commanding location, that is worthy of more than a passing notice, and should hold in the estimation of Medford people the same place that the original Bulfinch State house does in that of the Commonwealth. We refer to the residence of Thatcher Magoun, now the public library building.

Who knows the name of its architect, or yet the master builder that erected it, or even any workman that wrought in its construction? The old house holds its secrets well. Who knows the make-up of those massive circular walls, or the year, or years (for work was not hurriedly done in those days) of its erection? Prior to its time no one in Medford, that we know of, had ventured the construction of a house with circular rooms, save that of Abraham Touro, and that in but one particular. But here

we find a combination of two adjacent circles of twenty-six feet placed under one roof of the most substantial kind.

We have been led to make these observations and queries for the information, not only of ourselves, but for those of Medford's people who may take interest therein.

Soon after coming to Medford we noticed its peculiarity, and remember it as it was ere the terrace and lofty portico were added by the owner to "the mansion house of my honored father." We are quoting the words of his letter to the selectmen relative to his gift of it to the town. Familiar with its exterior, yet with one exception (soon after its opening for library use), we were never within its walls till after the construction of the brick stack-room and the attendant changes within.

The men who refitted it for library use have passed on, and we can find no one to intelligently answer our queries. We have desired to add a trustworthy description of this unique building to the archives of the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities, in reply to query and request made in Boston *Transcript* of May 30 (last), as well as to our local history. So we turn to such sources of information as we have at hand.

A tradition has been current that it was built in the same year and by the same builder as was the Gray mansion next west from it, and that early in the nineteenth century. That, however, upon consideration is highly improbable, as Thatcher Magoun (born June 17, 1775, in Pembroke, Mass.) was but twenty-seven years of age when he came to Medford in 1802 and commenced the business of ship-building. His first residence was near his ship-yard on old Ship street, corner of Park, and it was near the close of his active career that he erected this house, which was in some respects superior to any in town. His son Thatcher had already purchased the estate across and further up High street (in 1832) when the elder Magoun purchased of Nathaniel

Bishop, on October 5, 1833, "a certain piece of land with a dwelling house," having a frontage on High street of "seven rods and twenty-two links, to land of Widow Gray."

The record of Medford ships shows that he built his last ships in 1834 and 1835, one in each year, and that after 1835 the building at the Magoun ship-yard was by others. It would appear that the "mansion-house" was commenced at about the time of his retirement, about 1835.

Facing page 357 in Brooks' History of Medford (1855) is a steel engraving by F. T. Stuart, showing the house and stable, with (presumably) the owner in his carriage driving out across the sidewalk. Two pieces of statuary, and large vases, adorn the ample grounds. An iron fence surmounts the granite wall in front. A. C. Rawson was the delineator, and the print also bears the name of O. R. Wilkinson, Medford's daguerrean artist of that time. But for the eastern chimney being a little out of place, (probably the fault of the delineator) the view is an excellent one, and valuable as evidence of the original building.

Thirty years later Usher's history gives a line-cut (p. 303) from a different and nearer point of view, showing the present terrace and portico, with the statuary and vases upon the pedestals of the balustrade. One of the vases and the eastern chimney are hidden by the big elm, and no photographer's name appears, but one Cope-land was delineator.

In this view the words "Public Library" appear on the frieze of the portico, which indicates that the view was secured subsequent to 1875. It is a matter of regret that no files of either the *Medford Journal* or *Medford Chronicle* were preserved by their publishers, for to such we would naturally refer for information. In the early seventies (probably '74) the younger Magoun had put the building in "the most perfect repair" and added the terrace and portico. His father passed away on April 17, 1856, at the age of eighty years, leaving no will disposing of his

estate of \$800,000. His widow survived him until April 23, 1862, attaining seventy-eight years. Caleb Swan made note soon after of the same, saying—

She left no will and the property which was not divided after Mr. Magoun's death now all goes to the only two surviving children, Thatcher Magoun Jr. merchant of Boston and Medford and Mrs. Rev^d. Dr. W^m. Adams of New York. The Mansion House of their father built by him about 1835 is already advertised for sale.

Of the occupants, or if there were any during the succeeding years prior to 1874, we have no information.

Early in 1875 the selectmen of Medford were informed by Mr. Magoun, by letter dated January 22, 1875, of his intention to donate to the town the "Mansion House" of his "late honored father" for a library building. A copy of this letter was published in the *Medford Chronicle* at the time and may be found in the annual reports of the town. He stated in the letter—

The style of the "Mansion House," certainly in its exterior, appears to me to be admirably adapted for the purpose proposed; and my idea is, that the front or main building, above and below should all be used for library purposes as it is well arranged for that purpose.

He also offered the town the sum of \$1,000 for book-cases and furnishing, and after adding suggestions as to the utilization of the rear portion of the building, stated his intention of inserting

in the deed of conveyance that the title therein contained will be forfeited, should the stipulation [of library use] at any time not be strictly complied with.

At the annual town meeting next following, Mr. Magoun's gift was duly accepted with thanks and he was asked to sit for his portrait, which he did, and the same is hung in the lower west room of the library.

The building was formally opened for its new use on June 20, 1875 (the Usher history says 1873, manifestly an error in proof-reading), three days after the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the first Thatcher Magoun. We do not recall ever hearing the coincidence men-

tioned, and have had curiosity whether or not the donor might not have had in mind even when he made the addition to the front, its being a centenary memorial of his father, who was the founder of the Medford industry of ship-building, had been a leading business man, and the largest tax-payer in the old town.

We have said this building is unique in design. Geometry demonstrates that the circle contains the largest area that can be enclosed by a given amount of exterior boundary line. But in actual building practice, when wood is the material used, the cost far exceeds the advantage gained. However, we have no thought that Mr. Magoun had that in mind. He was a ship-builder, and accustomed to curved lines, both in theory and practice. We have often thought he may have been his own architect, as we find those "wooden walls" are as thick as those of a ship—sixteen or seventeen inches. No wooden house of that day, or this, exceeds six or seven. The foundation walls conform to the circular form within and the rectangular without, the cellar having windows only where the circle joins the outer straight lines.

The six great pillars, of the Ionic order, which form a colonnade outside the enclosing walls, are nearly three feet in diameter at their bases, and support the entablature and cornice that is purely classic in design. They rest upon a granite foundation with a flagging resembling soap-stone. These columns are doubtless built around sizable timbers strong enough in themselves to support the roof. In all their details of bases, fluting and capitals they are architecturally and proportionately correct. The entablature rests honestly upon the voluted capitals and on the impinging circles of the walls, and is correct in every detail. The original gables are perfectly plain, with no windows or openings into the attic, and their cornices are carried a little higher than the main roof, which is covered with slates. These were imported from Wales, as at that time few slate quarries had been opened here. The windows are long and of

fifteen panes in the lower story, which is eleven feet high, and their splayed openings have recessed pockets into which the panelled shutters fold back. The ceilings of these four large rooms are heavily corniced, and all the door and window openings have a moulded trim enriched with carved center and corner blocks.

In the lower story such doors as were in curved partitions were made to conform to the curve. The entrance hall took a segment of four feet off each circle, making a straight side of fifteen feet in each room in which were wide doors of two leaves on the lower floor. The entrance hall had a heavy panelled door, with transom and side-lights, and a window at the rear. The latter is shown in the enlarged photograph which is preserved in the library. This was secured by the forethought of former President Eddy of the Historical Society, prior to the alterations made at the erection of the brick stack-room, and shows the fine old stairway as originally built.

As yet we have found no one to tell us of the mode of construction of those circular walls. The alterations made twenty years ago (by workmen from out of town) may or may not have revealed it to them. The windows set deeply into the walls from without and more so within, and suggest that the circular walls may be of rough brick-work. If not, they may be of planks, sawed in segments and spiked or "trunnelled," one upon another, as was the circular house of Enoch Robinson on Prospect hill in Somerville.* On the exterior they are sheathed vertically with narrow boards whose edges are devoid of heading or rounded corners, and their joining is now, after the lapse of so many years of exposure, barely noticeable. There is apparent sincerity of construction, in that no attempt is made to imitate a lintel over the windows, only a narrow plinth of wood at the flagging, and no cornice or moulding at the top.

* There are several dwellings in Medford, built before the Civil War, whose walls and partitions were thus laid up with fencing pales.

There is a tradition that Mr. Magoun had the front portion erected in its classic architectural style "to please his wife," and that he built the "L" at the rear "to live in and to suit himself." Certainly there was a contrast, in that it was perfectly plain, with low-studded rooms, "like a ship's cabin," and these were the ones mostly used. By the alterations for library use these have disappeared. By the removal of part of the second floor, partitions, and exterior wall in one story they have become the reading room and part of the corridor. It is doubtful if Mr. Magoun expected the library to grow to its present proportions when he suggested the librarian's residence in those cabin-like rooms.

It has been said that Oakman Joyce of Medford was the builder. This is not unlikely, as a little later (1839) he built the Unitarian church. Whoever he was, his work does him credit.

In this article we have been unable to answer our own queries. Possibly it may serve to awaken other and more successful ones that may add to our knowledge of old Medford's history.

M. W. M.

AN OLD-TIME PICNIC.

There is ever a charm in the reading of letters of earlier years, and this is especially true when the sentiments as expressed in the written words leave a pleasing impress of the writer's individuality, as disclosed by criticism and opinions regarding events and personal experiences. Such a charm, we think, attaches to a letter bearing date of Brookline, July 20, 1817, and written by Miss Fanny Searle* to her sister, Mrs. Margaret Curzon,* then at Havana, Cuba. In it is a description of an all-day excursion on the Middlesex canal on July 18, 1817. The readers of the HISTORICAL REGISTER may be interested in it because of details which occurred in Medford.

* The first-named died in Brookline, May 3, 1851, and the latter in Newburyport, June 28, 1877.

The picnic party consisted of a large gathering of what was best in the society of the old town of Boston. It was held at the "Lake of the Woods," now known as Horn pond, in Woburn. The Indian name was Innitou. There were represented the Winthrops, Quincys, Amorys, Sullivans, Grays, Masons, Tudors, Eliots, Cabots, and others. Daniel Webster and wife were also of the party. Mr. Webster was then thirty-five years of age. He had taken up his residence in Boston in August of the previous year. In the following year, 1818, he was to establish his fame at the bar by his matchless argument on the great Dartmouth college case before the Supreme Court of the United States.

It is interesting to note, as we do in the letter, the impression made by Webster upon an educated and cultivated woman on a social occasion. His great career in the Senate began ten years later.

But to quote from the letter. Space will not permit its insertion in full.

Since I last wrote, many pleasant things have happened to me particularly, of these the most prominent is a day passed on the Canal, and its shores; there was such a variety in the amusements of the day, and of so choice a kind, that I felt no fatigue from 9 in the morning till 10 at night.

We entered the boat at Charlestown at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9. The party was too large to have any stiffness; indeed there was the utmost ease and good humor without sadness through the day.

The shores of the Canal for most of the distance are beautiful. We proceeded at the rate of 3 miles an hour, drawn by two horses, to the most romantic spot (about 9 miles from Boston) that I ever beheld.

The lake is about twice the size of Jamaica Pond or larger, and has a small wooded island in the center. On the island was a band of musicians which began to play as soon as we landed. It seemed a scene of enchantment; Cousin Kate who was by my side seemed too much affected to speak.

We had many *wits* in the party and there was no lack of *bon mots*. The gentlemen played off upon each other, to our amusement. When spirits flagged, we had the resource of music. Five instruments, and vocal music from Mrs Quincy, Mr Callender and

occasionally Mr Webster and young May,* with whom I was very much pleased, and who discovered, I thought, true modest assurance, with very good sense.

The ascent of the Canal was altogether new to me, and very interesting. It was all the pleasanter for having so many children to whom it was likewise a novelty—especially the locks through which we passed.

After landing, the children danced on the green under a tent or awning.

Later we enjoyed an excellent cold dinner, which we were quite hungry enough to relish. The day was the hottest of the season. After lunch, we dispersed for an hour as best pleased us.

We again re-entered the boat; tables were placed the whole length of it, on which were arranged fruit, wine, ice and glasses. It was the prevailing opinion that we had started for home too soon, so we landed at another delightful spot,† where we stopped an hour.

This was as pleasant an hour as any in the day, and here it was that I was particularly struck with May.

We were standing on the edge of the pond and observed some pond lilies a little distance in the water, but too far to be reached from the shore. Some lady expressed a wish to have one.

"Is there no gentleman spirited enough to come forward and get them" said Mr Webster. "Is no one gallant enough, strange, 'tis very strange."

May stood it so far, and then darted forward, urged on by Mr W. who said he was glad the days of chivalry were not over. "Very glad to see you have so much courage, Mr May."

"It would have required more courage not to have done it, after the challenge I received," said May. "I claim no merit, Sir."

"A little farther Sir" said Mr Webster, "there is another on your right, one on the other side" &c

May went on until he was up to his middle. I besought Mr Webster not to urge him further. "Oh" said he, "it does not hurt a young man to wet his feet. I would have gone myself, were it not for the ladies."

May came up with his hands filled with lilies which he gave to Mr Webster, and he in turn gave one to each lady near.

Mr Sullivan came up just then, and asked May what induced him to do it.

"Mr Webster's eloquence" said he.

"It never brought me a lily before," said the Orator. "Though it has many laurels" replied May. Mr W. bowed, and thus ended the little episode.

* Afterward the Rev. Samuel J. May.

† Bacon's grove on the Upper Medford pond.

I have not done justice to Mr Webster's words, look and manner. No words of mine can paint them to you.

It always delights me to see him, and I was never so charmed with him as this day.

To all the wit and power of mind of all the other gentlemen, he super-adds a tenderness and unaffected feeling that is seldom seen in his sex, and especially at his time of life, and in his pursuits.

.

We again entered the boat, and pursued our course a few miles, stopping near a house * which we did not enter, but where coffee was served in the boat.

The children had another cotillion while the boat was descending the lock.

We walked a short distance, got into the boat again, took coffee listened to sweet strains, saw the sun descend and the moon rise, and reached our place of debarkation just after the last tints of daylight had faded.

Other parts of Miss Searle's letter are devoted to expressions of her intense enjoyment of the day as it passed, and its delightful retrospection, the chatty intimacy naturally existing between sisters, and her personal judgment of the various persons of the picnic party.

As we read of the events of that perfect day, a hundred years ago, we find ourselves conjecturing as to whether, in after years, when, after some great debate in the Senate where his magnificent oratory had swept all before it, the "great expounder" sought the quiet of his room, his thoughts would revert from the triumphs of forensic battles to those sylvan hours when he distributed to the ladies of that summer picnic party in Medford the water-lilies which his eloquence had inspired others to gather.

C. H. L.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

It is very unlikely that the incidents of any other picnic party or summer outing in Medford are as well preserved as those of the above relation. The daughter of the Mrs. Quincy therein alluded to kept a diary, in

* The Canal tavern in West Medford.

which many of the facts related are noted, with others of equal interest. Both letter and diary formed the basis of an interesting communication to the Colonial Society of Massachusetts in 1907, which is illustrated by a view of the "Lake of the Woods" with its wooded island. It was the privilege of the editor to identify the various localities therein named, and assist that writer, H. H. Edes, Esq., at that time. Very recently we have found (what neither knew at that former time) the story of the lily-picking episode as told by Mr. May himself in his autobiography.

The view across "the Lake of the Woods" (Horn pond) is little changed in the lapse of a century, and "nature has dealt kindly, as the tall trees witness," with the locality in "Upper Medford," from which could be seen "the distant spire of Menotomy." At the latter the canal embankments remain intact, from the site of the aqueduct which spanned the Aberjona, to the Mystic Valley parkway, where is a bronze tablet relative to the canal, erected by the park commission.

Mr. May in later years became a zealous advocate of temperance, and espoused the anti-slavery cause. But there came a time when "Mr. Webster's eloquence" in favor of the fugitive slave law became distasteful to him. To him Lydia Maria Child dedicated her book, the "Appeal for that Class of Americans Called Africans," which publication was for a time disastrous to her rising fame.

There is, in the Historical Society's collection, a framed copy of the endorsement by Medford people (with their appended names) of Mr. Webster's speech in Congress. Doubtless the signers honestly thought it brought him "laurels," but the verdict of years is the reverse, as was, at the time, that of "Sam May."

A COMMUNICATION.

To the Editor of the "Medford Historical Register":

SIR: — I have noted from time to time many inaccuracies in the REGISTER from the commencement of its publication to the present time, and am forcibly reminded of the sayings of Mr. John Fiske, historian, that "The step from unconscious historical inaccuracy to conscious historical falsehood is not a long one." "The errors of our local historians have taken such a firm hold on the local thought and literature that no amount of evidence to the contrary will scarcely displace."

I do not propose to review the first twenty volumes of the REGISTER at the present time, but I wish to call your attention to some inaccuracies in the second and third numbers of the REGISTER for the current year, which, in the interest of historical accuracy, should be corrected. In an article entitled "Medford on the Map," in Vol. XXI, No. 2, p. 32, reference is made to Walling's map of Medford, which was accompanied by eleven other maps or sections bound together in an atlas. The writer of the article failed to discover such atlas or any one that has memory of it. A foot-note says, "As both history (Brooks' history) and map were published at nearly the same time and by separate interest, it is probable that the reference to eleven sections was made from some prospectus rather than actual issue."

These maps or sections cannot be classed among "Medford Myths"; they actually existed as a supplement to the map. The lots on each section were numbered, and a reference book or index accompanied the atlas in which was recorded the number of each lot and its area in acres or square feet. During my service as an assessor I had occasion to consult the atlas times without number. The last time I saw the atlas was about ten years ago, in the city engineer's office, where I made copies of several lots to assist my study of Medford history.

In Vol. XXI, No. 3, p. 64, the writer of the article has "grave doubts of the structure—being as smoothly angular and straightly railed as this seems to be." (See illustration opposite page 56 of that number.) The original sketch of this bridge is now before me. It is three feet six inches in length and one foot six inches in width, and does not look as "smoothly angular" as in the reduced copy. This sketch was made in part from a description of a bridge found in the county records and in part from the remains of an ancient bridge that was removed on the north side of the river when the present stone bridge was built. The Unitarian church steeple is represented on the sketch by a cedar tree. The buildings on the sketch are located by a mistake of the artist where the Jonathan Wade house stands, instead of nearer the market-place or square, and the crest of Pasture hill is plainly elevated above the roofs of the buildings. As to the luxurious growth of trees as shown in the illustration, who shall say that they did not exist? That trees will grow near the "salt Mystic" was shown by the trees that stood on an island in the marshland below Labor-in-vain point. This island was elevated but a few feet above marsh level, and was surrounded by water every high course of the tides. The trees have long since disappeared. Near the island, on the east side, is a salt-water creek called Lydia's hole, from a colored woman named Lydia who was said to have been drowned there. The illustration, like all other ideal pictures, is open to criticism.

In Vol. XXI, No. 3, p. 67, the writer of the article says, "Yes, this is the 'Bower' . . . the site of the ancient mill." When I attended the West grammar school in the old brick schoolhouse that stood at the rear of the Unitarian church lot, the weekly holiday was Saturday afternoon. Saturday forenoon was a sort of a go-as-you-please day. We had no regular lessons, and often in the early summer the scholars were lined up in front of the horse sheds and, headed by the master, were marched

up what is now Powder House road (then called Bishop's lane), over the crest of the hill to a little knoll a short distance away, on which was a growth of trees standing in such positions as to form a bower. We spent the forenoon in picking wild flowers and in rambling about the woods in the immediate vicinity. This was the "Bower" mentioned by Mr. Brooks and the "Bower" of my boyhood. Every boy and girl of that generation knew its location. Mr. Brooks published his history some years after I used to visit the place. It was nowhere near the site of the old mill-dam or near any other dam site.

JOHN H. HOOPER.

HISTORICAL INACCURACIES.

The communication of Mr. Hooper, which precedes, is very interesting. We wish to refer to its three specific mentions of possible error.

First. As to the eleven maps of Medford, "bound in an atlas." We were informed at the city engineer's office that nothing of the kind was there, only the single Walling map, and that such an atlas would be very desirable. It is not an uncommon occurrence for schemes of publication to fail, and it was then and there suggested that such might have been the case in this particular. This was *not* "classed among the *Medford myths*." By the statement of Mr. Hooper, who writes from personal knowledge, it appears to have been an actual existing fact, and that until ten years ago. The query naturally arises, What has become of the said "eleven sections bound together in an atlas"? It is certainly desirable that its whereabouts, or fate, be known.

Second. As to the author's not unfriendly criticism of the view of the earliest bridge over the river. It is not at all surprising that in the reduction from the three and a half feet of the "original sketch" to the three and a half inch half-tone of the REGISTER, the "cedar tree"

of the artist should be mistaken for the Unitarian church steeple. Mr. Hooper admits the artist's error in house location, and frankly says it is, "like all other ideal pictures," open to criticism. The "island" he refers to, with its trees, is surely a subject of interest. We trust its story, with *Legend of Lydia*, will be secured ere the deep-water Mystic our Representative Burrell advocates becomes a reality.

Thirdly. About the "Bower." We plead *not guilty* to "*conscious historical falsehood*" (italics our own) in this count of the indictment (if such it be). We have consulted the dictionary, which is a help in trouble, and find some twenty meanings of *false* and a dozen of *falsehood*. This latter, in the quotation of Mr. H. from John Fiske, is doubly qualified. Certainly the writer of the "*Mid-winter Ramble*" is *now* in a *maze*, if not *then* in the "*Bower*," for by the communication of Mr. H. the "Bower" mentioned by Mr. Brooks was not where the writer thought he had found it, not by "a dam site." We will now quote Mr. Brooks, (page 393):—

There was a mill at the place now called the "Bower," about a mile north of the meeting-house of the first parish, carried by the water of Marble Brook. The banks, race, canal and cellar are yet traceable. This was used for grinding grain and sawing timber. It was on land owned by Mr. Dudley Wade.

The mid-winter Rambler had read the above, had never heard or read elsewhere of this mill or dam site, and accepting the only mention known to him as correct, wrote, "Yes, this is the "Bower" (so-called fifty years ago), the site of the ancient mill." He regrets his inaccuracy, renews his plea of "not guilty of historical falsehood," and suggests a pilgrimage of interested readers to the real site of the "Bower" as located by former President Hooper, and farther on to the dam, of which structure so much remains intact after the lapse of two centuries and which so few have ever seen, but which is well worth visiting.

MYSTIC NO. 4.

Looking over some early numbers of the REGISTER I read an article concerning the Medford fire engines. Jackson No. 2 seemed like an old friend from the past, as it was under the engine house that Miss Chase taught a small school, where I was once a pupil, in my younger days, for a short time. The house stood opposite the Center Grammar and High schoolhouse, as it was called in those days. When the alarm for fire rang, some of the unruly boys would rush out of school and over to the engine house, regardless of what would happen to them afterwards — and it always did happen — on their return.

I think it was the lunch after the return of the tub (as they termed it) that appealed to them, more than the help they could afford. This consisted principally in *yelling*. They had fun in seeing which of the "tubs" could wash over the others. Having two brothers and a cousin in that Center Grammar school, I heard a great deal of "tub" talk. There were three engines, if I remember rightly, General Jackson, Governor Brooks, and Washington. A favorite query among the boys was, "Who do you blow for?" This question, asked of a well-known individual, the answer was always, "The Orthodox Church," which was to the point, as he pumped for the organ in that church.

Reading of these engines reminded me that there had been a fourth (although not generally known), *Mystic No. 4*, in the early '50s. It was short-lived. At that time there was a boys' engine in Malden, and some of the West Medford boys thought they also needed one. They formed a company, appointed a captain and clerk, and engaged John Hebden, who lived in the house near Meeting-house brook, later occupied by a florist, to build it. The next move was for an engine house. A new building to take the place of the almshouse having been built on Purchase street, there was a small building left on the place on Canal street. It had but one room,

where an insane person was kept — Nathaniel Crowell, commonly called "Nat Crow." It had one window with iron bars. It would seem in those days insane people were looked on as criminals, and treated worse.

The boys secured this building, had a door cut in it large enough to run the engine into, and, it seems, fastened by a staple, as one day we were surprised to see a poster which read —

MYSTIC NO. 4.

FIVE DOLLARS REWARD.

The above sum is offered for the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who entered the above Co's engine house by drawing the staple on the night of the 19th inst.

Per order

ARTHUR G. SMITH
Clerk.

JOHN HEDDEN
Foreman.

I cannot recall any fire they attended, as that was tabooed. I have said it was short-lived. Alas! they could not raise money enough to clear off the debt, and the tub was claimed by the builder, who was also the foreman.

JENNIE S. BRIGHAM.

REMINISCENCES.

Editor of "Historical Register":—

I am sending you a few reminiscences I promised.

When I read in a REGISTER of 1915 an account of the school taught by Mr. A. K. Hathaway in Medford, saying that on his death the school was dispersed, I thought of writing to correct that statement. Then I decided to let it pass. Since, in reading an interesting paper in a REGISTER, correcting some errors in former articles concerning records of Medford, I was much impressed by its writer saying that, when possible, mistakes should be rectified. This is my reason for making the correction at this late hour. In the fall of 1859 I became a pupil in Miss Hale's department in Mr. Hathaway's school.

After his death a young man taught there; I think his name was Sanders. He was quite unpopular, and was succeeded by D. A. Caldwell. I have, in an old album (that was the day of albums), a quotation written by him in 1861. I did not return to the school after vacation. I met Mr. Caldwell some years after and he told me he was teaching in a Boston school.

In a very interesting paper, mention is made of the house on the corner of Hastings Lane and High street. In 1854 it was occupied by an English family from Canada, William Woods, wife and two daughters, the latter teaching a school. Mrs. H. would remember this school, as she and her sister were pupils there. I can recall sixteen pupils. In the tornado of 1851 a mother and two daughters, Hartigan by name, lived there, and a large piece of slate came through the roof, nearly striking the old lady, who was sitting in an upper room. That incident, added to the death of Mr. Huffmaster, made such an impression on my childish mind that even now I have a perfect horror of a high wind.

At that time there was a door to the house on High street. The one on the lane was used for a school entrance. It had a long shed on the back, and a sloping roof reached to the ground on the Brooks estate, and we used to sit there very often in recess time when we were not playing games in the lane.

J. S. B.

EDITOR'S COMMENT.

In a personal interview Mrs. Brigham mentions interesting facts about the Medford of her childhood days; of the Indians that came on the river to Rock hill and up "Woburn lane" to the "Rocks," as the Middlesex Fells used to be called; of the digging for the "pirate's treasure near the big rock;" and of a family burial-ground in our old town.

There are older people than she, long resident here,

who ought to be able to add their bit to historic fact relating to Medford, which the REGISTER's pages will preserve.

Mrs. Brigham's paper on Mystic Hall Seminary, read before the Historical Society eleven years ago (see REGISTER, Vol. XI, p. 49) is the only historical mention extant of a once famous Medford school.

MRS. ELLEN M. GILL.

On January 29, 1919, after three years of waiting, Mother Gill passed on to the future life. Tracing her Pilgrim ancestry to John and Priscilla Alden, she was born, daughter of Atherton Thayer Bowditch, in Boston, June 28, 1830. Married in 1849 to John Gill of Watertown, she came with him to Medford in 1854, living on Ashland Street for more than sixty years.

The love of flowers was inherent in her father's family, one of his relatives being a founder of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. In her earlier years, under such influence, she was a frequent exhibitor at the county fairs, and in 1865 she joined that society, and is said to be the first woman to attain its membership. The occasions were very rare when she did not receive award of prizes. In 1871 she erected her first greenhouse beside her home, and the florist business she established grew, under her fostering care, to large extent.

She was a woman of kindly sympathies and many activities, notably, in the days of the Civil War, in the Union Relief Association, and later in the formation of the Woman's Relief Corps. Always interested in the Boys in Blue, she was specially active and was honored by the National Encampments of the Grand Army of the Republic, held (in 1890 and 1904) in Boston.

One of the earliest as well as oldest members of the Medford Historical Society, she was rarely absent from its meetings, always interested, and ever helpful. Her kindly face and presence was always a benediction. She

was for many years a worshipper at the Mystic Congregational Church, a member since 1901. Of her it was said, by one of her associates there, "Of a strong personality, positive temperament, and a frankness in criticism, she was yet ever loyal to friend and cause, large hearted, and responsive to every call that interested her, and her going away leaves a void in a large circle of friends. As we looked on the quiet figure surrounded by a wealth of magnificent blooms, it was with confidence that we left her in the keeping of Him in whose worship she would find an added charm because He is the "Rose of Sharon" and the "Lily of the Valley."

To our "Mother Gill," with most kindly remembrance, we say "Good-night."

FOR ANOTHER YEAR.

With this issue the REGISTER begins a new volume — its twenty-second. It is published by the Medford Historical Society in the interest of historic accuracy, and for the benefit of our home city. Its preparation is, and always has been, a labor of love on the part of editors, contributors and the Society. To the latter it has, until recently, been an expense, and at present is barely self-supporting. The city, whose interest it serves, in no way bears any part of its cost, nor (contrary to the statements that come to us from time to time) has ever so done. The publishing society itself (contrary to expressed opinion) has received but scant assistance from the general public, and what it has accomplished has been almost wholly by the effort and contribution of its membership. The opportunity is still open for the "public spirit" of Medford to manifest itself in ways it has not yet done.

We regret the lateness of this issue, and hope for an earlier appearance of the next, with new features.

Vol. XXII.]

[No. 2.]

HISTORICAL REGISTER



APRIL, 1919

PUBLISHED BY THE
MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY
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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHEMICAL WORKS AND SUPERINTENDENT'S HOUSE, TOW-PATH AND CANAL BED, LOOKING EAST, IN 1890	
OLD TOW-PATH, LOOKING WEST TOWARD BOSTON AVENUE, 1890	
NEW STOREHOUSE OF AMERICAN WOOLEN CO., LOOKING SOUTH	
FACTORY OF STONE, TIMLOW CO., LOOKING NORTH	
HOW DID MEDFORD GET ITS NAME? <i>M. W. M.</i>	21
IN ANOTHER CORNER OF MEDFORD. <i>M. W. M.</i>	25
FIRST AQUEDUCT, AND STEAMBOAT, 1818	<i>Facing</i> 29
FIRST ENGINE AND CARS ON BOSTON & LOWELL RAILROAD	<i>Facing</i> 32
GRANITE ARCH OVER MYSTIC RIVER	
A NEW MEDFORD INDUSTRY. <i>George M. Wallace</i>	37
RUINS OF SECOND AQUEDUCT, 1865	<i>Facing</i> 37
ABIJAH THOMPSON'S "GLEANINGS." <i>M. W. M.</i>	39
GLEANINGS. <i>Abijah Thompson</i>	41
A LEAGUE OF NATIONS. <i>Edith Rojean Orne</i>	43
LETTER TO EDITOR OF <i>MERCURY</i>	43
OFFICERS FOR YEAR 1919	44

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FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the Medford Historical Society, in the city of Medford, Mass., the sum of _____ Dollars for the general use and purposes of said Society.

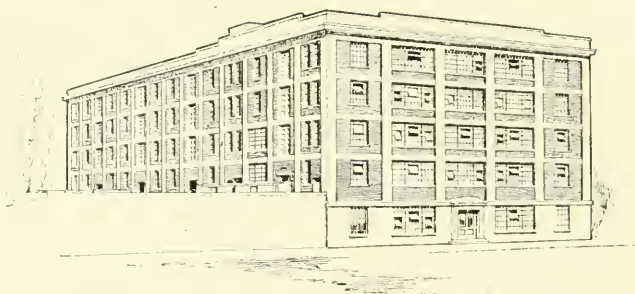
(Signed) _____



CHEMICAL WORKS AND SUPERIN-
TENDENT'S HOUSE,
TOW-PATH AND CANAL BED,
LOOKING EAST, IN 1890.



OLD TOW-PATH, LOOKING WEST
TOWARD BOSTON AVENUE,
1890.



NEW STOREHOUSE OF AMERICAN WOOLEN CO., LOOKING SOUTH.



FACTORY OF STONE, TIMLOW CO., LOOKING NORTH.

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XXII.

APRIL, 1919.

No. 2.

HOW DID MEDFORD GET ITS NAME?

SUCH is the question we are asked, and an authoritative answer for publication is expected. Under such circumstances one naturally turns to official records and published history.

The first mention of Medford is in the colony record of the General Court, under date of September 28, 1630, when 3*ℓ* was levied upon it for the support of military instructors.

Under the same date a coroner's jury returned its verdict in the death of Austin Bratcher at Mr. Cradock's farm, which resulted in the indictment of Walter Palmer for manslaughter and his subsequent acquittal from the charge in November. But one of Cradock's "servants" held variant opinion and sought "to traduce the court," and was sentenced to be whipped therefor, being the fifth in the colony to receive such sentence.

Here we find Medford's entrance into the limelight of history. Mr. Cradock's farm was a tract of land a mile wide (approximately) and four miles along the riverside from Charlestown, which then extended some fifteen miles north-westward.

The Indians that lived there were called "Abergini-ans," and their name comes down to us today, in that of the *Aberjona*, the upper reach of their river, the tidal stream they called *Missi-tuk*, which the English tongue called *Mistick*.

That it was the locality is proven by Josselyn, in 1638, as "three miles from Charlestown and a league and a half, four and one-half miles, by water" *i.e.*, by the winding or circuitous river's course. He applied the name Mistick to the little settlement on the northwest side of

the river. So here are three names of one and the same place, all cotemporary: first, *Medford*, from the colony record; second, *Mr. Cradock's farm*, also from the colony record; third, *Mistick*, from Josselyn, is of Indian origin. The second was proprietary, but would of necessity be in time outgrown and disused. The third was official and remains. But why Medford? Towns are named by official, *i.e.*, by governmental, executive or legislative action, in honor or memory of persons or places, as well as peculiarities. In those early days the incorporating words were few; as witness, "Charlestown Village is called Wooburne," "Sagust is called Linn." But we search the colony records in vain to find that Mr. Cradock's farm is called Medford; and literally speaking, the early Medford was never incorporated. Like Topsy, she simply "grewed." Still the fact remains that in September, 1630, a tax of three pounds had been laid upon a place designated by the General Court as Medford and again we ask "why Medford?" When and by whom previously? There are no *local* records to search—really none till 1674. Neither were there any dictagraphs in those early days to can the words of the godfather who named the town, calling it Medford, and to be laid away in the garret of the "ferme-house" long since gone. We can only answer the query by the result of reason and research. We have already noted the geographical situation of Mr. Cradock's farm, the early Medford.

The seventeenth of June, 1630, is commonly accepted, and two hundred and seventy-five years after was celebrated, as the time of settlement, and again we may ask why. Because Governor Winthrop wrote, "We went up Mistick river about six miles." But Winthrop did not settle in Medford but in Charlestown, on the other side of the river. However, as seen in Deputy Governor Dudley's letter (of March 28, 1631) to the Countess of Lincoln, of those coming from Salem, some "found a *good place* upon *Mistick*," "which we named *Meadford*." Here then is the earliest authentic account we have of the

naming of Medford. Again in our search we ask "why Medford" and answer our own query, thus— Because the "good place upon Mistick" was to be Mr. Cradock's farm, and they so called it, from Medford in Staffordshire in the old England they came from, and which old shire Mr. Cradock had represented in Parliament since 1620, the eighteenth year of the reign of James the first.

As we had no dictagraph record of Dudley's pronunciation, we have naturally considered that *M-e-a-d* was called phonetically Meed, and so has come the usual interpretation of Medford, as *Meadow-ford*, though in 1855, historian Brooks gave it as "great-meadow" making no mention therewith of the fording place he knew to have existed. He directly tells us that in one of the earliest deeds of sale it is written "Metford," and that after 1715 it has been uniformly written "Medford." Meadow-ford would not have been an inappropriate designation for a *specific place* in the river's course; but ancient Medford or Mr. Cradock's farm was four miles long.

Now a few words relative to *Metford*, and copy of a written note attached to a copy of the History of Medford (Brooks) by Caleb Swan, which is of interest, and never before published.

MEDFORD, July 31, 1857.

Mr. Charles Brooks (the author of this book) dining with us at Dr. Swan's today—Mrs Adams and daughter of Winter hill being present—said that he had lately ascertained that the original name of the town was *Metford*—after a county seat Governor Cradock in England in Staffordshire called Metford and that he named his new town from that and that in his will he called it *Metford in New England*.

The above date is two years subsequent to the publication of the book which contains many other interesting notes and is the property of the Medford Historical Society.

In *Staffordshire Names and Places* p. 101 (1902) we find

Meaford, 1½ m. N.W. of Stone D * *Meppord*, Metford; 1173 *Medford*; 1251, later Mefford.

*Domesday Book.

Meaford lies on the Trent, where it is crossed by the great road from London to the N.W. The terminal *ford* doubtless applies to the passage of the river. Despite the D.* forms the prefix may be accepted as *Med* which is difficult to interpret. It may represent A.S.† *maed*, a meadow, but meadow-ford is not a satisfactory interpretation. There is a small stream running into Trent at Meaford and *Med* may represent its ancient name.

In *Surveys of Staffordshire* Preface p. xvi is mention by a contemporary diarist, of

R. Caverswall house Mr Cradock owns it.

And elsewhere in same book is

1640, 15 Ch. [arles] I Matthew Cradock Eng. merchant returned to Parliament for the City of London.

The last Matthew Cradock built the house at Caverswall.

To our caption query we reply: The original settlement of Medford was by men in the employ and interest of Matthew Cradock, merchant of London. He was the first "governor" or president of a trading company chartered by King Charles I. He never came oversea but suggested the transfer here of the charter which became the foundation of a commonwealth.

Old home associations such as Mr. Brooks alluded to at Dr. Swan's dinner-table (also alluded to by the English diarist quoted) may have prompted him to call the new plantation he was starting, *Medford* or *Metford*. Dudley, his associate and successor in office, writes "which we named Meadford," thus differing slightly in possible pronunciation.

Whether *d* or *t* is of little moment but it is tantalizing that Mr. Brooks failed to mention the sources of *his* information regarding the Staffordshire town. Called in "Domesday Book" both Medford and Metford, in 1173 it was called Medford. In 1251 it was still Medford, later it was Mefford; and in 1892, and probably now, Meaford—all this variety of spelling (possibly *not of pronunciation*) in staid old England. Somehow we fancy that *e* has its

*Domesday Book.

†Anglo Saxon.

short sound in all, as a recent comer from Staffordshire pronounces the present Meaford *Mefford*. The New England town, now a city of 37,000 people, has almost from its earliest days been called Medford and sixteen others in as many states bear the name spelled in the same way and more or less traceable thereto.

We have tried to answer the query on lines of *historic truth*, citing only credible evidence. Our readers must decide for themselves much as did the children who asked which was the lion and which the baboon, and were told by the accommodating showman, "Just which you pleases, little dears, you pays your money and you takes your choice."

Our choice is, Medford got its name from Medford in Staffordshire, Old England.

IN ANOTHER CORNER OF MEDFORD.

Topographically speaking, Medford is a city of numerous corners — thirty-four, to be exact. Some are near busy highways, others in the rocky solitudes of Middlesex Fells; several are on the College hill slopes, while yet others are unseen by the eye of man in the river's bed and the depth of Mystic lake. For a more minute description of these angular localities the reader is referred to Vol. XVIII, page 90, of the REGISTER, and for views of the same to the volume entitled "Boundaries."

Some years since, the REGISTER, in Vol. XIII, page 97, described one of these corners in some detail, illustrating the same by a sketch of its physical features which a former Medford man had made in 1855, probably little thinking that years after he had passed on, it would attract attention.

Twenty years before, with the same praiseworthy intent, another, doubtless and "evidently a novice," attempted to portray another corner of Medford, which is the scene and subject of the present writing. Like the other, its principal physical features were three in num-

ber, one natural and two artificial. Efforts to reproduce the same for the REGISTER's pages have as yet been unsuccessful. It bears this legend, "Junction of River, Canal and Rail-road in Medford, 1835." This locality is one specific point referred to in a recent address before the Historical Society, entitled "The Story of An Ancient Cow-Pasture." Request was then and there made for its publication. As the speaker compiled his story largely from the REGISTER's pages, the reader is referred to them, and the present article will concern but the *border* of the "ancient cow-pasture," which is destined to become the scene of busy industry as well as of modern pleasure taking.

As the "corner" previously described was not in the original Medford (*i.e.*, Mr. Cradock's farm), so was this likewise a part of ancient Charlestown. That old town, once extensive and once entirely surrounding Medford, is now absorbed by Boston. Its cow-commons have been well defined by our townsman Hooper in his story of the "Stinted Pasture." Not until 1754 did Medford acquire this "corner," and even then not all the Charlestown proprietors became Medfordites. An examination of the map will show a serrated boundary line extending over and around College hill to a bend in the river, which was *north* of the railroad. Thence the boundary between Charlestown and Medford continued, as of old, by "the thread of the river" onward into Mystic lake. In 1850 all of old Charlestown lying outside the "Neck" (at Sullivan square) as far west as the Menotomy river was incorporated as the town of Somerville. Thus it occurs that the old riverside cow-stints of that long-ago time are sandwiched in between precincts one and two of the sixth ward of Medford. To be strictly correct our caption should be, "In Another Corner of Medford and Somerville." Perhaps "In Somerville's *Appendix*" might not be inappropriate, and in the interest of the local history of both we may well look into the development of this section. Primarily it was the Indians' dwelling

place. In aboriginal days Sagamore John dwelt there. It lay in the bend of the river below the tributary Menotomy.

All annalists refer to Governor Winthrop's nocturnal adventure thereat. We have heard one insist that it occurred within present Somerville bounds. Possibly it did, yet we think it equally possible to have been on the Medford side, and certainly the Indian relics exhumed in the sixties were on the Medford hill slope. The governor's night vigil is the earliest recorded history we have of this quarter, but long thereafter nothing of special note. On this bleak northwestern exposure there was nothing of an inviting nature, and until within fifty years few dwellers made homes there. The marshes of varying width bordered the Mystic, which was but little used as a waterway, though quite a little fishing was done therein, and enough in its tributary to relegate its Indian name Menotomy to obscurity and substitute the prosaic one of Alewife brook. No road crossed the river between Cradock and Wear bridges until 1857, saving for a few years the Cambridge-Woburn road over the Broughton milldam just above the Menotomy.

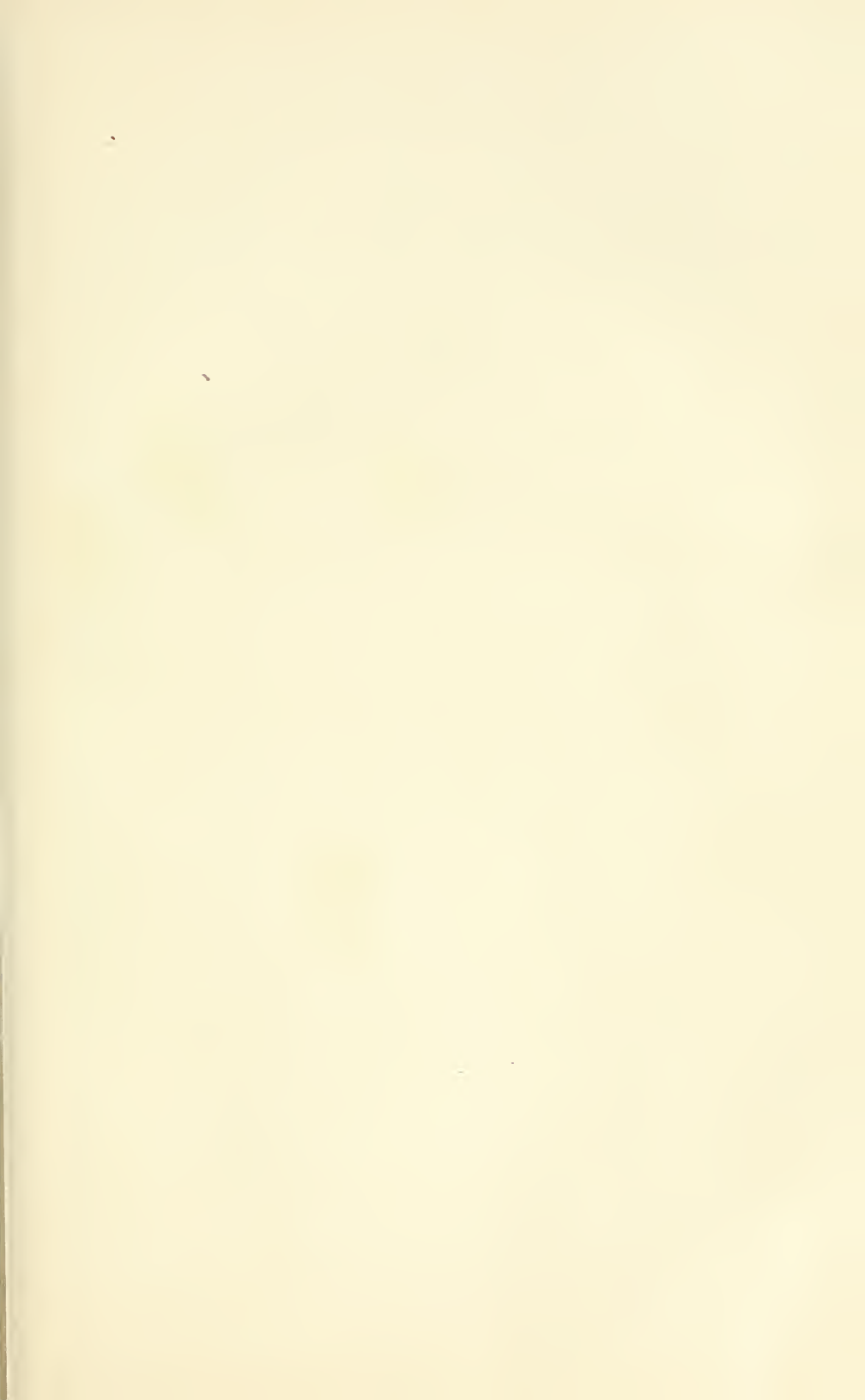
Save for a little ship-building above Cradock bridge, the view southerly from Rock hill could have differed little from that of aboriginal days, so far as human habitations were to be seen; only a few scattered dwellings. One was that of Rev. — Smith, whose daughter Abigail became the second "first lady of the land," the wife of President John Adams. But with the opening of the nineteenth century, somewhat by the influence of Medford men and Medford capital, there came one of those artificial features the amateur artist tried to portray, the old waterway known as the Middlesex canal. It passed through Mr. Smith's domain in Medford, across the Charlestown marsh, over and beyond the river into Medford again. This is the first physical change we note in this other corner of Medford. The enterprise in its entirety was, for the time, a great undertaking. As origi-

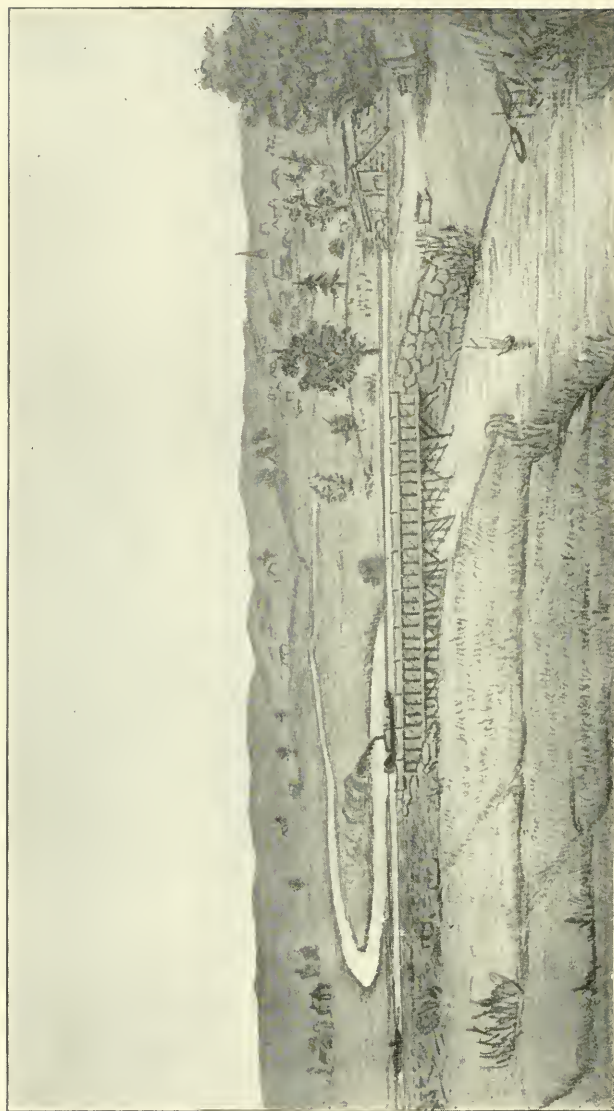
nally planned it would not have been in this quarter at all, as its southern end would have been at the upper end of Medford pond, as it was then called. To modern engineering, a mile of serpentine, shallow river would not be the serious obstruction it was then. So, contrary to the thought of the Medford promoters, the waterway was continued five miles further to Charlestown mill-pond, requiring the "Branch canal," constructed by another corporation, to connect with the river below Main street.

Ten years had elapsed since Governor Hancock signed its charter (so much of an undertaking was it) when the thirty-foot ditch, up-hill from the Merrimack at Chelmsford (Chumpsford they called it then) and down-hill from Billerica to the Charles, was completed. Then the water of Concord river was turned into it, and for fifty years laden boats passed to and fro. Rafts of timber from the forests of New Hampshire, oak timber to the Medford ship-yards, granite from Chelmsford and Tyngsboro, the great columns of the "long market" in Boston, with country produce of various kinds, floated quietly onward to their destination on its placid waters, which, like a silver ribbon, glinted in the sunshine as seen from the hill-tops. By this waterway not only the inland Middlesex towns, but those of New Hampshire, went "down to the sea in ships" from as far north as Concord.

In 1812 what is now a part of the busy city of Manchester sent its first boat to Boston, which was hailed with interest all along the line as well as at its arrival. It had a three mile journey overland prior to its launching in the Merrimack at Squog village, with forty yokes of oxen for motive power. It could lazily float down the river's current, and two horses harnessed tandem took it more quickly and were all the power needed on the canal. Those were busy, but quiet days in this other corner of Medford and Charlestown. The shouts of the boatmen and the sound of the signal-horn, as the locks were approached were all that broke the silence of the retired spot.

But people travelled on the canal too. Read what our





FIRST AQUEDUCT, AND STEAMBOAT, 1818.

Medford school-master Dame wrote thirty-three years ago. See REGISTER, Vol. I, p. 44.

When feverish haste had not yet infected society, a trip over the canal in the passenger-packet, the *Governor Sullivan* must have been an enjoyable experience. Protected by iron rules from the danger of collision, undaunted by squalls of wind, realizing that should the craft be capsized he had nothing to do but walk ashore, the traveller speeding along at the leisurely rate of four miles per hour had ample time for observation and reflection. Seated, in summer under a spacious awning, he traversed the valley of the Mystic skirting the picturesque shores of Mystic pond. Instead of a blurred landscape, vanishing, ghostlike, ere its features could be fairly distinguished, soft bits of characteristic New England scenery, clear cut as cameos, lingered caressingly on his vision—green meadows, fields riotous with blossomed clover, fragrant orchards and quaint old farmhouses, with a background of low hills wooded to their summits. Passing under bridges, over rivers, between high embankments and through deep cuttings, floated up-hill by a series of locks, he marvelled at this triumph of engineering, and if he were a director pictured the manufactures that were to spring up along this great thoroughfare, swelling its revenues for all time.

People also sought pleasure there, as the last issue of the REGISTER notes, and as Medford people recently gone from us have told with pleasant memories.

But the investigating, progressive canal agent and manager of those early days had more rapid transit in view. Horses and oxen were too slow and over in England the power of steam had been utilized, while in Scotland it had been used with but little success on a canal. Up in the backwoods of New Hampshire a curious engine had been developed by an unlettered native genius, years before Fulton made his successful experiment on the Hudson. Canal manager Sullivan, with great visions of future inland navigation by canal and river, had a boat equipped with an engine of this pattern; and one day, a century ago, it came to Medford (as documents prove) and later, all the way to the New Hampshire capital.

If the Medford boys went swimming at "Second beach" in those days, we may be sure there was a grand rush to the tow-path beside the river to see the novel sight.

Novel it certainly was, for in 1818 steamboat service had not obtained permanency in Boston harbor, though the next year a native of Medford (Rev. Charles Brooks) was instrumental in securing such service between Boston and Hingham. But certain it is, that this and other parts of Medford were the scene of the earliest steamboat days.*

Captain Sullivan was nearly a century ahead of the times, for it is only within a few years that, even with the resources of the great state of New York, steam has been successfully used on its barge canals.

Steam was destined to win on land, and some of the land is in this corner of Medford. One day, two horses slowly towed a canal boat up through Medford to the new town of Lowell which had arisen at the Pawtucket Falls of the Merrimack. That boat bore a new kind of freight, the various parts of the locomotive engine which the genius of Governor Sullivan and of the Medford capitalists had not foreseen. A lot of Walnut-tree hill, and rocks from Winter Hill had been carted onto the end of the bordering marsh making an embankment twenty feet high across it, and bridges built over the canal and river.

The canal boats had been bringing granite blocks down from Chelmsford, and

The strange spectacle was thus presented, perhaps for the first time, of a corporation assisting in the preparation for its own obsequies. (Quoted from Lorin L. Dame.)

One day (June 24, 1835) a curious array of uncouth vehicles came trundling on the iron rails laid on those granite blocks all the way from Lowell to Boston. With much exercise of patience, men unused to such work had assembled at Lowell the various parts of that nondescript freight, and a new era of *transit* and mode of *travel* was inaugurated. We use these words in *order* advisedly, as it is recorded that on the previous day, the *mail* was carried in this new way. Well, Uncle Sam's mail is supposed to have the right of way still. Whether called so then or

* See REGISTER, Vol. XVII, p. 92.

not, compared with the all day canal ride of twenty-six miles this *was certainly rapid transit*. Within a few years American mechanics were building better engines in the Lowell machine shop and running them at the speed of a mile a minute through this corner of Medford, while Medford's people were accommodated by the little station house down the track called Medford Steps. The artificial features of *water* and *railways* crossing each other, and both crossing the river, changed the natural view in this corner somewhat, yet nature was kind, the tides ebbed and flowed as before, and ere long the embankments of both were grass grown, and the scars man had made were healed. With the coming of the *rail* way, began the *water* way's decadence; which was more pronounced as steam transit extended northward from Lowell. After a few years of profitless competition, the canal succumbed, the aqueduct over and the lock beyond the river began to go to ruin. Picturesque indeed they were, as ruins generally are, and finally, after twenty years of disintegration, gave way to the new thoroughfare of Boston avenue. But in all these years this *corner* had no dwelling places. A resident of West Medford* used it in the old time way, *i.e.*, for a cow-pasture. One day in 1865, another† came over on the railroad bridge, set up his easel and made the sketch in oil, that well portrays the decaying aqueduct, and which is preserved in the Historical Society's collection. The cows driven homeward by their owner's son are in evidence in the picture, and in the distance is the old house of Henry Dunster and the "spire of Menotomy."

A few years later (1870) Mr. Stevens moved into the new house he had erected in Medford, but his only neighbors were two families (in Somerville) one of whom came with the advent of the Charlestown water works in 1865. Only one had located on all the hill-slope, and that on Winthrop street, and for some years the reservoir on the hill-top was needlessly considered a menace. The growth

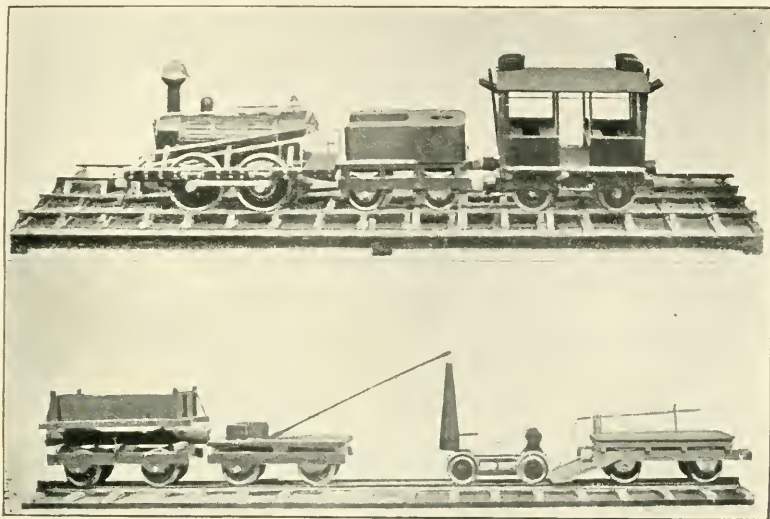
* Mr. Charles C. Stevens.

† Mr. Nathan Brown.

of that section was very slow, even after Boston avenue was opened in 1873, and which utilized the old abutments and piers built for the canal's crossing. Mr. Stevens still used the space beside the railroad, down to the Somerville line, for pasturage, and erected near his barn a silo, probably the first in Medford.

One day the few dwellers at the Hillside (as it had begun to be called) and West Medford, across the river, awoke to the fact that a new industry was to be established in their midst—one of not the most desirable character. The odors of the vast cesspool which Boston had created by turning the tannery drainage of Winchester and Woburn into the lower Mystic lake were becoming extremely offensive, and here was likely to be another trouble in the Somerville *appendix*. The spur track to the pumping station lay just inside the line, curving away on the old canal bed. Over this, the raw material could come to the unattractive works of the Colonial Chemical Company, just erected for the manufacture of a “depilatory” used in removing the hair from cattle hides. The adjoining marshland formed an excellent dumping-ground for its cinders and refuse. Unlike the human appendix, which is troublesome only to its owner, this caudal appendage of ancient Charlestown, the tail-end, geographically, of modern Somerville, bade fair to, and did, become a menace to adjoining Medford, such as *offensive* manufacturing usually become. For years it had a retarding influence upon the growth of the Hillside section of Medford, as in a few years the plant was enlarged and another building erected, into which a leather working concern came. This was located cornerwise to the railroad and conformed to the old canal's course. It was later doubled in size and another story added to the whole. During the chemical business' stay, a residence was erected for the superintendent, larger and better than the first, thus increasing the Somerville residents to four families.

In the interim between these constructions, at about



FIRST ENGINE AND CARS ON BOSTON & LOWELL RAILROAD.



GRANITE ARCH OVER MYSTIC RIVER.
BUILT BY ASA SHELDON.

1895 a new enterprise was launched, this time in Medford bounds—a paper mill. Whether the projectors really thought that the little spring near the Hillside railroad station would add materially to its water supply or furnish power, is uncertain. A dike was built from North street some distance westward, and turning extended to the railroad. In this was a bulkhead and diminutive water wheel. We have no remembrance of its ever being filled with water by the little brook that flowed beside the railroad and through the marsh to the river. An artesian well some two hundred feet deep was drilled in the rock strata; and in more recent years an iron pipe laid from the river bed across the marshland to these works, for supply. A large wooden building with three parallel slated roofs, and an engine house of brick was erected; but the paper manufacture never materialized. This product was to have been wrapping paper, and old newspaper stock was to have been utilized by some new process. After a time the Lee Cycle Co. occupied the eastern corner, but moved away before accomplishing any results.

Next, came Holmes & Smith, establishing the West Medford Laundry, but after a few months moving into other quarters. Then an automobile shop which got no further than the experimental stage. That business was then in its infancy; *horseless carriage* it was then called, and few people foresaw the extent to which it would grow. Next and for a few years, was the Fiber Manufacturing Company, which made pails and cylindrical receptacles of compressed wood fiber. But none of these concerns occupied the entire building, and the last seemed to be doing some business, when the property changed hands. The original chemical works had ceased operation, its plant was demolished and the cinder dump carted away to build sidewalks. About 1910 came the Stone, Timlow Company with an increasing leather business combined with that of wool. In 1912 the four-story brick factory (of mill construction), was erected, largely

in Somerville. Some ten or a dozen feet of it are over in Medford and on this is located the Medford fire alarm whistle. Up to this period the canal bed and banks not obliterated by Boston avenue had remained intact and sometimes held a little water as seen in our illustration. But other changes not industrial had occurred both sides the city boundary line.

The Metropolitan Park Commission made taking of land along the river and built the Parkway. In 1873 Auburn street had crossed the river below "Second beach." Its bridge in a later state of decrepitude was discontinued after the new concrete arch was built, on which both street and parkway cross each other. The latter is but little above marsh level, this made possible by the Cradock dam.

Several houses were removed and shacks (relics of the alewife fishing) were torn down, and a big hole dug in which the new bridge was built and beside it a sewer siphon. Before the arch was completed, and the contractors were ready to move the river, the impatient stream moved in itself, because the new channel had been excavated too near the old for safety. The men and horses (unlike "the hosts of Pharaoh") got out safely, but it took weeks of labor and no little expense to begin anew. With all the widening, deepening and shortening of the river, insufficient material was obtained to fill the old channel, and "Second beach" in its present condition no longer invites the swimming boys. The railroad embankment has been raised several feet and a fine concrete arch built, through which the parkway passes. During its erection, the unique construction of the railroad, *i.e.*, the four parallel walls beneath the rails were revealed. These were utilized in the rock-concrete foundation of the new bridge. It is said that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." This bridge might be, but for the disfigurement it suffered at the hands of ill mannered youth, of whom no city has reason to be proud, and whose conduct is becoming a public menace.

In the elevation of the tracks, the granite arch (built by Asa Sheldon) disappeared. As there is nothing *lost when we know where it is*, we are confident that it is still intact. The present concrete bridge built over, under, and both sides, serves its purpose, but looks inferior to the other so near. It lacks the character and rugged beauty of the old time structure.

By the "taking" by the Park Commission, the Welch Express stable just beside "Canal bridge" disappeared. Possibly sometime its driven well may be unearthed and utilized — and people wonder how it came there.

In 1902 the street railway was built on Boston avenue, after the present granite arch had been constructed. The three piers of Chelmsford granite, built in 1827 by the canal company, were used in the new bridge over the Menotomy at Broadway, but the boulder abutments of 1800 still remain. But before this time, the Arlington-Lexington sewer was constructed through the ledge beneath the parkway, through the old canal bed, and across the marsh on pile and timber support, and siphons beneath the river below the bridge.

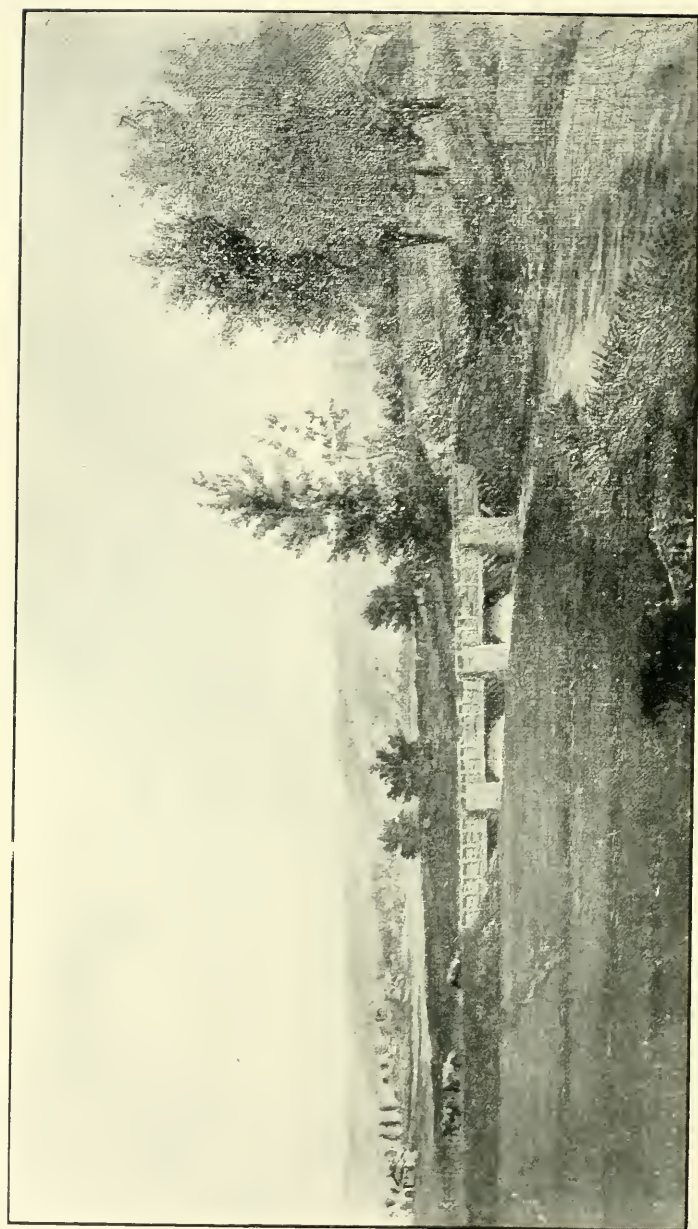
In 1910 the Hillside section had a real estate boom, and the erection of two and three apartment houses, and one story store property went on apace. This continued until war-time, but ceased with prohibitive high cost of building. But one exception should be noticed. Early in 1918 the American Woolen Company acquired the factory site, marsh land and buildings of the Stone Timlow Company and at the present writing is just completing a five story storehouse of reinforced concrete of the most substantial construction. This is entirely on the marsh land and wholly within the Somerville part of the "corner."

This structure is intended mainly for storage of the raw material or "waste," which is brought from the various plants of the concern, to be reworked in the other buildings already mentioned or to be erected. It is the most radical change this part of the old cow-pasture has experienced in all its history. The works, when completed,

will employ several hundred persons of both sexes, who will require places of abode and education of their children. Thus both Medford and Somerville will find added problems to solve. In years ago, but within memory, conditions had been unsavory in the Somerville corner. A slaughter-house was on the old rangeway for many years. At about 1874 a hill below it was devoted to drying hog-bristles. Later this hill was all dug down and carted away, and to its place was moved the Somerville pest-house. This remained for a period of years beside the serpentine, sluggish Alewife brook. This latter had been receiving the refuse and filth of Tannery brook, with its adjoining marshes a foot *lower* than those a *mile down stream*. Little wonder that malaria was in an alarming increase. One day the writer noticed an unusual stir about the pest-house, and an orderly crowd gathering. Approaching nearer he was in time to see one of the city officials apply the torch thereto, and witnessed its destruction. A little later, the Powder House boulevard and Somerville field were constructed in its locality. Next, the hill-slope up to the zigzag boundary line was built over with dwellings.

While the cow-pasture lines remain intact in our municipal boundaries, we wonder, sometimes, about those in "the thread of the river." Both the Mystic and Menotomy, which divide Somerville from Medford and Arlington, now flow in channels other than those of ten years ago; but as they flow within the Park Commission's jurisdiction, there is little chance of either private or municipal disagreement.

Another allusion to that crude portrayal of this Medford-Somerville corner. While it depicted the "river, canal and railroad," it also showed, hovering overhead, a *balloon*. We wondered quite a little at such portrayal, but of late have queried if it were not really so, for at about those years we find mention in the papers of aeronaut Lauriat and his balloon ascensions. It *may* be that it was even so. Be that as it may, on the evening of



RUINS OF SECOND AQUEDUCT, 1865.

July 4, 1911, the writer witnessed the flight of an airplane over this same quarter, as did the great company assembled about "Somerville field." Contrast this last occasion with the night vigil of Gov. John Winthrop, only a few rods away, on October 11, 1630, if you will. Contrast the horseless carriage, or "steam buggy," first seen in Boston streets in 1866, with the uncounted automobiles that pass over the Mystic Valley parkway in this other corner of Medford and Somerville, think of what may, ere long, be in the air over it, and — finish this story at some later date.

A NEW MEDFORD INDUSTRY.

The American Woolen Company have located their new plant in West Medford for the reclaiming of wool waste, worsted waste, and other by-products of a woolen and worsted mill. We are the first textile manufacturers to take up this branch.

WOOL PRODUCTION.

Sheep thrive in every civilized country of the world. As far back as history records, herding of sheep and growing of wool have claimed the attention of the human race. It has always been recognized that wool possesses certain qualities for which no substitute can be found. No other fibre has the spinning and felting properties combined with health and warmth giving characteristics so necessary for the protection of the human body.

For wools used in the manufacture of wearing apparel we, in competition with the rest of the world, must bid in markets of Australia, New Zealand, Argentine, Uruguay and British South Africa. These are the world's producing areas where the clip is not used for domestic manufacturing, but is available for export to countries which have the equipment to convert this wool into the finished products.

Nineteen sixteen was the world's greatest year for production of wool, with the following amounts produced for export. Australia, New Zealand, 644,000,000 greasy or 353,000,000 scoured; British South Africa, 157,000,000 greasy or 52,000,000 scoured; Argentine, Uruguay, 409,000,000 greasy or 245,000,000 scoured.

WHAT SHODDY IS.

In the popular conception, shoddy typifies that which is undesirable. The word is a synonym of inferiority, subterfuge and deceit. The public is accustomed to condemn where it does not understand, and it seems desirable that some light should be shed to clear up this misconception in the use of shoddy. The word shoddy is derived from *shod*, meaning a parting or separation.

Before cloth can be woven the wool must first be spun into yarn which is either woolen or worsted, depending both on process and the raw materials used. Worsted yarn must be made from virgin wool which is combed so the fibres lie parallel along the length of the yarn. Such yarn can be utilized in a fabric where strength and durability are desired rather than warmth and imperviousness. Woolen yarn is made from wool fibres, and instead of combing, the process of carding is used, which interlaces, mixes and crisscrosses the fibre to the maximum possible. Such a yarn is more lofty, and permits felting and locking of the individual strands of yarn when they are woven, thereby producing a cloth which is less porous than worsted cloth but not necessarily so strong. It is not only desirable that woolen cloth be made from yarn which has both long and short fibres, but it is essential that such be the case if a compact, airtight fabric is to be produced, the longer fibre providing the strength and the shorter ones filling up the spaces and binding the contiguous yarns in a piece of cloth.

The first by-product of a worsted mill is *noils*. These are short wool fibres combed out of wool to be spun into a worsted yarn. Noils form the most important raw

stock in a woolen mill. As the wool progresses through its various stages in the manufacture of cloth, minor wastes appear, such as card waste, flyings, and strippings, and although this wool fibre has not been subjected to wear and tear of usage, it can be only utilized in a woolen mill, as it is neither virgin wool nor noils and is classed as shoddy.

Real shoddy, however, as it is understood, consists of fragments of cloth or other wool material which has to be picked preparatory to its use on woolen cards. From the tailor's clips which are left after his patterns are cut, is derived an important source of shoddy. Shoddy is as good or as bad as the cloth from which it is derived. So on down the scale to frayed and worn-out stockings, which have been discarded to the ragman; to the cotton and wool mixtures which have to be carbonized and neutralized to eliminate the vegetable matter; these are the sources of the shoddy supply.

If it were not for re-worked wool there would not be enough wool in the world to clothe the human race.

GEO. M. WALLACE.

ABIJAH THOMPSON'S "GLEANINGS."

We are gladly presenting a communication, inadvertently overlooked by a former editor, and which has but recently come to our notice. Its author, Abijah Thompson, was, at the time of writing and for some years, a member of the Medford Historical Society, and its library received many accessions from him. He was a native of Woburn, his ancestors being early settlers there. The locality which he describes has not altogether outgrown the name of *Thompsonville*.

Two brooks converged there, and his forebears conserved the water power, establishing a leather business. The oak-tanned leather of A. Thompson & Co. had a wide reputation for its standard quality. His uncle Abijah, for whom he was named, was the senior partner

and bore the military title of General, though it was acquired in "the piping times of peace." His father, Benjamin Franklin, removed to South Woburn, establishing himself there in the leather business. He also had a title, as he was chosen deacon of the Congregational Church, which was formed in this new section of Woburn, which in 1850, with slices of West Cambridge and Medford territory, became the town of Winchester.

Deacon Benjamin Thompson continued in office and in business until 1864, and was succeeded in the latter by his sons Abijah and Stephen. The former was especially interested in historic matters, and paid much attention to the preservation of the annals of his native and later home towns. We recall that in the '60s he planned for the erection of a residence beside the Aberjona, laying out a miniature park, planting trees and building bridges across the stream. But for some reason he ceased work there and erected a pleasant dwelling-place in the west part of the town and there resided for many years. In the former place he was years in advance of the times; but present "Manchester field" is the site of his father's factory, and the improved Aberjona, with its island and bridges, is a part of the Metropolitan park system.

When the Winchester Historical Society was in operation he was interested in its work. For some years he was mainly instrumental in publishing the *Winchester Press*. The weekly issues of that paper contained many articles written by him, or secured by him from others, which form a highly interesting narrative and trustworthy basis of a town history.*

This must have been a labor of love on the part of Abijah Thompson, appreciated by some of his townsmen — and unappreciated by many others.

The Winchester Historical Society is now inoperative, but during its active days published two volumes which contain much of interest, including papers read at its

* In the library of the New England Historical and Genealogical Society these articles, clipped from the *Press*, are carefully arranged in order, mounted on blank paper and suitably bound in book form under the title of *History of Winchester, Mass.*

meetings. The *Press* ceased publication after a few years, but during its issue, through Mr. Thompson's efforts, preserved much of local history. He doubtless experienced some pleasure and satisfaction in so doing, and his "Gleanings" in this issue of the REGISTER shows that he did not confine his effort and interest to his home town. But at last, as the burden of years was upon him, he gave up his congenial tasks. His last days were of physical weakness, and spent with relatives in our city, where he recently passed away.

Who will take up his favorite work and fill the blanks in his "Gleanings" of nearly twenty years ago?"

GLEANINGS.

Among the pleasant memories of the past, are many scenes that transpired during our youthful days. A striking figure on the stage of recollection is Nathan Childs, the village baker, who had his shop in the good old town of Medford. He drove his cart through the streets from door to door, and continued on through the neighboring towns. In Woburn town, on Pleasant street, there stood a cluster of houses, at the junction of two streets, one of which led directly to Lexington—that town of historic fame—while the other wound its way to Burlington, the town that protected Hancock and Adams, while the British soldiers marched to Concord.

The coming and going of Nathan Childs to and from this little group of neighbors, was like the old clock that stood in the corner of the family room—tick, tick, strike, all the day long, always on time. Nathan Childs had an eye to business—he was a friend to the old and the young. His cart was not unlike other bakers' carts, while the jingle of the old sleigh bells was heard from afar. He was always ready to share his seat with one or more, and was sure to treat them to his good old-fashioned molasses gingerbread.

One day, a new sound was heard in the distance—music came floating through the air, when lo and behold! there appeared a new cart painted in gaudy colors, a new

horse and a new harness. Attached to the saddle was a chime of bells discoursing silvery music to the ear. Painted upon the cart, in imitation of his shop, was the partially open door, over which we read NATHAN CHILDS, BAKER. There was the painted sash and the green blinds, the shingle roof and the old red brick chimney, all as natural as life, and mounted upon his seat, sat Nathan Childs, monarch of all he surveyed. Keith of Keith's Theatre fame, in this our day, with his advertising scheme of the four-in-hand with its numberless chimes of bells ringing through the streets, is far behind the times. Nathan Childs led the van, while those of today simply follow on. On the muster field, at the cattle shows, and at the auctions, Nathan Childs was sure to be found. On the day that Massachusetts went to Concord and fought there the great battle for the election of President William Henry Harrison, Nathan Childs was seen in that countless throng that followed the great ball as it rolled on, while in the rear came the log cabins, the hard cider and the striped pig. Nathan Childs gained the field, and upon it, he rang out his chime of bells. The country lads and lasses were soon eating that good old-fashioned molasses gingerbread.

One day Nathan Childs disappeared—he never came again. On looking for his epitaph, we find in the History of Medford the following tribute by the historian:

“Mr. Childs continued to sell bread in the neighboring towns, for a long time. Many of our Medford people have pleasant memories of the genial countenance and kind words of Nathan Childs, the deaf baker, who went from house to house, with his ear trumpet in hand, bound to hear precisely what his customers ordered, and sure to fill all orders.”

Who can fill the blanks?

NATHAN CHILDS.

b.

d.

Married

b.

d.

Lies buried in

ABIJAH THOMPSON.

A LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

Shall we have a League of Nations,
 To uphold the cause of right?
 Shall we have a League of Nations,
 To efface the sway of might?
 Shall we have a League of Nations,
 Peace and justice to instill?

With one accord the whole world answers,
 "A League of Nations? Yes, we will! We will! We will!"

Shall we have a League of Nations,
 Save for home, our boys, our men?
 Shall we have a League of Nations,
 Sheathe the sword, and wield the pen?
 Shall we have a League of Nations,
 Arbitrate, and cease to kill?

With one accord the whole world answers,
 "A League of Nations? Yes, we will! We will! We will!"

Shall we have a League of Nations,
 To protect the great and small?
 Shall we have a League of Nations,
 All for one, and one for all?
 Shall we have a League of Nations,
 Cherished ideals to fulfill?

With one accord the whole world answers,
 "A League of Nations? Yes, we will! We will! We will!"

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LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MERCURY."

Friday, February 22, 1884.

The town hall question is likely to be brought up at the March meeting, with a prospect of receiving a fair hearing from all citizens prepared to consider the reasons for or against this important project. If there is evident need of a new hall—and who has heard an expression contrary to it?—why should we not at this time take the necessary steps toward securing the desired object? What is in the way? Can't the town afford it? Will it be in better condition five or ten years hence? As to location, public opinion quite prominently sets strongly in the direction of the Dr. Swan estate, now owned by the town. It is so near the square that the argument of the necessity of placing it exactly thereon loses much of its force, as everybody knows there is no overpowering reason why the square should be considered the only fit place for the edifice. In the interest of economy, we ought to decide this prominent and beautiful situation to be our *best situation*.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
FOREST STREET	<i>Frontispiece</i>
SCRAPS OF PAPER	45
WRIT OF ATTACHMENT. <i>Illustration</i>	<i>Facing</i> 51
MEMORIAL DAY. <i>L. B. A.</i>	53
MEDFORD CAMP FIRE GIRLS. <i>Editor</i>	57
THE GIRL'S STORY. <i>Mabel C. Lowry</i>	58
IN EARLIER DAYS	59
SHIP YARD ECHOES	62
A CORRECTION	64
ANNOUNCEMENT	64

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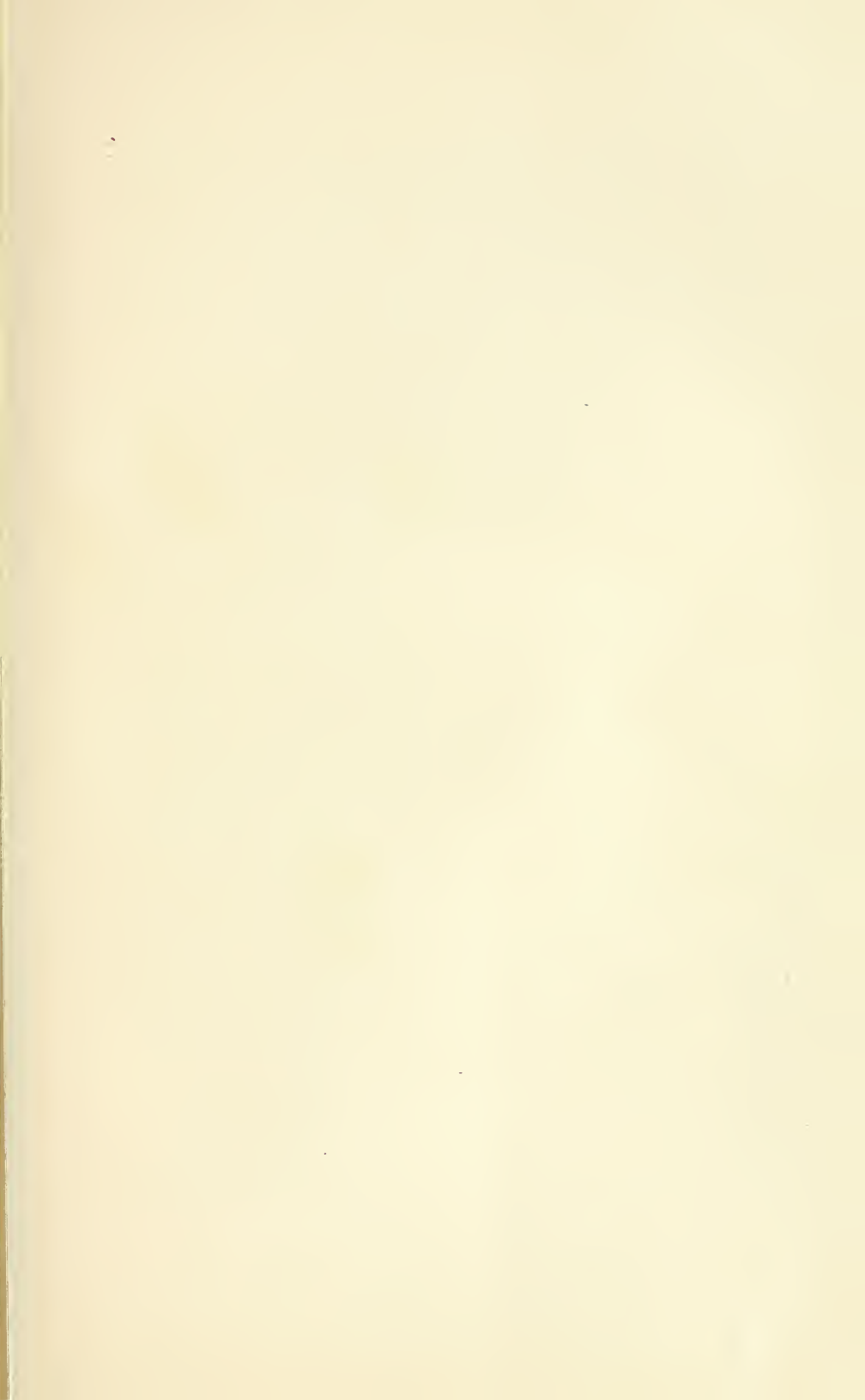
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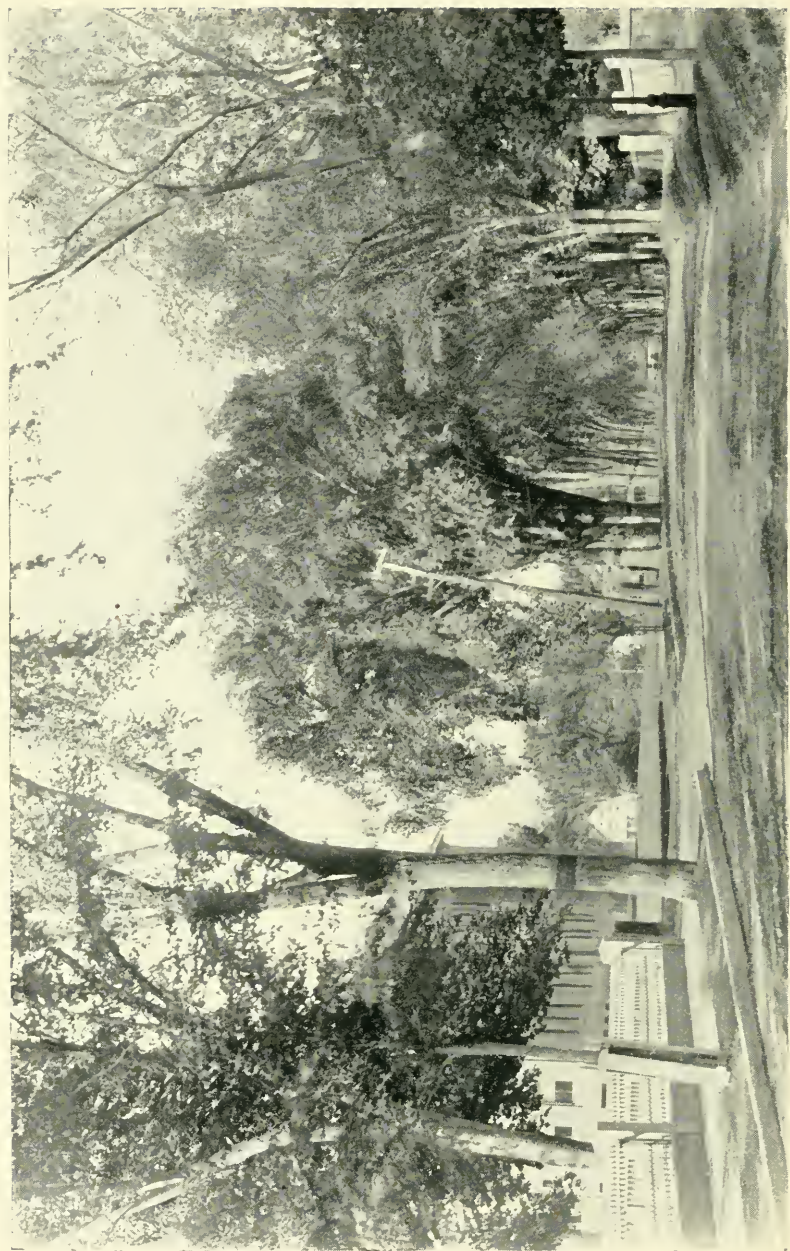
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FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the Medford Historical Society, in
the city of Medford, Mass., the sum of _____ Dollars for
the general use and purposes of said Society.

(Signed) _____





FOREST STREET (FORMERLY ANDOVER TURNPIKE)

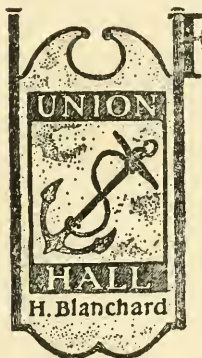
The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XXII.

JULY, 1919.

No. 3.

SCRAPS OF PAPER.



FOR a violated treaty the reader will look here in vain, but may find something relating to Medford, suggested by a ragged sheet of paper legibly written upon more than a century ago. It is one of several furnished us by the late Francis A. Wait, who wrote:

You can put this in the REGISTER if you see fit. Mr. Blanchard's hotel was just south of Cradock bridge. A portion of the house is standing now on Main street.

For a better understanding of it, a backward look is worth while. Medford in 1805 had but little more than eleven hundred inhabitants. The most direct route of travel from northern and eastern New England converged in its market place and passed over the river toward Boston. Ship-building had just been established on the river; the Middlesex Canal, only completed two years before, was in operation; the cracker bakery just started on its successful career; and business enough to require a clerk of the market in 1801. There were several taverns for accommodation of travellers, and the product of several distil-houses had acquired a more than local reputation.

Tradition has it

That a man named Blanchard who had connections in Malden, was the first to set up a distillery in Medford. It was on the south side of the river. . . . afterward used by Hezekiah Blanchard the innholder, who distilled anise-seed, snake-root and clove-water.

While authentic history places Andrew Hall's beginning of the rum making in 1735, it also credits this same Hezekiah Blanchard with a similar plant a little farther away behind Dead Man's alley, otherwise River street.

Certain it is, that the latter was engaged both in tavern-keeping and distilling in 1796, as appears in his advertisement in the *Columbian Centinel* of September 3. It stated that in the old house which he had enlarged and given the name of Union Hall, there was

every convenience to promote festivity and happiness; the house is furnished with the best of Wine, Porter and other Liquors, and every kind of refreshment called for can be supplied, . . . and those who are fond of an afternoon's excursion for amusement and exercise can be accommodated . . . the distance from Boston not so long as to occasion fatigue, and long enough to promote exercise.

The advertisement informed the public that its "humble servant" also made the best of spirits and would sell, both wholesale and retail at reasonable prices.

With the opening of the new century, he was succeeded by his son Hezekiah, who upon the father's death in 1803 dropped the distinguishing Junior, signing his given name abbreviated, but with a spreading flourish beneath, as appears on his bill, which we note. He continued the business until his death in 1818.

Till 1804, the bridge across the river was but little above full tide and had no draw, and only Salem and High Streets were the outward country roads, what was later Ship Street being only local.

With increasing business, the Medford turnpike road across the marsh to Charlestown had been built in 1803 to do away with the tedious haul over Winter Hill, and in 1804 the project of another and shorter route to Andover was agitated, resulting in the charter on June 15, 1805, of the Andover and Medford Turnpike. The incorporators, according to the Brooks history, were Jonathan Porter, Joseph Hurd, Nathan Parker, Oliver Holden and Fitch Hall. The meager account we have of

its construction and history shows it in marked contrast to the other. The former, with everything of material to be carted onto and sinking into the salt-marsh, continually needing repair, was maintained as a toll road till 1867. This latter (shortening the distance three miles and opening new territory for improvement in Medford), with plenty of the best material at hand for building and repair, was never a profitable investment, and as early as 1828 was offered for sale. No buyers appearing, it became, in 1831, a free road in all the towns wherein it was located. In Medford it became the beautiful Forest street. Just who were the first Board of Directors we may not say, very likely the gentlemen above named, the first and last being of Medford. What more convenient place for their gathering for business than the well appointed inn of mine host Hezekiah Blanchard? And so this old time-worn bill of his comes to us, a mute witness of men and times long gone. Here it is; we bespeak for this carefully made copy a critical reading.

The Directors for the Andover & Medford Turnpike Road

	To Hez ^h Blanchard	Dr	d cents
1805			
Nov ^{br}	To 4 Botwls Ginn Toddy 1s/6d	\$1.00	
	To 8 Suppers 2s/3d	3	
	To 1 Bottle wine 4s/6d	75	
Dec ^{br} 2	To 4 Breakfasts 2s/3d	1 50	
	To 1 Pint Bitters 1s/6d	25	
	To 9 Dinners 2s/3d To 3 Bowls Toddy 1s/6d	4 12	
	To 1 Bowl Toddy 1s/6d To Bating 4 Horss	1s/6d 1.25	
11	To 1 Bowl Toddy 1s/6d To 1 mug flip	50	
	To 1 Pint Brandy 3s/ To Bating 2 hors	1	
21	To 3 Bowls Toddy 1/6 To 6 Dinner 2/3		
	To 1 Pint Ginn 3s/d To Bating 4 horse	1.50	
	To 1 Pint Ginn 3s/d To 1 Pint for Ditto 3s/	1	
	To 1 Pint for Ditto 3s/d To 1 Bowl for		
		Ditto 1/6	75
	To Bating horses 1s/6d	75	

Omitted

Jan ^y	To Col ⁿ Warner Expenses in Town	1 45
1806 Apr 5	To 5 Dinners 2/3 to Brandy Toddy	2 17
	To 3 Bowls toddy 1s/6d To 1 Glaſs Toddy	87
	To Bating 1 hors 1/6	25

S & 10	To the Directors Bill for Five Dollars & 82 cents	5.82
--------	---	------

24	To 4 Bowls Toddy 1/6 To Bating 4 horses	1.67
----	---	------

		\$29.54
deduct Warners expenses		1.45

deduct Clerks bill		\$28.09
		4.22

To charge in the Corporation bill dated Feb. 3 1806	23.87
which should be charged to the Directors	6.

29.87

May 22^d 1806

Rec'd the above in full

Heze^b Blanchard

As may be noted, its date is the first year of the corporation's existence. Very likely the directors met then to discuss ways and means and to ride thence over the course of the new road on tours of inspection.

Evidently by the number of suppers there were eight present at the November gathering, and we may wonder which four had the "Ginn Toddy," and which other four were content with the *one* bottle of wine.

Incidentally we notice that the initial charge is written To 4 Bo—then a t crossed several times—wls. The English money reckoning was still in vogue, as it was somewhat within our remembrance. "Two and thripence" was the charge for the "eats" at Blanchard's, morning, noon and night alike. Probably December 2 was a cold morning, but the four directors that had breakfast were fortified (or thought they were), by the modest allowance of one pint of bitters, ere they set out on the rocky road by Spot Pond.

But they came back with reinforcements, for *nine* sat down to dinner, and, strange to say, only *four* bowls

of toddy. As Blanchard had "Entertainment for Man and Beast" the charge of "one and six" for "Hors" completed the charge for that day, each day's charge being separated by a line drawn across the unruled page.

The next charge is interesting; two *horses* did the *eating* and (presumably two) *men* the drinking, the particular "vanity" of one being a mug of flip, probably smaller than the toddy bowl, but same price. We have been asked "What was flip?" Well, it was *hot* stuff, so was toddy; but flip was heated by the insertion of a red hot poker into the contents of the mug when served to the guest.

We fail to note any difference in the price of "Ginn" and brandy in the raw, but the director who indulged in *brandy* toddy was taxed five cents more than for the decoction from gin.

It is too late to rectify mistakes (for the innkeeper has been dead a century), but he forgot to insert in charge column three dollars for three toddys and six dinners, and made a slight error in his footing.

It would be interesting to know who Col. Warner was, and the *items* of his "expense in town" that was overlooked at the time, later charged, and at last deducted. He may have been an adviser or engineer, and so a guest of the directors. If so, why the final deduction? And why the deduction of "Clerks bill, \$4.22"?

On the back of this old scrap of paper are two "examples in short division,"

$$\begin{array}{r} 6)2954 \\ 492 \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 7)2954 \\ 422 \end{array}$$

Why this division of the total of the bill by seven? and amount of *that* quotient deducted instead of the one evidently first made.

Possibly the final entry may explain. By that entry it appears that the innkeeper had a separate bill against the turnpike *company*, and had erroneously charged six dollars to the company on February 3. The "clerk" might not have been a director, but an employee of the company, meeting with the directors, who may have

numbered six. For want of any such bills, we are led to infer that the directors of the Andover Turnpike paid collectively their own expenses, and the company those of the clerk and Col. Warner. If so they were unlike those of the Middlesex Canal whose accounts show "wines, lemons, sugar, trucking same, and broken tumblers," "for the directors party."

Much has been written about that famous old waterway, and it is still a favorite and interesting subject, but little has been written of this last outlet of travel from Medford square.

In the library of the Historical Society is a framed picture of the old toll house, made long after its use as such. Its Medford milestones still remain; the second one, because of the thoughtful interest taken by one not a resident of Medford. This old bill of Blanchard's will find a place beside the picture, as one of the few tangible reminders of the enterprise of Medford's solid men at the opening of the nineteenth century. Its itemized charges show \$4.50 for baiting horses, and of the \$17.83 for the men, \$8.09 was for their liquid refreshment that in those days was deemed so essential; and the three items in lump sum probably in the same proportion. But how would the site of Union hall appear to its proprietor could he see it today? No ginn toddy, bitters or flip at any price, no "bating hors," but more automobiles in twenty-four hours than horses in a year then, and no walking out from Boston for exercise.

Jonathan Porter would look with delight upon the elm arched vista of Forest street, and turning about find his old home, the only thing of that day remaining, changed somewhat, but still recognizable. Col. Fitch Hall could find the old mansions a little way up High street. Both did well in projecting and building the Andover Turnpike, one hundred and fourteen years ago.

AN OLDER SCRAP.

At the May meeting of the Historical Society, President Charles E. Mann of the Malden society read an in-



To the Marshall General or Constable of Mauden
or either of their deputies

You are required in his Majesty's name to attach y^e goods for want
thereof y^e bodies of m^r Edward Colborne, m^r Joseph Hill Executors
of y^e last will & testament of m^r Henry Dunster, deceased) estate lands
of them, to y^e value of five hundred pounds, with sufficient surety, as far as
for their appearance at y^e next County Court to be holdⁿ at Alden, y^e
last Tuesday of this month, there to answer the complaint of m^r Joseph
Humphrey in Edward Colborne, Administrators of John Humphrey Esq^r:
deceased) in an action of the trespass for y^e said y^e Dunster sold away y^e
windmill of y^e said John Humphrey Esq^r: (as a term of his y^e Spec^r &
Humphreys in Lynn, with a barn not enclosed & containing (con-
taining to y^e pts y^e good Jamet, the head of m^r & about 20, and
answer y^e habeas: da: this 3^d of July 1682

Y^e Court Hill, 15th Nov^r 1682

teresting paper with the now world famous caption. The scrap of paper in that case we reproduce in this issue. The Edward Collins named therein was Medford's "first land speculator" — who purchased the Cradock farm. It is significant that the dwelling was styled "Medeford House." Henry Dunster (first president of Harvard College) also mentioned therein and associated with Collins — owned the land and dwelling on the opposite side of the river (now Arlington)* and in one of his and Increase Nowell's leases the lessee was to pay £3 per year in wheat and barley at 4s per bushel, delivered at Medeford House twice each year; the first payment to be in 1648.

The lease was for fifteen years and the property was in Lynn.

Mr. Mann said

A strange thing about this interesting document is that it should have led to such drastic proceedings, when one considers the fact that the immediate parties were all dead. Joseph Hills had done absolutely nothing for which he deserved arrest, neither had Edward Collins, who was an early settler of Cambridge and a most useful man in that community and in Medford. Henry Dunster, whose estate they represented, was dead. Deputy Governor, John Humphry, the owner . . . incidentally of Wind-Mill Hill [in Lynn where the leased property was] was also dead; Rev. Jose Glover, the man whose loan of 80 pounds to John Humphry, led to all the trouble, was so long dead that his name scarcely finds a place in the proceeding.

Another interesting thing in this old scrap of paper is that Malden's constable was dignified by the title of "Marshall Generall," in 1662.

ON THE LEVEL ROAD.

More modern, but still almost ninety years old is another scrap, a souvenir of the Medford turnpike. This relic was also furnished by Mr. Wait, antedating his own service.

In Vol. XIV. p. 4, (REGISTER) may be found Mr. Wait's account of *Medford Milkmen*, and his own experience on

* See REGISTER, Vol. XIII., p. 9.

the Smith "milkcart." The "milkcart" of 1829, were later known as *milkwagons*, and those built at the upper end of the turnpike had an enviable reputation for durability. Their makers have kept abreast of the times, and their products, both horse drawn and motor driven, are in marked contrast to those that passed the old toll gate in 1829.

The Estate of Mr. Elijah Smith

to the Proprietors of the Medford Turnpike. Dr.
Toll for milk cart. Pasing from June 22, 1829, to January 1,
1830. \$5.19

By cash

2.00

3.19

1830, July 5, Recd. Payment for the Proprietors
James Kidder.

By this scrap of paper it appears that the toll levied for the daily passage of such vehicles was ten dollars per year, and that the rule of "cash before carting" or payment in advance, had not then been fully established. Whoever rides over the Mystic avenue of today, finds far better conditions, though there is still room for improvement. Several railroad schemes, upon and beside it, have been broached, but none have materialized. Meanwhile Medford is slowly expanding, and some day will see, instead of the tide-mill and pond and the later racetrack, buildings devoted to business use along both sides of the old Medford turnpike.

When that shall be, those who use the old pike will miss the bleak prospect we had there in 1860. In company with some forty schoolmates from another town, returning from a sleigh ride to the Navy Yard and State Prison, the ride was along this road. The wind was bitterly cold, and the tumbled-up ice on the salt marsh a novelty to many of the company. The memory of that dreary portion of the excursion still lingers. The driver paid the toll. But five years earlier the same boy, returning from Boston by wagon, asked why a *second* toll?

and received the reply, "You didn't think I was going over that hill with this load, did you?" The longer road over Winter Hill took horse power, and for a century and a half the travel had been that way. Possibly the opening of the canal in 1803 and the easy haulage of heavy-laden boats by only two horses thereon may have suggested and hastened the building of the turnpike road in 1804.

MEMORIAL DAY.

May 23 and 24, 1865. Imagine yourself in Washington. A column of soldiers thirty miles in length is passing by. Can you see those regiments from the east and west, those men from the Potomac, from the Cumberland, from the Wilderness, from Chattanooga, as they march down Pennsylvania avenue from the Capitol with their bayonets flashing and battle flags flying? You are witnessing one of the greatest spectacles ever seen in America—a grand review of the Union armies before the troops are mustered out of service.

Bonds of comradeship such as these veterans had formed by their four years of service and sacrifice are not easily broken however, and soon local organizations sprang up for the purpose of fostering these friendships and of honoring the memory of those who had given their lives to preserve the Union. This movement soon became nation-wide, and in 1866 a great national organization was founded under the name of the "Grand Army of the Republic," with state departments and local posts. The first post was organized at Decatur, Ill., April 6, 1866.

The organization was a fraternal, charitable, and patriotic association, composed exclusively of soldiers and sailors of the United States army, navy, and marine corps who served during the Civil War and had been honorably discharged. The underlying idea of the founder, Dr. B. F. Stevenson, was to have a grand or-

ganization of veterans so united by feelings of loyalty and duty that it would be a powerful factor against treason to our government.

On the fifth of May, 1868, Commander-in-Chief John A. Logan of the Grand Army issued a general order designating the thirtieth of May, 1868, "for the purpose of strewing with flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country during the late rebellion." He did this with the hope that it would be kept up from year to year. Already in some of the southern states the women had laid their flowers on the graves of the Confederate dead to show their devotion to the "Lost Cause," but in the north there was no fixed date till 1868. In 1882 the Grand Army urged that May thirtieth be "Memorial Day," not "Decoration Day," as it had commonly been called. Since 1910 it has been a legal holiday in most of the states and territories.

"Memorial Day" is something more than a decoration day. Every national day is a memorial day. Such days should teach us to feel more strongly our duty to our country. They should fill us with enthusiasm and love for our native land; they should bring home to us more vividly the sacrifices of our fathers, and should make us realize that upon us devolves the task of carrying on the work which they began.

It has been said that the declaiming of Webster's patriotic sentiments by the school boys of the north prepared them to take up arms to defend the Union in '61. May we not with equal truth say that the splendid patriotic work of the "Grand Army of the Republic" prepared our boys for '98, and for the late World War?

But fifty years is a long period in a man's life, and comparatively few of those who marched with the "Boys of '61" are with us today. There is no recruiting office in the Grand Army, and when the last member joins his comrades in the Grand Reunion will "Memorial Day" become obsolete? No, the "Spanish War Veterans," the

new "American Legion," and other affiliated organizations are making themselves such a vital force that Memorial Day will continue to be a day of veneration, of faith, of triumph. Its future is secure.

MEMORIAL DAY IN MEDFORD.

May 30, 1919, was an ideal day. The memorial exercises for the day were in charge of Samuel C. Lawrence Post, 66, G. A. R.

This Post, with other affiliated organizations, formed at Grand Army hall, and joined by members of the city government, marched to Oak Grove cemetery, where the usual Memorial Day services were held. This year they were particularly impressive. From Oak Grove the march was resumed, and the Cross street and Salem street cemeteries were visited and the graves of comrades decorated. Returning to Grand Army hall, a dinner was served by the Women's Relief Corps and the Daughters of Veterans to the members of the Grand Army and the Sons of Veterans.

Year by year the thinning ranks of the Grand Army remind us that half a century has passed since the close of the Civil War; but on this "Memorial Day" years seem to have vanished, for the ranks are filled again with young men — men of the "American Legion" — who march proudly side by side with the veterans of '61 and '98.

Our Medford Post, 66, has now fifty-two names on its roll; of these, thirty-two comrades took part in the exercises of the day.

George L. Stokell, Commander.
Albert W. Patch, Senior Vice-Commander.
Charles O. Burbank, Junior Vice-Commander.
George D. Kellam, Adjutant.
Albert A. Samson, Quartermaster.
Milton F. Roberts, Surgeon.
Joseph A. Chapin, Chaplain.
Albert G. Webb, Officer of the Day.

Edward F. Smith, Officer of the Guard.
 Isaac H. Gardner, Quartermaster Sergeant.
 Oscar A. Allen, Patriotic Instructor.

William H. Alden	Winslow Joyce
John F. Barrows	Thomas B. Kelley
John L. Brockway	Fred. A. Kent
James H. Burpee	Joseph F. King
Royal F. Carr	Daniel W. Lawrence
Arthur D. Chickering	Charles W. Libby
Nason B. Cunningham	J. Everett Pierce
William H. Dunbar	Alvin R. Reed
Charles W. Ellis	George R. Russell
Willard B. Emery	James W. Smith
Edgar A. Hall	

The exercises of this year mark a transition period in the observance of Memorial Day. It is unlikely that the veterans will march on future occasions as before. They invited the young veterans now home from oversea, and who are forming the new American Legion, to participate with them in the duties of the day. So to the Legion comes the heritage of the Grand Army of the Republic, which will continue its organization and maintain its principles to the last. These younger veterans will take up the patriotic duty, and year by year, though old comrades fail to appear, will be manifest the enduring principles of American citizenship and loyalty. Just what form the details of the annual observance under the newer organization will take, we may not say, but the Grand Army of the Republic has set a worthy example.

“On this memorial day of Peace fulfilled,
 When to the God of battles praise is said
 For warfare done and the long clamor stilled,
 Forget not then the dead.”

* * * * *

“Yet will we keep, who cannot else repay
 The dearest gift that Love has power to give,
 For them the first place in our thoughts today —
 Our dead, through whom we live.”

L. B. A.

MEDFORD CAMP FIRE GIRLS.

The future historian of Medford will find he has a task on his hands to enumerate the various social and fraternal organizations that have been or are existent at the time of his writing. Not so Mr. Brooks in 1855. His list included but three—Sons of Temperance, Masons, and the Medford Salt-marsh Corporation. To-day their name is *Legion*, for they are “many.” At the present time the spirit of organization is everywhere. The young people have caught it, and the wide-spread helpful influence of the Boy Scouts is everywhere felt.

As a bit of current history we wish to mention another which has obtained place in Medford, that of the Camp Fire Girls. In a previous issue the REGISTER has told of their visit to the Historical rooms and of their lighting of our initial (matchless) fire on the Society’s hearthstone. On a recent occasion they were again both our guests and entertainers. One of their number, delegated to do so, told of their aim to live up to the law of the Camp Fire, which is to

Seek beauty, Give service, Pursue knowledge, Be trustworthy,
Hold on to health, Glorify work, and Be happy.

Of the three degrees —

“Wood Gatherer,” “Fire Maker,” and “Torch Bearer,”

saying,

It is only by effort, and by sincere and earnest work, that each degree is obtained. A Camp Fire Girl must earn a certain number of honors in order to obtain her degree, but it isn’t the spirit of the Camp Fire Girls to see how many pretty bright-colored beads they can gain in order to have a long chain — *theirs is the joy in earning them.*

She explained their watchword, *Wo-he-lo*, as compounded from work, health, love, and the entire company recited with her the desires of each degree. One, especially beautiful, we quote —

As fuel is brought to the fire, so I purpose to bring my strength, my ambition, my heart’s desire, my joy and my sorrow to the fire

of humankind. For I will tend as my fathers have tended since time began, the fire that is called the love of man for man, the love of man for God.

The usual number in a group or "fire" of these girls is ten, their leader is usually a young matron, and styled "Guardian." Two or more fires are styled a Council, and its name may be a composite of the names of each, in this case *Sag-my-nah*.

That it is educative in its influence goes without saying. Each meeting some girl contributes to the entertainment of the evening an original composition. The occasion referred to was the time of the "Council's" meeting, transferred from a "house of worship" to the Historical Society's home. The REGISTER gladly preserves for the future the contribution of the *girl of the evening*, whose name is appended:—

On a cold and star-lit evening,
In the second moon of winter,
Met the Camp Fire girls together
Camp of Sagamore and Mystic,
In a sacred house of worship
In the good old town of Medford.
Listen, while I tell the story
Of that bright and happy evening,
When we wore our Indian dresses
And our many-colored headbands
To that ceremonial meeting.
Of our number there were present
Nine and twenty bright-faced maidens.
Entered, Sagamore and Mystic;
Made the fire sign together,
Sign of flame and curling woodsmoke
Curling slowly, slowly upwards
To the great mysterious Spirit;
Then so softly all together
Said the ode to the great Spirit,
Sang we then the mystic fire song
Sang it all with joyous voices.
Afterwards, with hands uplifted
Paid our tribute to the colors
To the emblem of our freedom
To the flag of our great nation.

How the rafters rang with music!
Music of our national anthem
And our Camp Fire cry, "*Wo-he-lo.*"
See! before the firelight standing
Three tall candles all unlighted
Waiting for Nioda's coming
Waiting for the maid She-she-bens,
Waiting for the maid Jaswedo.
Each one knelt before her candle
In her hand a lighted taper,
Touched it to the candle, saying,
"Work and Health and Love are lighted
With the magic word '*Wo-he-lo.*'"
Stood outside the camp a maiden
To become one of our number,
Stood before the guardian saying
Earnest words of her desire
To become a Camp Fire maiden.
Then, replied the guardian to her
After all her words were spoken,
"You are now one of our number
Camps of Sagamore and Mystic."
Then bestowed upon their members
Twelve in number well-won honors
So, unto each necklace adding,
Precious beads of many colors,
Six unto the Camp of Sagamore,
Six unto the Camp of Mystic.
Then, into the Wood-gatherers' circle
There were gathered nine new members,
Four from Mystic,
Five from Sagamore.
On each hand was placed a token
Silver ring of seven fagots and the circles of "*Wo-he-lo.*"
Then our closing song together
Sang we all the "*Day is Over.*"
And unto their homes departed
All the loyal Camp Fire maidens.

MABEL C. LOWRY.

IN EARLIER DAYS

At the present time public assemblage of people in Medford can on occasion be readily accommodated in its various church edifices and halls. How was it a hun-

dred years ago—or less? We are led to this query by the following quotation from an historical address of the Rev. James T. McCullom, on the fiftieth anniversary of the formation of the second church in Medford.

On the first two Sabbaths, the meeting was held in the upper story of Mr. Francis' bake-house, the building now occupied by Mr. Lauriat as a manufactory. After this, a hall was fitted up in the Medford House, where religious services were held till the completion of the church building.

The above is sent us by an interested contributor who writes:

I never saw it anywhere else.

It was received without question and is doubtless correct. Had it not been, there were those then living and perhaps present to have challenged it.

The occasion in question was one of a sort that was *almost* new to Medford; one that required the "courage of their convictions" of the participants.

Medford was then (1823), one hundred and ninety-three years from its settlement, a town of about one thousand five hundred inhabitants. Its third meetinghouse had served the people for fifty-three years both for religious worship and secular assembly, and the forty-eight years of the settled minister, Dr. Osgood, had just closed.

Respect for him had kept the varying thought of the people well in check, and it is said he would tolerate no rival pulpit in his domain, regarding all such as interlopers. But this could not always be.

The parting of the ways was near—indeed had been reached the previous year, as we will later notice. Under the system of church and parish then operating, any dissenting views or doctrine must find other than the meeting house for promulgation.

In 1823, places of public assemblage were few, and consisted mainly of such halls as the taverns afforded, notably that earlier of Hezekiah Blanchard, and then and later, the Medford House.

To those who forsook the stately meeting-house up old High street, and turned into the lane (now Ashland street) and climbed the stairs to the second floor of Mr. Francis' bake-house that summer day, the contrast must have been great. Perhaps it was too great, as only two Sabbaths were spent there, and better quarters secured. Again this quotation tells us where. Mr. Cummings in his excellent paper only says —

A hall in the neighborhood was fitted up.

This bake-house room was later used in the gold-beating business and finally demolished in 1896. It was of brick, substantially built, and served its purpose well.

But there was another old brick house, in recent years demolished, on Ship street, called "the College," where in 1822 some people not of the old Medford church assembled. More unsuited for such purpose than the bake-house was this dwelling, and in the evening their worship was transferred to "the hall in one of the hotels." In this case we are fortunate in knowing the name of the preacher, Rev. Josiah Brackett of Charlestown, and also the texts he preached from. Beside the river on Main street (where is now the four-story building of brick) stood a two-story wooden building. In this was the "Mead's Hall," to which the Methodists, who first met in the "College," transferred their services until the building of their first house of worship on Cross street. It must have been a busy hive in the olden days. Here is the late Francis A. Wait's description of it.

The house at the river was old and low studded; set back from the sidewalk more than the others and required six steps up to the first floor, and steps from the street to the eating-room in the basement, kept by John and Peter Danforth. A Mrs. Hathaw lived in the rear; entrance from the street level. An old bachelor shoemaker named Pat Conely* lived and worked in the south end; Wyman & Locke, butchers, in the north end.

Mr. Wait illustrated his note by a sketch of this house, showing a fourth entrance, to the end away from the

* See REGISTER, Vol. IV., p. 72, for James Hervey's mention of Connolly.

river, probably that by which the hall on the second floor was reached, and adds

John D. Small started business in the large room.

We would here observe that Mr. Small's successors are in a building longer used for church purposes.

In 1831 the Universalists began their services in "Kendall's Hotel,"† but by the time the Baptists needed accommodations Medford had its Town Hall, that later sheltered the Methodists while their second home was in construction, and likewise Galen James' second colony the Mystic Church, and also the Roman Catholic. The early services of Grace Church were held in the Odd Fellows Hall, though the pleasant fact is recorded that the initial service was in one of the Congregational churches loaned for the service, and, in accordance with the custom of the Episcopal communion on the Christmas festival, was fitly decorated with evergreen."‡

We have thus covered the places of beginning of the various orders of religious worship of old Medford, gathered from *authentic* sources. This is suggested by the quotation which our correspondent found in print nowhere else.

SHIP YARD ECHOES.

In the Usher History of Medford are some "Biographical Sketches," closing with that of Captain Joshua T. Foster (p. 487). Inasmuch as twenty-one years of the captain's career are unnoticed there some items from *Shipbuilding on North River* are worth recalling.

Turner Foster, as he was commonly called in his boyhood home, having acquired his trade in Medford and there attained his majority, returned to Scituate

and built four vessels in partnership with Joseph Clapp under the firm name of Clapp & Foster. . . . [Having] reached his twenty-fifth year [he] returned to the Sprague & James yard as foreman.

† REGISTER, Vol. IV., p. 27.

‡ REGISTER, Vol. V., p. 96.

. . . Before [leaving] Scituate the first time he used to help his father in the store, and often carried the "black-strap" (rum sweetened with molasses) down to the yards, but during the seventy-eight years of his life [1889], has never used tobacco or tasted spirit, save as a medicine. He used to play the clarinet and with Uncle Sam Rogers, went to singing school in Pembroke. At that time Mr. Rogers was courting a Miss Standish, and Mr. Foster was obliged to wait for him to go to her home and do his courting, as Mr. Rogers had the team and it was a long walk . . . An epitaph current with the [Scituate shipyard] reads as follows.

"Under this greensward pat,
Lies the hulk of old
Shepherds rejoice and do not weep,
For he is dead who stole your sheep."

The deceased was noted for putting other men's sheep in his own flock and marking them with his private mark.

We have no proof of the identity of the writer but the lines are not inconsistent with Mr. Foster's jovial disposition.

From the same source we find what Mr. Usher failed to mention, that while serving Medford in 1884 Captain Foster was the oldest man in the Legislature—the "Dean of the House."

FROM SHIP-YARD TO PULPIT.

While viewing the ship now building beside the Mystic below Wellington bridge, we have recalled the distant views of those building in our boyhood days, as we saw them from the Lowell railroad, and have wished in vain that some one had written more fully of the vanished industry of Medford. But here is an incident of eighty years ago, gathered from the same source as the preceding and from the pen of Rev. W. P. Tilden.

When about twenty-three, I married a noble woman I had known and loved from childhood, and we moved to Medford, whose Ship street, now desolate, was alive with ship-building. It was not long after this when working with my dear ship-carpenter, classmate and orthodox friend, Rev. W. T. Briggs, we discussed, almost fiercely, the high themes of fore-knowledge, free-will and fate, and I hammered away on the hard side of Calvinism. One day when I was about twenty-five, while at work in the ship-yard

at Medford I saw my portly pastor coming, looking through his glasses, first one side and then the other, as was his wont going up the broad aisle. I dropped my axe to welcome him, and soon found he had a gospel of hope for me. He had taken counsel, and came to tell me he thought I might—yes, *I might*—enter the ministry.

That spot of ground is still sacred. I have been to it as to the Mecca of my first hope. All signs of the old ship-yard, to a stranger's eye, were gone; but I knew the old landmarks, and found the spot where I dropped the broad axe to hear the glad tidings that opened to me a new life. I was glad to stand there and feel something of that hour come back to me through the vista of half a century.

The "portly pastor" was Rev. Caleb Stetson, the Unitarian minister of Medford, and the young workman probably attended his ministrations in the old third meeting-house. If old Ship street was alive then, it was more so ten years later, when another clergyman of Medford made his observations and compiled his wonderful list of Medford ships. No wonder that Mr. Tilden thought it "desolate" at his return as he contrasted it with the times when two hundred and fifty men were there employed.

A CORRECTION.

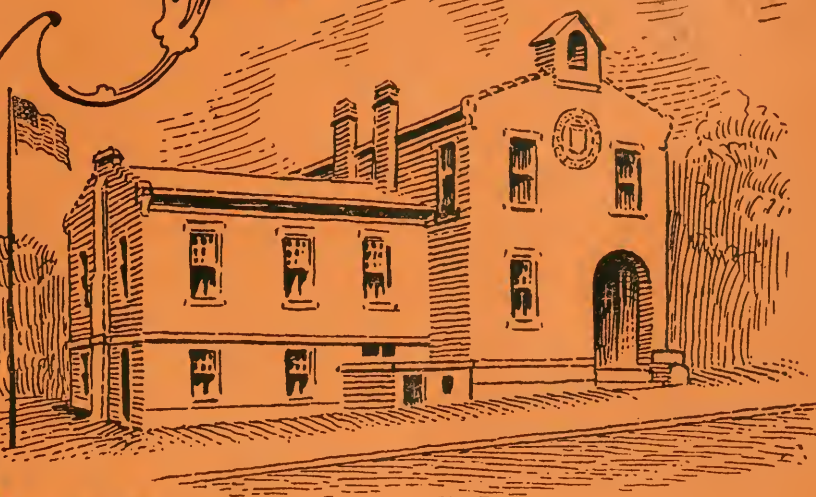
In Vol. XXII, p. 19, and twelfth line, is an error we wish to correct. Instead of *John*, read *George Gill*. We regret the necessity of thus writing, but hasten to do so in the interest of accuracy.

The REGISTER aims to be a reliable chronicle of matters of Medford interest, one that can be safely quoted.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

It is with pleasure that we announce that the Society's files of the various papers published in Medford since 1896 are now available for consultation at our rooms. Also, that by the courtesy of the *Mercury* its prior file from its first publication, though not wholly complete, may be found in our library.

HISTORICAL REGISTER



DECEMBER, 1919

PUBLISHED BY THE
MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY
MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
HOUSE OF SIMON & TURELL TUFTS	<i>Frontispiece</i>
MEDFORD A CENTURY AGO	65
MEDFORD SYREN	76
ROMANCE OF OLD MEDFORD	77
THEN & NOW	78
THE SOCIETY'S BUILDING ENTERPRISE	80
THE REGISTER'S TWENTY-SECOND VOLUME	83
SEASON OF 1918—1919	84
TERCENTENARY YEARS	84

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FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the Medford Historical Society, in
the city of Medford, Mass., the sum of _____ Dollars for
the general use and purposes of said Society.

(Signed) _____





HOUSE OF DR. SIMON TUFTS, LATER OF TURELL TUFTS, ESQ.
(Corner High and Forest Streets.) Built about 1709 and razed 1867.

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XXII.

DECEMBER, 1919.

No. 4.

MEDFORD A CENTURY AGO — 1819.

WE are led to this retrospect by reading the names of Medford men who in 1819 formed a "long-name society." This was the "Medford Association for Discountenancing Intemperance and Its Kindred Vices." There were ninety-six of them, twenty-eight being marked as "officers,"—and the list is a notable one, being headed by the Governor of the Commonwealth, John Brooks, and the minister of the town, David Osgood, D.D. This list is worthy of preservation, and was furnished by the late Francis A. Wait, who says in a later communication:

A few years ago I saw a pamphlet gotten up about 1835, and signed by men in Medford who were alarmed at the increase of drunkenness in the town.

Certainly, Medford was *wet* (to borrow the modern term) a century ago, but probably not more so than other towns not engaged in the business of distillation. Now, that after a century of agitation and effort, not only Medford but the entire country by national legislation and state ratification is *dry*, it is of interest to know something of the Medford of 1819 and its conditions—physical, educational, social and otherwise. The published histories give but little specific information, while the Tufts map required by the Legislature of 1784, probably correct in scale, and, filling requirements, is a model of pathetic brevity. More elaborate, but incorrect in some ways is the Hales' map, made about 1820,* and showing the few roads and something of topography. By the former we find location of the meeting-house and mills,

*See REGISTER, Vol. I, p. 133.

but little information relative to housing or business. No newspaper here then, and the bi-weeklies of Boston had but rare allusion to Medford matters.

One hundred and eighty-nine years had rolled away since the first settlement of the town, and yet Medford in 1819, separated from the metropolis of New England by but one town, and but five miles distant, had less than 1,500 inhabitants. It had been hard hit by the Revolution, but in the first decade of the nineteenth century, with the establishment of ship-building, there was an increase of 316 in the population, but in the second decade but 34. If the increase of population was small in those latter years, the reverse was true of the new industry, for while 16 vessels were built in the first decade, 60 were built in the second, though there were but three in 1819. In that year James Monroe was president of the United States and Gen. John Brooks of Medford governor of Massachusetts, having been elected for the fourth time, receiving 215 of his townsmen's votes, out of a total of 240 cast.

The outline of Medford's territory was larger then than now; its social, educational and civic center was the meeting-house, its business center the "market-place" where the "country road" from Boston divided north to Woburn and east to Malden and Salem, and were the principal public roads (not given names as yet), though two turnpike roads had been opened fourteen years before and a canal a few years earlier.

Does anyone wish to know what the old town looked like in 1819? Let them look carefully at the few old-time dwellings still remaining, the ancient graveyard and distil-house, the pictures of the third meeting-house, brick schoolhouses and the old Tufts residence, substitute a country road for those of today, eliminate all motive power but horses and oxen, and light other than sunlight and candles, and turn to an authentic source of information—the old town record book. Squire Abner Bartlett had been for some time town clerk. His pen-

manship was stiff and bristling, and unlike the proverbial character of lawyers' writing, is legible. The paper is rough and strong and the ink unfading. The book itself has been in recent years re-bound. The obliging city clerk will be at some inconvenience to produce it for your inspection and will jealously safeguard it, as in duty bound he should.

Medford's town officers were three selectmen, three assessors, two constables, three fish committee, three overseers of the poor, three highway surveyors, three tything-men, three auditors, three fence viewers, six fire-wards, eight surveyors of lumber, eight measurers of wood, and ten field-drivers, which with the town clerk, treasurer and clerk of the market, totals sixty-one men to administer the affairs of a little town of about twenty square miles of territory and 1400 inhabitants. Probably there was duplication enough to reduce the number to fifty. It may be noticed there was no school board especially named.

The annual town meeting was held in March, hence usually styled the "March meeting," and adjourned from time to time as the amount of public business required. At that of 1819, Hon. Timothy Bigelow, who had the experience and distinction of eleven terms as speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, was moderator. Dr. Luther Stearns, Thatcher Magoun and Nathan Adams, three of Medford's prominent citizens, were chosen selectmen, Joseph Manning, treasurer, and Reuben Richards, clerk of the market. These names are evidence that it was a notable and efficient board, as also those that follow in the long list of other officers shown. It is recorded that ere adjournment to April 1, the town clerk was directed to "put the law in force against persons chosen who do not qualify." Then follow several pages of certificates of qualification. At the April meeting the town fixed the assessors' pay at \$2.00 per day, and \$1.50 to the constable for warning town meeting. The town clerk was allowed \$30 for his

services for the year and the overseers of the poor the same amount. A man on the highway was paid \$1.25 per day. A man with a team consisting of a cart and a good yoke of oxen had \$2.50 per day, and a day's work was to be ten hours.

The town meeting was held in the town's third meeting-house (which was the last to be warmed only by the heat of debate or the parson's sermons), and entered in its record is the vote to allow Dr. Osgood, the minister, \$200 to purchase his wood for the ensuing year.

The eighth article of the warrant was about painting the meeting-house, and this was referred to a committee of six for consideration. Four days later the town met again, and then a committee reported something that sheds much educational light on the Medford of 1819:

The town contains 203 families or householders. . . . The law requires two masters. . . . There are 159 boys over seven years, and 158 girls . . . and 117 of both sexes over four and under seven that require to be taught in summer by women.

There were two private schools or academies in town (those of Dr. Stearns and Miss Hannah Swan), but some of their students came from other towns. This record says "that two schools for those younger children must be established, one at Brooks' corner [High and Woburn streets] and the other on 'Mill Lane, so-called' [River-side avenue.]"

The above figures are interesting as showing the average Medford family of a century ago as being of five children, and probably as many over seventeen as under four. But the needed schoolhouse at "Brooks' corner" remained a need for twenty years more. The meeting of 1819 required four gatherings. At the last (May 5) Jonathan Porter was chosen town clerk. His handwriting is clear and graceful and inclined a little to embellishment. The committee reported that it was expedient to paint the meeting-house, and the town referred the matter to them for execution.

One more item of that record is especially interesting,

i.e., on annual budget, the town voted to raise for current expenses for 1819, the sum of \$4,500, basing its action on the expenditure of the preceding year of \$4,408.77. Of this latter amount \$1,284.86 (almost one-third of the entire amount) was expended "for the poor in and out of the poor-house."

While it is still true that "the poor always ye have with you," and it was to Medford's credit that they have been cared for, yet the above proportion seems unnaturally excessive, and in looking for the cause, thinking men were "alarmed" and formed that society with the long name a century ago.

Thus far we have quoted from the town meeting records, now turn to those of the selectmen written by the clerk in another volume. At their first meeting in 1819, on January 22, we find:

Voted, That the following names be posted up in the houses and shops of all Taverns, Innholders and Retailers within said town as a list of the names of persons reputed common drunkards, common tipplers, spending their time and estate in such houses, to wit: [Here follow seven names which in courtesy we omit.]

The selectmen were required thus to do.

As the annual town meeting was in March, the fiscal year ended on February 15, but a century ago the reports were not printed for distribution. In our search for information we had overlooked the fact that Mr. Brooks in his history had presented the disbursements of 1818 as in contrast with those of 1855, the year of the history's publication. We reproduce the same for comparison with that in the town record from which we have quoted:

From Brooks' History, p. 119:

Minister's salary and	
grant of wood	500.00
Poor	1,225.46
Paid Charlestown for	
Paupers	241.00
Roads	507.63
Schools	740.00

Records of Town:

For the minister	533.33
Poor in and out of poor-	
house	1,227.88
House rent for the poor	24.00
Sunday School mis-	
tresses for poor	32.98
Roads and highway bills	488.87

of coal in 1919, the average householder today would deem it a hardship to pay \$200 for a year's fuel, to say nothing of spending two-fifths of his income for warmth.

Seth Mayo was one of the tavern-keepers and the town paid him \$3.00 for the use of a room for the selectmen.

Jonathan Brooks was paid \$2.00 for perambulating the town line beside Stoneham. It was a woodland walk, and is today, but it costs more.

Luther Stearns and Jonathan Brooks had the disposal of fishing rights in the river for shad and alewives between Medford and Charlestown. (This was from second beach to Wear bridge.)

James Ford surveyed eleven tons and fourteen feet of pine timber at ninepence per ton, and \$1.40 paid his fee. Probably this was for the "great bridge."

Timothy Bigelow seems to have been the town's banker, as the selectmen directed the payment of \$99.00 interest on \$1,650, loaned by him to the town.

As the educational matters were administered by the selectmen we find:

To Eliza Wait teacher 26 wks 4.00 including board	104.00
Wm. Bradbury boarding Miss Eliza Gray schoolmistress	
May 3 to Oct. 3. 26 wks	52.00
Eliza Gray teaching at the schoolhouse 26 wks	52.00
Rhoda Turner, use and improvement of room for a schoolroom 6 mos.	25.00
To Jeduthun Richardson the 3 following accts.	
For the services of his daughters Sally & Harriet	
keeping school May 1 to Oct. 30 25 wks 3½ d. a 2.00	
per wk	51.40
use of room for school	20.00
for boarding teachers 25 wks 5½ d.	51.57
	<hr/> 122.97

By the above it appears that the town paid the teachers' board for the Sundays before and after the summer term, and it was all in the family at "Brooks' corner,"—and the old house, having taken a new lease of life, is still in evidence.

Rhoda Turner's was probably at "Mill lane, so called," and all of the above tallies with the action of the town. Here is a breeze from the shipyards:

Voted to allow Abner Bartlett's account for money paid for chips and wood for school.

Great stuff for kindling and stove wood were the chips and blocks from the shipyards, better than the "bag-wood" of today.

In the days when the sea was old
And the builders lithe and young,
From timber that gleamed like gold
This carpet of chips was flung.

Feb 1, Voted, to allow Rebecca Blanchard's account for schooling a child of Rufus P [———] 24 weeks to Oct 31 last year \$3.00 She was one of the "schoolmistresses for poor children." At the same meeting "13 in all" men were approved as "enginemen," and it was

Voted to allow Daniel Symms five dollars in full of his account for 46 ladder dogs. . . .

Daniel Wait \$25.17 for ladders and painting cases.

This was in the days of the "Grasshopper," and the fire department wasn't motorized.

And who shall say that Medford did not encourage the fine arts? We think it did, for on February 11:

Voted to draw on the treasury for one hundred dollars payable to Nathan Adams Jr. Treasurer of Medford Harmonic Social Singing Society, agreeable to vote of the town in [blank] last, and request of said Society.

But who shall say the money was ill spent, even though Squire Bartlett forgot to fill in the blank space with the date of the town's action? This other long-name society was probably the choir that sang in the old meeting-house. No pipe-organ in Medford then. We quote Mr. Brooks, p. 492, under date of 1810:

Medford had a large choir of volunteer singers under the faithful Ephraim Bailey. On Sunday, once, the pitch-pipe set the pitch so high that the whole choir broke down. Still Bailey tried on the second verse and again broke down. General Brooks

could not endure it any longer; and he rose in his pew, beckoned to Bailey, and said, "Hadn't you better take another pitch?" Bailey replied "No sir; I guess we can get through it."

This Ephraim Bailey must have been possessed of a strong voice, as he was qualified and "approved to sell goods at public vendue and outcry," *i.e.*, an auctioneer. He was constable and warned town-meeting, was also collector of taxes—not elected or appointed, but purchasing the position by bidding the lowest percentage.

Samuel Wiatt was in 1819 on "Apr 1 recommended as a suitable person to keep tavern in the house lately occupied by Seth Mayo," and on "Apr 3 Isaac Blanchard in house lately occupied by his father [Hezekiah Jr] deceased."

Medford had in 1821 (See REGISTER, Vol. XIX, p. 80) $152\frac{1}{2}$ houses (probably in 1819 less than 150) and four distilleries. How many of these houses remain today we cannot say with certainty, though we are sure of twenty westward from Medford square. Two of the distilleries remain intact but devoted to other uses. All four, with by far the larger proportion of the dwellings, were east and south of the old market-place. Within our own recollection there has been an occasional demolition, though mainly there has by careful repair been a survival of the fittest.

We have presented an abstract covering features of the town administration of 1819. We may read between the lines and contrast the Medford of that day and its conditions with those of 1919. One thing will stand out noticeably, the disproportionate burden that Medford was bearing then in the support of its poor—and we may well ask the cause. That ill conditions existed, and that they were evident to the thinking men of that day is seen in the formation of this society with a long name. It is by no means likely that many of those ninety-six were total abstainers, perhaps none, but they took a step in the right direction. Many were sensible of the gravity of the situation after fifteen years had

elapsed. One feature of that later period was a stock company to conduct a hotel on temperance principles, but which was not a financial success. But even such a venture was not proposed in 1819.

Just how successful this "Association" was in discouraging intemperance we may not say, but one thing is certain, that the continued efforts of the Washingtonian and succeeding organizations, the agitations of pulpit and platform, the pledging of youth to total abstinence, the widespread efforts of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and public instruction helped create public sentiment which resulted in national prohibition.

In 1819 Medford began to rouse from its slumber and standstill. It then had but four public buildings: the meeting-house, schoolhouse, poor-house and powder-house, the latter two being the best and nearly new. The last still remains, though but little known. It now owns no *meeting-house*, as church and state are separated, but it needs one, seriously, for civic use. It is of interest that in 1819 Patrick Roach asked for the use of the schoolhouse for religious worship but was unsuccessful. Did this presage the parting of the ways which came four years later? We have never heard mention of this, but it is on the record.

With that parting began a new era in the religious, educational and social status of Medford. The new road to Woburn the town had opposed was built and others followed. A town hall became a necessity, and new schoolhouses, but the new houses of worship were not as before a municipal expense, being built by the respective church societies worshipping therein.

In the thirty-five years following 1819 to the writing of the history of Medford in '55, population had increased 200 per cent. and annual outlay seven-fold, and a town debt in larger proportions. But the item of the relief of the poor had fallen to about one-seventh, and who can say but that the service and relief was as efficient?

There is much of interest in the study of the old sta-

tistics. It is not our intention here to compare them with those of 1919, but it is pertinent to inquire whither we are tending.

MEDFORD ASSOCIATION, 1819

For discountenancing Intemperance and its kindred Vices

John Brooks	Caleb Brooks	Thomas Cox Jun
David Osgood	Patrick Roach	Asa Sprague
Ebenezer Hall*	George Cook	A Bartlett*
Watts Turner	John Symmes Jun	John Howe*
John Symmes*	Martin Burrage	Jeduthun Richard-son*
John Bishop	Gershom Cutter*	Jonathan Porter*
Nathaniel Hall*	Ephriam Hall	Joseph Lamson
Jonathan Brooks*	Gilbert Brooks	Cornelius Tufts
Luther Stearns*	Galen James*	Henry Withington
Nathan Wait*	Thomas Calif	Nathan Adams*
James Darby	Benjamin Pratt Jun	Joseph Manning
William Ward*	Nathan Bryant	J Swan*
Benjamin Tufts*	Benjamin Noyes	Daniel Symmes
Richard Hall	James T Floyd Jr	Benjamin Hill
Levi Cutler	Seth Branford	Stilman Clark
William Rodgers*	Phillips Rogers	Moses Merrill
Samuel Kidder	Stephen Spragu	Henry Reed
Nehemiah Wait	Andrew Perkins	Noah Johnson*
Charles L. Hal	Charles Johnson	Seth Mayo
Joseph Wyman Jr*	Jonas Manning	Nathaniel Jaquith
Thomas Floyd	Arron Blanchard	Timothy Bigelow
Amhurst Joselyn	Isaac Sprague*	D Hall*
Joseph Gardner	John Blanchard	Andrew Bigelow
James W. Brooks	Francis Kidder	Jonathan Harrington
Thatcher Magoun*	Andrew Blanchard*	Edward Bradbury
Ebenezer Hall Jr*	Nathaniel Bishop	David Buckman 2nd
George Fuller*	John P Clisby*	Marshall Symmes
Darius Wait*	D Swan	Nathan Adams Jun*
James T Floyd	Anthony Hatch	Isaac Floyd
Elias Tufts	Benjamin Floyd Jun	John T White
Timothy Brigden	Loveman Buel	Theophilus Boyd
Timothy Rich	Abijah Kendall	Jonathan Warner
Benjamin Floy	Gilbert Blanchard 2d	

*Those with this mark are officers for the present year

THE MEDFORD "SYREN."

Among the interesting reminders of busy times in Medford is the rigged model of the clipper ship *Syren* (the 449th in the list and the first of those built in the year 1851, and in the yard of Sprague and James) which may be seen at the Historical Building.

Within two years there has come to the Society a photograph of the *Syren* lying at a wharf; also from Mr. Shepherd Brooks a photograph of the *Ellen Brooks*, 480 tons, built by George Fuller for R. D. Shepherd in 1834, the 197th in the list of Medford-built ships. These are especially interesting. The *Syren* is given as 1,050 tons in the list in Brooks' history.

In 1851 Frederic Gleason of Boston began the weekly publication of *Gleason's Pictorial*, probably the first of its kind. Its illustrations were wood cuts, as it was long before the modern half-tone process. An examination of its pages is well worth making, and therein we find one of the *Syren* and reproduce here the text. Vol 1, p. 149, (July 5, 1851):

THE CLIPPER SHIP "SYREN."

Our artist has sketched for us here a fine maritime scene, representing the clipper ship *Syren* as she passes Boston (lower) Light. The *Syren* is owned by Silsbee, Pitman & Silsbee, of Salem, is commanded by Capt. George Silsbee, and intended for the California and East India trade. Her dimensions are as follows: length 180 feet, beam 36 ft depth of hold 22 feet; and altogether her model is of the most perfect and beautiful character in outline, and she can hardly escape being one of the finest bottoms afloat. The *Syren* was built by Mr. Taylor, at Medford, in the most thorough and substantial manner, and possesses all the modern marine improvements. Our artist has sketched her with everything set that can draw, and right merrily she is bowling over the waters of the outer channel, a perfect picture of nautical neatness and beauty.

As a matter of current history we note that at the present time there is being built on the bank of the Mystic in Somerville (next Wellington bridge) a vessel of about the same size as the *Syren*, perhaps a little larger. Medford men are interested in her construction,

and the spot is somewhere near where Governor Winthrop built the *Blessing of the Bay*. She is to be schooner rigged, with four masts, and is now approaching completion. We hope to see her launching, the first on the Mystic since 1873.

A ROMANCE OF OLD MEDFORD.

By permission the REGISTER presents a romantic story recently published by the Danvers Historical Society, first quoting from Cutter's History of Arlington, p. 72

From a list of funerals in Medford is the following: "1775 Apr 21, Mr Henry Putnam slain at Menotomy by the enemy on their retreat from Concord on the 19th inst. He was about 70 years."

Miss Wild in "Medford in the Revolution," styles him "a veteran of Louisburg, . . . though because of age exempt," and quotes, "he showed his Putnam spunk and went with the rest."

HENRY PUTNAM'S RIDE.

When Mr. Henry Putnam was about twenty-two years of age he went from Medford, Mass., into the state of Connecticut, about one hundred miles, at that day a very long journey. Night coming on, he stopped at a farm house of inviting appearance, in the town of Bolton, and asked for entertainment for himself and horse, as he travelled on horseback. This request was cordially received, and the hospitalities of the house were freely given him.

In the family circle was Miss Hannah Boardman, the oldest daughter of his host. Mr. Putnam became interested at once in the young lady, of whom he dreamed much during the night. In the morning he told the story of his love, and in return Miss Hannah gave her consent to become his wife. Acting on the principle that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," and the fact that a long ride was between him and his home, he decided to live only in the company of his lady-love. So he arranged to make her father's house his home until the slow laws of Connecticut would allow the twain to become one; but in due time they were married.

The next morning after the wedding, Mrs. Putnam was presented by her father and friends with a horse, a lady's saddle and other travelling equipment; also two cows and twelve sheep.

Now came the tug of love — separation from home and all its endearments — fond caresses and hearty farewells were exchanged.

and the youthful bride of sixteen, with the husband, each mounted on the saddle, took up the march for her new home in the old Bay State, driving the cows and sheep before them.

The above was (as we understand) reprinted in 1877 from information given by the lady herself when about ninety years of age. "Henry Putnam was the youngest son of Deacon Eleazer Putnam [of Danvers] and sold what was his father's homestead about 1745 to Phineas Putnam, the great grandfather of the present occupant."

A query arises — was the "new home in the old Bay State" to which the bridal party came with cows and sheep in Medford or Danvers? The Louisburg expedition was in the spring of 1745. Was the veteran of Louisburg from Danvers or Medford?

We are inclined to answer to both queries, Danvers: as he owned property there and was one of the tellers at Danvers March meeting in 1752. He was taxed in Charlestown 1756-65, and taught school "without the neck," where he was styled "gentleman" and "from Danvers." He was in 1763 administrator of the estate of his son John, "late of Charlestown," and was then called "gentleman" and "of Charlestown."

It has been suggested that he joined in Medford, the Danvers minute men who marched from Danvers to Cambridge (*i.e.* Menotomy or West Cambridge) 16 miles in 4 hours, taking stand in a walled enclosure with a breastwork of shingles, waiting the retreating British.

Genl. Israel Putnam was in the same generation, their fathers being cousins.

This latter gathered from *Putnam Ancestry* (1919).

THEN AND NOW.

Seventeen years ago coal was selling for nineteen dollars per ton in Medford — the winter of the "coal famine" — until by the action of President Roosevelt there was a temporary get-together of conflicting parties, coal-barons and mine workers. At that time, two Medford writers gave expression to their thoughts. The first (to us unknown) as follows:

Some days I built a fire of coke and in the kitchen sat :
It rose to twenty cents a bag and mighty scarce at that ;
Then wood I gleaned from everywhere, I borrowed, bought and
stole —

A rummage sale's not in it with a winter without coal.
The furniture, the fence, the trees, and all that I most prize
I burned, and as a last resort, I took to exercise.

Oh, Morgan, and oh, Mitchell, we prayed you, "still the storm,
Allow our honest people their hearts and heartlis to warm."
A fairer and a stronger man than you our danger recognized,
And when he spoke you listened and your power exercised.
And now the burden of our song shall ever gladly be,
"The land of Teddy Roosevelt is good enough for me."

Doubtless there are many housewives in Medford
today that can join with the other "mistress of the manse"
in the following :

Poor Father Noah in pensive mood
Is gazing o'er the sea,
For weighty problems fill his brain
Of nations yet to be.
His little ark is high and dry
Upon Mount Ararat.
And would that we from turmoil free
Beside old Noah sat,
No thoughts to turn
On coal to burn.

Does it not seem now as though little progress had
been made in seventeen years, that it is still possible for
like conditions to exist? Thoughtful people, from Med-
ford, Mass., to Medford, Oregon, will do well to look
into this matter, find and apply a remedy, and make the
land of Lincoln and Roosevelt good enough—and
better.

THE SOCIETY'S BUILDING ENTERPRISE.

Mention was made of this in our issue of July, 1916, under title of "A Forward Movement," and in others note made of progress. It is thought best to give in this, the following statement, thus of permanent record:

January, 1915, found our society (even after extra effort made), with a deficit of about \$116 in current and publication expenses. Our old home was still in serious need of repair, though much had recently been expended. As no other plan seemed feasible, the society had by vote decided to sell the same. The new administration found itself confronted with new and serious conditions immediately after the closing meeting of the season by its sale and our consequent removal. It had occupied the Lydia Maria Child house almost from its start, first as tenant, and later becoming proprietor, having paid therefor \$1,000, and mortgaging for \$3,000 at a low rate of interest. This mortgage the purchaser assumed and later paid, the society receiving \$1,500 for its equity in the property.

As the above thousand dollars was *donated to the society for that specific purpose*, an equal amount was deposited on interest for a similar use, leaving \$500, from which resultant expenses of sale and new expenses of administration had to be met. As the *new* item of rent was itself in excess of the society's income, it was evident that matters could not long thus continue. Various plans of relief were proposed, none of which on examination proved advisable, until in June, 1916, the directors recommended the society to acquire a permanent home by the purchase of land and erection of a building. This was adopted by the society by vote, and the matter referred to the directors for execution, with but one restriction, *viz.*, that no work be begun until \$1,000 had been pledged. This was strictly observed; but in the meantime circumstances had arisen that required a change of location and of plan. This entailed added expense and loss of several weeks of time most favorable for construction work.

The directors assumed responsibility and the society by vote approved their action. The building committee of five was soon reduced to three by the serious and continued illness of two of its number. It had already chosen one of its number (who had prepared the plans) superintendent of construction, who erected the building at absolute cost for the society, though in the stress of increasing difficulty, it is not yet wholly complete. It was deemed advisable to move into it at the earliest possible time, and in January this was done. Like some other tenants who find it "cheaper to move than pay rent," we had then a three months' unpaid bill which our landlord kindly waited for until we were enabled by our new year's dues to pay the same. At this time most of the pledges made to the building fund had been paid in and expended upon the work, and with the little in sight, for a time little was done other than by the superintendent. In the price of materials (when purchased) he found at first a little advance over estimates given a few weeks before, but nothing like that which has come later. As time elapsed, the turmoil of war in Europe involved America, and the raising of funds for our needs could make no headway amid the drives for Liberty Loans, Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., and our local charities. Our incurred bills were made no larger. *Some* were reduced a little, as *occasional* contributions were made, while our patient creditors waited our action.

In December, 1918, an effort was made to secure \$2,000 to complete the building and pay all outstanding bills. About one-half of the amount was pledged and partially paid in by April 1, 1919, when matters became complicated by a possible suit at law by one of the smaller creditors. Up to that (and present) time the entire cost (to the society) of the building and land is \$4,975*, and the entire remaining indebtedness to ten creditors, \$1,682.12. To *nine* of these was owing the aggregate sum of \$604.51, in sums of from \$10 to \$158; all *balances of accounts*. As part of the money

* Approximately.

had been received without conditions, it was the wish of the other creditor (whose account was *not a balance but his entire bill*) that the minor bills be paid, and the effort to raise the other thousand continued. At this juncture came an *insistent* demand for *immediate* settlement of one creditor's claim. Upon this, one of the directors immediately volunteered to take the matter of settlement in hand. His action resulted in a contribution to the fund by each *creditor*, of a sum equalling 45% of his claim, whereupon every claim was settled in full, as shown by the treasurer's vouchers.

By the foregoing it will be seen that the new home of the society on Governors avenue stands today with no encumbrance of debt, through the *kind forbearance of creditors for two years and their generous assistance at last*. This was preceded by the *conservation of earlier gifts*, and the generous aid of comparatively *few*, and those mainly of our membership. We could wish the *final result otherwise attained*, as we began the enterprise in good faith, and with perhaps an over-confidence in the *public spirit* of Medford. Our final pledges were expected to pay *all* bills. Had the society been subjected to a suit at law by *one* creditor, *all others* must have suffered. As a matter of fact, *all* readily acceded to that director's suggestion, and to them our thanks are due, and to all others who have aided in our work for the interests of Medford. It has been done without the instrumentality of a so-called "construction" which means *de-struction* loan. Every penny of every contribution thereto is accounted for, and obtained value. To those skeptical ones who "must be shown," those who *perhaps* really think we "had no need" of a home, and that "it was all the creation of one mind"—to such especially it should be evident that under the conditions that came and now are, the following statement is pertinent. Had the enterprise *not* been launched when it was, the society would today truly be, as one said of it at the sale of the old home,—*homeless and friendless*.

· THE REGISTER'S TWENTY-SECOND VOLUME.

With the present issue the REGISTER closes its twenty-second volume. It bears date of December, but owing to adverse conditions, will not reach its readers till the new year has dawned. Published by the Historical Society as a part of its work, it has in twenty-two years preserved for reference and public information nearly all the papers prepared for and read at the meetings. In recent years there have been fewer of local interest thus presented, but the REGISTER has gathered otherwise much that will be valuable to the future historian of Medford. Prior to 1855, the time of Mr. Brooks' writing, there had been comparatively few town histories written. It was then a source of regret that the work was not earlier begun.

These twenty-two volumes contain 2,344 pages, exclusive of title pages, index and illustrations. Their publication has been a labor of love on the part of writers and editors, and an expense to the society which has but a limited income, and which is itself none too well appreciated by the city at large. Several times the question of discontinuance has been raised; yet the REGISTER has continued to appear, though sometimes belated. On one occasion an annual deficit was prevented by the timely gift of one hundred dollars, by a grandson of a former Medford clergyman.

The town in 1855 from its treasury assisted Mr. Brooks in his publication, and in 1886, Mr. Usher more largely in his. For *his* careful work in 1905, Mr. Hooper received *no remuneration whatever*, nor has the Historical Society ever (contrary to current impression) received any financial aid in its work from the city of Medford, in either its publication or its building enterprise.

The present editor has served nearly eleven years, and must of necessity be relieved ere long. For several years he has performed the duties of publication committee, starting with a deficit of over one hundred dollars, but trusting to close the present year with a prac-

tically clean balance sheet. There has been much *said* of "civic pride" and "public spirit," which are desirable in many ways, but in the REGISTER's experience its best appreciation comes from abroad rather than from the community it has tried to serve.

The Society is reluctant to cease its issue, but it *must have a better support*.

THE SOCIETY'S MEETINGS.

SEASON OF 1918-1919.

OCTOBER 2, 1918, at the opening meeting of the season, some twenty-five persons were present to hear Representative Fred Burrell, who spoke upon the Constitutional Convention and the Amendments.

NOVEMBER 21 was the largest attended gathering, when Mrs. A. T. Hatch, of West Medford, told of her work and experience overseas in France.

DECEMBER 16th meeting was styled a Council Fire, and was a retrospect by members of the incidents and doings of the Society during the past two years, and some plans were formulated to be worked out. Light refreshments were served.

JANUARY 21, 1919. The annual meeting was given to the reports and election of officers. The former board was reëlected, with this exception: the curator and librarian, Miss Lincoln, was transferred to the vice-presidency, and Vice-President Remele was chosen to take charge of our library and collection.

FEBRUARY 17. Rev. G. Bennett Van Buskirk of Trinity Church gave a timely and interesting talk on "Three Eminent Americans—Washington, Lincoln and Roosevelt." Light refreshments were served by the Hospitality Committee.

MARCH 17 proved a cold and disagreeable day, affecting the attendance in some measure. The President read a paper of local interest, "The Story of an Ancient Cow Pasture," which was supplemented by reminiscences by members.

APRIL 23. Sag-my-nah Council, Camp Fire Girls, of West Medford, transferred their meeting to our assembly hall, an enjoyable occasion, and fully noted in the REGISTER.

MAY 19. President Charles Edward Mann, of Malden Historical Society, presented an interesting story of "A Scrap of Paper," in which a number of Medford and Malden men—long dead and gone—figured not a little.

TERCENTENARY YEARS.

PLYMOUTH, 1920

"At Cap-Codd

In ye name of God, Amen. . . .
For ye glorie of God and advancemente
of ye Christian faith, and
honour of our King and countrie . . .
we combine our selves togeather into
a civill body politick" . . .

MEDFORD, 1930

A FOREWORD

"Medford will fittingly observe
that 300th birthday.

By earnest, faithful work . . . in
the name of Him who dignified
labor, do your best, . . . to make
your citizenship true and noble."

Medford Historical Society.

INCORPORATED MAY 22, 1896.

Object, to collect, preserve and disseminate the local and general history of

M E D F O R D

and the genealogy of Medford families;

To make antiquarian collections;

To collect books of general history, genealogy and biography;

To prepare, or cause to be prepared, such papers and records relative thereto as may be of interest.

Its regular meetings occur at 8 o'clock on the third Monday in October to May (inclusive), to which all interested are welcome. The Society's house is at

10 GOVERNORS AVENUE.

We call public attention to our Society needs and work. Our *needs* are a larger membership, renewed interest, more subscribers to our publication, the HISTORICAL REGISTER, and contributions to our Building Fund.

We *realize* that war conditions exist, yet ere war was declared the "civic pride" of Old Medford had led but *three* persons outside our membership to assist in the erection of our new home, and since then only as many, or rather few, more. Our house is still incomplete, and must so remain till outstanding bills are paid.

We have started no "drive" therefor, in view of existing conditions, and have conducted business with the strictest economy, and only ask for the favorable consideration of the people of the old city we exist to serve. Membership in the Society is \$2.00. Annual dues thereafter, \$1.00. Life membership, \$25.00, which exempts from annual dues.

During its entire existence this Society has received *no bequest* of funds, and, contrary to *current impression* has received no financial aid from the city. In other cities and towns excellent quarters are thus furnished similar societies, and many others have been the recipients of bequests and buildings that speak well for "civic pride" and private interest in a good work in *those* places.

Comparatively few of these maintain a publication. The Medford Society *has* for twenty years, to its cost. The REGISTER is the *only* authentic historical publication in the city during the past thirteen years, is constantly referred to by *reliable* writers, and but few *complete* sets can now be procured. Even if encouraged to reprint some issues now exhausted, these would be but forty.

During the past year our advertising manager, Miss E. R. Orne, has been busy, as recent issues show. If new subscribers also fall in line we may climb out of the ditch of deficit and go "over the top" to success. Our subscription price is \$1.50 per year.

A PLEASURE TRIP.

"Honorable Mention" in rhyme I have been asked to write,
And I know I'm expected to say something bright
About each one of our patrons, whose ad here appears,
That will produce a *broad grin* and dispel all his fears,
And make him right sorry, if he ever has said,
"It will do me no good, for it never is read."

Now here are "E. TEEL & Co.'s AUTOS," as up-to-date as can be;
Let's take a ride through our city and see what we can see.

First, we will call on "OUR MAYOR, HON. BENJAMIN F. HAINES,"
To be sweet to the ladies he will surely take pains.
Then there's "PAGE & CURTIN," just over the way,
With salesmen that are bald, and some that are gray,
Who can tell you right off the bat just the thing that you need
In "PAINTS" or in "HARDWARE," and with all possible speed
Install "PLUMBING & HEATING" right up to the minute —
Now don't pass them by when your new house you begin it.
If we cross the bridge to Swan street we can call on "THE ICE MAN."
You will find "MR. WOOD," the "MANAGER," and exceptionally nice man.
Along Riverside avenue let's take a spin,
And at "J. N. COWIN & Co." our inspection begin.
Here are "COAL, HAY & GRAIN," and "WOOD SAWED AND SPLIT
TO ORDER" we're told, so that our stoves it will fit;
And a man as obliging as ever was seen,
That makes business with him a pleasure, and your life all serene.
On "W. C. MILES Co." we will not fail to call,
His "INTERIOR FINISH" is the finest of all.
He makes "POST-RAILS AND COLUMNS," and all kinds of stunts,
From "INSIDE STORE FIXTURES" to "OUTSIDE STORE FRONTS."
And here's a man with a smile — Douglas Fairbanks is not in it.
Good sport, too, all right, will pay his bet if you win it.
We will again cross a bridge, and stop at Lauriat place,
Where "J. C. MILLER, JR.," competes in the race.
He does "PRINTING" artistic, of which this book is a sample.
If you are looking for proof I am sure you have ample.
He is patient, and kind, and will not fail to please,
So just give him your order, and let your heart be at ease.
As we amble up Salem street, past Washington square,
We will see "A. F. DYER," but we may not find him there,
For he "CONTRACTS" for "PLUMBING & HEATING" you see,
And to give "EXPERT SERVICE," gee! it keeps him as busy as busy can be.
He's a jolly good fellow; you will like him, I know.
When you have a job in his line that's a good place to go.
Next comes the "STORAGE WAREHOUSE & REALTY Co."
Its first name is "BOULEVARD." Some class, by Jo!
Here are "CLEAN METAL SECTIONS — ALL PRIVATE LOCKERS,"
Where you can store your piano, your bedding and rockers.
The president's name is rhyming with Norton,
Ladies and gentlemen, meet "CHAUNCEY B. GORTON."
"LIVERY STABLE?" Oh! Yes, indeed! If we right about face.
At 61 Salem street. "E. A. METCALF" has just taken the place.
His manner is cordial and friendly, I find.
Have him do your "JOBING," 'twill take much off your mind.
While backward and westward we are wending our way,
Let us stop at our own "MEDFORD THEATRE" and see a nice play.

All the newest and best are thrown on the screen,
 And many fine vaudeville artists may also be seen.
 "MR. HACKETT," the "MANAGER," is deserving much praise
 For its air of refinement and the good taste he displays.
 "ELMER A. SMITH," the "DRUGGIST," is just the next door,
 Suppose we step in a minute and look his place o'er.
 I call this stock substantial, a splendid drug line;
 "ALL PRESCRIPTIONS COMPOUNDED," you can depend on them fine.
 "ICE CREAM" and "CANDIES" can also be found,
 And "A SMITH THAT IS DIFFERENT" all the year round.
 Just at the left is our "FURNITURE STORE."
 There are "PHONOGRAPHS," too, and many things more.
 "CLIFFORD BLACK" is the owner, I want you to meet him,
 Go where you will you won't find a salesman to beat him.
 Here is a place where I want you to stop
 And have "LUNCHEON" with me. This is our "PURE FOOD SHOP."
 Its creators are leaving, we are sorry to say,
 But hope "MR. VOIGT," who is coming, will remain with us alway.
 You have a toothache? Too bad! Why didn't you say so before?
 We just passed a fine "DENTIST," "DR. JOHN E. O'DONNELL" on the door.
 Never mind, round the corner I am sure there's another—
 "DR. FRANK H. RICHARDSON," who is just like a brother.
 We must not fail to visit the "QUALITY STORE"
 Of "E. J. HERVEY," the "GROCER." He will tell you much more
 About his line of goods than I would be able;
 But I know those who trade there always set a good table,
 And you get courteous treatment, which is something now-a-days
 That we cannot help notice, and is deserving of praise.
 Yes, this is "P. VOLPE & SONS" where we are alighting.
 Don't they arrange their "FRUIT & VEGETABLES" to look real inviting?
 Whatever the market affords you will always find here,
 And at right prices, too, you need never to fear.
 This is the store of "J. L. SINCLAIR,"
 The man who *keeps smiling*, though he deals in "HARDWARE."
 When you get married come here for your "DISHES,"
 Also "CUT GLASS" and "CHINA," "GIFT GOODS" and best wishes.
 Hark! What is that noise? It sounds like a chime.
 Sure! 'Tis the "MEDFORD TRUST" clock. Now isn't that fine?
 It is calling on all, both the young and the old,
 To "START A SAVINGS ACCOUNT NOW!" and to deposit silver and gold,
 And have a check-book instead, when paying their bills.
 To *manage your estate*, or to *probate your wills*,
 See the treasurer, "CHARLES H. BARNES," he knows law to the letter.
 If you want a man that's reliable you cannot find better.
 Next we will call at a historic place
 And meet a man, courteous and gracious, who has a very kind face,
 And I know though others through life all my failings may see,
 When I die "E. J. GAFFEY, EMBALMER," will pin a pink rose on me.
 But, of course, just at present I would rather not stay,
 So out toward West Medford we will hie on our way,
 And give "A. D. IRISH, OPTOMETRIST," a little surprise.
 This is our man who specializes in "EYES."
 He can fit you to glasses, replace a lens, if one breaks,
 You will have confidence in him, such an interest he takes.
 Did you say you were thirsty? Now just let me think—
 Oh! I know where we can get a good drink!
 At "W. A. BOWERS," the "WEST MEDFORD DRUG STORE,"
 Also "MANSION HOUSE ICE CREAM" or "POP-CORN" galore,

And meet a man just as pleasant as pleasant can be.
 When you have "PRESCRIPTIONS COMPOUNDED" why not leave it to *he*?
 Now we are starting toward Boston, some of our patrons are there.
 Yes, indeed! The REGISTER has advertisers everywhere.
 As we cross into Somerville, just over the line,
 We find "S. D. ORNE'S CREAMERY," with everything fine
 In "CHOICE CREAMERY GOODS," including "SUNSHINE."
 There is "SUNSHINE" without, and "SUNSHINE" within.
 If you go there with a grouch you will come away with a grin.
 Arriving in Boston, "32 CANAL STREET,"
 Our citizen, "WILLIAM LEAVENS," I want you to meet.
 All the goods in this store are manufactured by him.
 If we look and don't buy he will pardon our whim.
 He has "COLONIAL" styles, and styles that are "NEW,"
 And to every home interest he is faithful and true.
 At "88 BROAD STREET" I want you to call,
 And meet "MR. HOLWAY," who is kindly and tall.
 For "SAWYER'S CRYSTAL BLUE" he is promoting the sale,
 If you use that for your laundry you never can fail.
 Do you know when 'twas established? I can give you the date,
 Just before *the rebellion*, "EIGHTEEN FIFTY-EIGHT."
 Out on Summer-street Extension "DWINELL WRIGHT" we will find,
 Home of the "WHITE HOUSE COFFEE." According to my mind,
 A breakfast without it is never complete,
 And "MR. WRIGHT" that is *all right* I want you to meet.
 The next place to notice, that is crossing our path,
 Is opposite the court house, the "SOMERSET TURKISH BATH."
 It never is closed by day or by night,
 So you can take a nice snooze and come out *fit for a fight*.
 Isn't it great, passing the common? The air is so cool!
 At the corner, in the new "LITTLE BUILDING," is the "MACDONALD COMMERCIAL SCHOOL."
 If you want to be thorough go where you get "INDIVIDUAL ATTENTION,"
 A whole *pound of cure* cannot equal *one ounce of prevention*.
 At "98 LENOX STREET," in the South End,
 We find "THE CITY LAUNDRY," and much time we could spend,
 Looking over this plant, with equipment just fine,
 For doing "ALL KINDS OF WORK" in the "LAUNDERER'S LINE."
 If you would have your clothes look attractive, and sing a glad song,
 Follow the sign of the "FLATIRON," you cannot go wrong.
 We will have just about time, before it gets dark,
 To take a spin through the Newtons and visit "NORUMBEGA PARK."
 Both afternoon and evening, these warm summer days,
 The "LIBERTY STOCK COMPANY" will present "LEADING PLAYS."
 "CANOEING" on the Charles, I know too, you would like,
 But back to our own beloved Medford at once we must "hike."
 "EDITH ROJEAN ORNE" I might mention — of course you know that is me —
 But if you want to study "ELOCUTION" or "PHYSICAL CULTURE," she is the
little lady to see.
 Like all things that are human, this *joy ride* must end,
 Right here I will leave you, with "COMPLIMENTS OF A FRIEND."
 The virtues of our patrons I have tried hard to make clear,
 Please call often, and mention you saw their ads here.

Don't Worry Buy Bonds



Little Bo Peep
Had lost her sheep,
But she did not fret or worry.
She *advertised*
And was *not* surprised
When it was returned in a hurry.

Fourth Liberty Loan

MEDFORD THEATRE

SALEM ST., MEDFORD SQ.

AFTERNOON, 2.15

EVENING, 8.00

DEVOTED TO

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Choice Fruits
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Always Reliable



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A DIFFERENT STORE
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Sonora
CLEAR AS A BELL



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Elocution and Physical Culture

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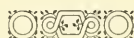
54 COLUMBIA STREET

CAMBRIDGE
MASS.

Write for terms

REGULAR
NORUMBEGA PARK
SEASON

OPENS MAY 25, 1918



Performances at 3.05 P.M. and 8.00 P.M.



Leading Plays Presented by the
LIBERTY STOCK COMPANY



Change of Performance Weekly



NORUMBEGA PARK COMPANY
AUBURNDALE, MASS.

**STORE YOUR FURNITURE AND PIANO
IN OUR CLEAN, DRY, METAL STOREHOUSES
All Private Storage Lockers, Chemically Disinfected
FURNITURE PACKING AND MOVING**

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Farms for Sale

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READY-MIXED PAINTS

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42-48 HIGH STREET

MEDFORD, MASS.



General Launderers

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98 LENOX STREET

BOSTON



Prompt Collections and
Deliveries in Arlington,
Medford and Somerville



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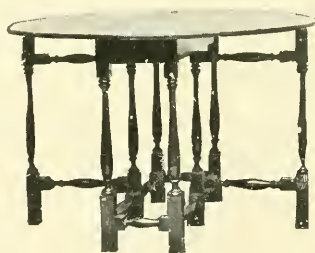
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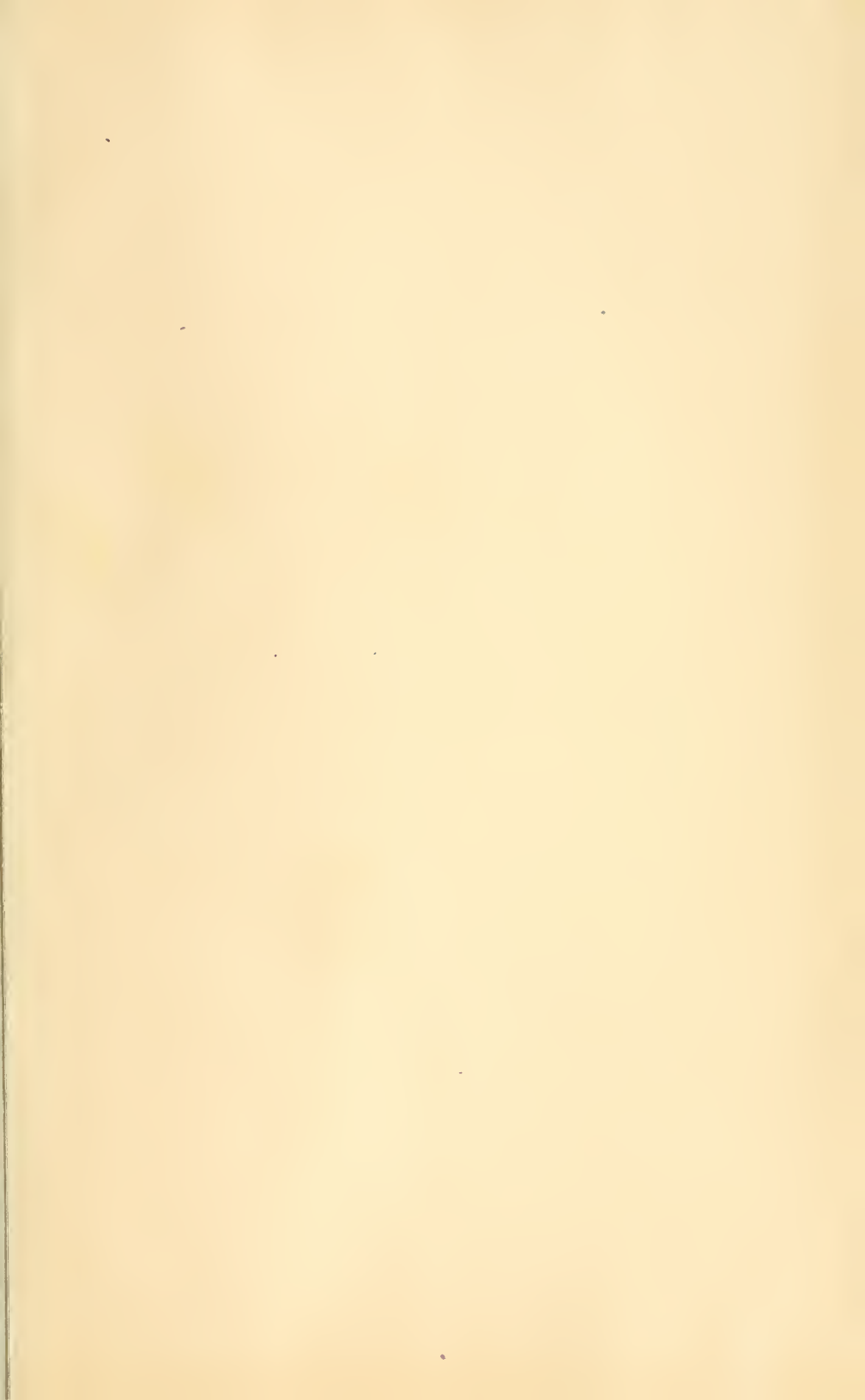


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